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Friends of a Half Century

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FRIENDS OF A HALF CENTURY.

[*From a photo by Gandy, London.*]

HANNAH STAFFORD ALLEN.

FRIENDS

OF A

HALF CENTURY;

Fifty Memorials with Portraits

OF

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,

1840—1890.

Edited by William Robinson.

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PREFACE.

The Society of Friends possesses a rich inheritance in its wealth of material for interesting and instructive biography, which continues to accumulate as generation follows generation. The aim of this Work is to utilize some of this material, and, by placing a sun picture side by side with a word picture, to give to its readers the opportunity of looking upon the features, and sometimes the figures of those whose lives and characters are briefly depicted in the accompanying sketches—a combination which may help many minds more completely to realize both fact and teaching.

We have confined ourselves to the long roll of those who have departed from amongst us during the fifty years, 1840-1890, and have limited the number of these to fifty. In the selection we have by no means attempted to include all who might be regarded as most worthy of a place in it ; but rather have aimed at a series which might pretty widely illustrate the variety in the better life of the Society.

In the preparation of the memorials free use has been made of published biographies, and of notices found in periodicals, as well as of unpublished matter, and of personal reminiscence; and we offer our grateful acknowledgments to all our friends, who, by furnishing material from which to compile the sketches, have so readily and kindly aided us in our work, as well as for their prompt and liberal response to our appeal for photographs or engravings from which to prepare the portraits. In the range which we have allowed ourselves, and with the limits thus necessarily imposed, some of the sketches are much more brief than we could have desired. We offer the book, however, to our readers, in the sincere hope that, with the divine blessing, its influence may be to help forward all that is pure, and noble, and true.

On behalf of the proprietors and contributors,

W. ROBINSON.

Scarborough, 4th Month, 1891.

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JANE BUDGE.
MARY P. HACK.
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EDWARD A. LEATHAM.
HENRY S. NEWMAN.
WILLIAM ROBINSON.
ISAAC SHARP.
ELIZABETH STEPHENS.
RICHARD WESTLAKE.
HANNAH M. WIGHAM.

H. S. ALLEN.

"A MOTHER in Israel" is an epithet well deserved by Hannah Hunton Allen, more familiarly Hannah (Stafford) Allen, for not only did she well and faithfully discharge a mother's duty towards her own large family, but she was one whose loving sympathy and kindly care were greatly helpful and cheering to many of the children and servants of the Lord, not a few of whom from time to time found the "prophet's chamber" under her roof, with more of creature comforts than the Shunammite provided for Elisha.

She was the daughter of James and Hannah Ransome, of Ipswich, and was born there in the old family house in Carr-street, on the 14th of Third Month, 1814. She was the oldest girl in a family of ten children, whose home was made very happy for them by the devoted yet wise affection of their parents. Hannah was a lively, high-spirited child, with an affectionate disposition, which responded ardently to the love of her parents; so that when, at about the age of thirteen she was left motherless, a heavy cloud of sorrow overshadowed her. From this time, and especially after she left school, her widowed father found in her one of his greatest comforts He was a man of vigorous and noble mind, and the love and reverence which Hannah felt for him were very deep, and the bond between father and daughter was in some respects an uncommon one.

Her mother's sister, "Aunt Nancy," now took charge of the household, and under her kindly care Hannah grew towards early womanhood.

At about the age of seventeen she began to keep a journal, in which some of the earlier entries show that she was conscious at that time of earnest longings after heavenly things, whilst often much grieved at her shortcomings and failures.

At the age of eighteen she entered into an engagement for marriage with one to whom she was very closely attached. But this pleasant prospect had to be put aside, and for some time her otherwise joyous spirit was brought under a cloud of sorrow. She came, however, to see in this sore trial, an evidence of the loving and wise care of her Heavenly Father, and writes respecting it :—

"God knew better how to plan my life for me ; and in His unerring wisdom He took from me what seemed then as the light of my eyes, to wean my rebellious heart from all earthly affections, to call me to His service. . . . . I knew not then what was in store for me, but I can truly say, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'"

Many interests in the neighbourhood of her home, which was now at Rushmere, near Ipswich, claimed a share of her time and attention. She visited much among the cottages of the poor, and was often found at the British School. She shared, too, in the management of a Penny Club, and this having been established by the Vicar of the Parish, she was thus brought into much intercourse with him. Out of this there rose an earnest discussion and correspondence between them respecting the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, the Vicar insisting on the importance and necessity of the observance of these outward rites. In the end, however, as the result of much patient and prayerful consideration, H. Ransome was confirmed in the spiritual views on these questions which, as a Friend, she held, and herself brought the correspondence to a close. In this matter she was greatly helped by the ministry of John T. and Joseph Shewell, which it was her privilege to listen to in the meeting at Ipswich.

In 1839 she was married to Stafford Allen, of London, and left the country home of her girlhood for the

new scenes and interests of crowded city life. A happy union of forty-one years followed, its joys chequered by the anxieties and sorrows incident to family life. By her sound good sense, and by her loving and sympathising spirit, H. S. Allen was eminently fitted for the faithful discharge of her responsibilities and duties as a wife, and as mistress of a household, and mother of a family of children. She had herself suffered much as a school-girl from being misjudged and misunderstood, and was, perhaps, thus the better prepared to make loving sympathy the key-note in training her own children. On one occasion she writes in her journal :—

"Oh, where is a parent's refuge but at the throne of grace? My dear little ——, in the excitement of a moment's passion, struck his brother. I called him to me in my room, and, whilst wondering how best I could bring home to him the grief I felt, I was touched by the penitent look on his face. I then asked him if he knew he had grieved not only myself but his Heavenly Father; and when tears ran fast down his face, and he seemed repentant, I knelt with him at the throne of grace, and sought forgiveness for his transgression. Then I led him downstairs, and S.'s cordial kiss of forgiveness brought peace again, and I felt that this time I had been helped to decide it best to *persuade* rather than to use severer measures."

Many entries in her journal give expression to the deep longings of her heart and her earnest prayerfulness that wisdom from above might be given her to enable her rightly to direct the affairs of the household, and to train her little ones for the Father in Heaven, Who she felt had entrusted them to her to be nursed for Him.

The home in Cowper-street had been exchanged first for Brunswick-place, and then for Charles-square; but the health of her children did not become robust, until in 1850 a removal was made to Church-street, Stoke Newington, then much more suburban in character than it has since become; and the healthful exercise and pure air of this new and brighter home, with its pleasant garden, brought health and strength to the six little London children, with many enjoyments unknown to them before; and their mother rejoiced with thankfulness in the change, and shared in their happiness, and in

the return to one of the pleasures of her earlier life, as she superintended the altering and planting of the garden, and arranging it as a happy play-place for the little ones. Five years later a further remove was made to Paradise-row, where a beautiful garden, shrubbery, and field made the home still more attractive to all the family. But here in the following year a shadow was once more brought over the bright, cheery spirit of the dear mother, as she was called to part with her little "Nannie," eight years old, after a long time of lingering weakness. Her heart was sorely stricken by this bereavement, yet she was enabled to bow in humble and trustful submission, and to recognize in this sorrow, as well as in her many joys and blessings, the hand of a loving Father in heaven.

H. S. Allen's life was now a very busy one, as it must be with every mother of a family of children; yet she loved to speak of the goodness and mercy that continually attended her, and she did not allow the pressure of home duties to prevent her from occasionally visiting sick and afflicted acquaintances among the poor, and ministering to their needs. She had a firm belief in the truth conveyed in the favourite saying of an eloquent preacher, "He who in all things marks a providence, shall never lack a providence to mark," and was assured that in the small affairs of daily life, as well as in matters of greater moment, it was her privilege to know that by His Holy Spirit the Lord does instruct His trusting children, and teach them in the way that they should go, and does guide them with His eye. Among her poor friends was Anne Jones, who had lain for twenty-seven years on a bed of suffering in the heart of London, and had during that time been found by the great Healer and become a bright and rejoicing Christian.

One bright winter's morning H. S. Allen found her thoughts unusually turned towards Anne Jones, and determined to go and see her, and took a basket of provisions. On her way a dense fog came on, and fearing that, with her deafness, she might find the streets

dangerous, she felt inclined to turn back ; but the feeling on her mind that it was right to go forward was so strong that she pressed on, and as she was groping along to find the entrance to the alley, a sudden rift in the fog for a moment enabled her to find the door she wanted, and on entering she was greeted with " Oh, come in, Mrs. Allen ; how did you get here ? We have been in thick darkness all day." She was struck with the neatness of the room and the bright kettle boiling on the fire, and said, " I see you are just ready for tea, and I have brought something to put on your table." With clasped hands and uplifted eyes the poor woman uttered a thanksgiving and said, " You are indeed God's raven, sent by Him to bring us food to-day, for we have not tasted any yet. I felt sure He would care for us." So confident had the poor woman been of this, that though her daughter had urged the uselessness of it, she had prevailed on her to have the table set and everything ready, and to wait for the Lord to provide, saying, " My child, God has provided for me all through the years of my helplessness, and He will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help, though we do not yet see how." Before they parted all three united in praise and thanksgiving to the Father in Heaven, who had so cared for them.

H. S. Allen and her husband accepted in a very practical way the advice, " Be not forgetful to entertain strangers ;" and among the many Gospel labourers who enjoyed their hearty hospitality as well as Christian sympathy was Theophilus Waldmeier, whose intercourse with them confirmed his decision to unite with the Society of Friends, and led to his becoming the leader of the mission carried on by them at Brumana on Mount Lebanon. This mission became an object of the warmest interest to H. S. Allen, and continued to be so till her death.

In comparatively early life, H. S. Allen was troubled with deafness resulting from a cold. In after years this much increased and became at times a great trial to her,

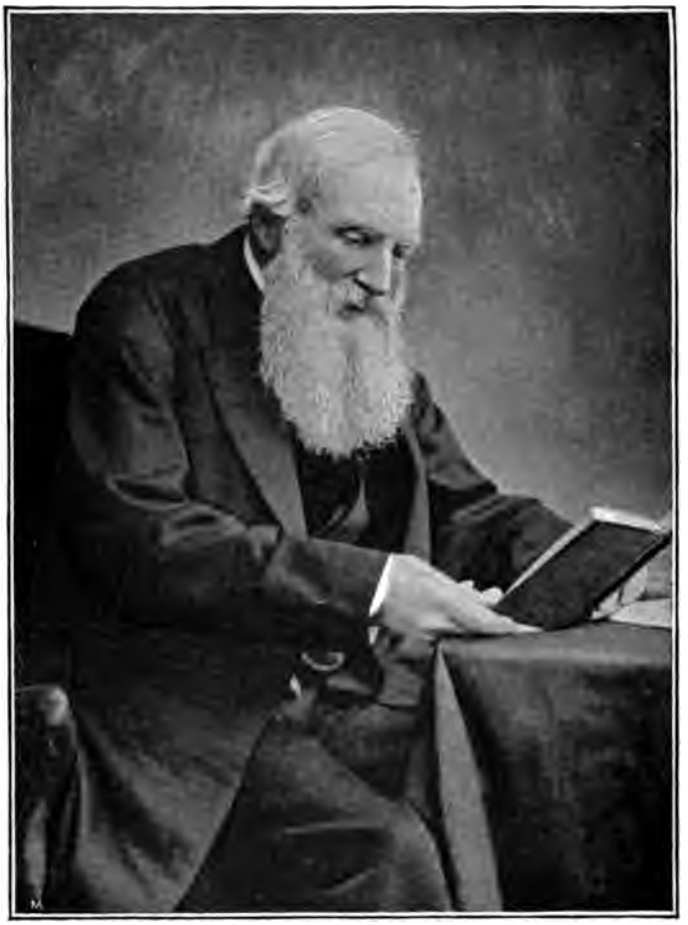
which however, she bore with Christian patience, and regarded as among the " all things " that had worked together for her good. To one so deeply interested in what passed in her family and in the church and the world, it was a great privation to be often present when subjects near to her heart were being spoken of, whilst she could catch, if anything, but a word here and there ; and nowhere was this more disappointing than in meetings for worship, where she loved to be present ; and her satisfaction beamed in her countenance, if after such a meeting she could say she had heard what some speaker had said. Her heart warmed towards all who felt called to the ministry of the Gospel, especially towards such as felt themselves to be among the " little ones " ; and all who were engaged in the service of their divine Master were sure of her encouragement and help.

In the early autumn of 1876 H. S. Allen's health began seriously to decline, and attacks of faintness from weak action of the heart became so frequent and alarming as to necessitate her retirement from active life. When told of the serious nature of her symptoms she seemed but little disturbed, and smilingly remarked, " My warning bell has rung." After a time of severe suffering and restlessness, her health was in measure restored, but never again became robust. She retained in all its fullness her loving interest in her friends, and by many a message and letter sent from her quiet chamber she sought to cheer the sorrowful and to sustain and encourage more active servants of the Lord. She felt that disease was making progress, but thanked God that he helped her to look calmly at this, saying, " Jesus is very precious to me, I feel safe with Him."

In the Fifth Month of 1880 she was able to go to West Drayton on a visit to her eldest daughter, and spent a quiet happy fortnight there. Her countenance wore a bright and healthful appearance, and the serenity of her spirit showed the sweetly prepared state of her waiting soul. Three times over during the visit she

remarked, "If my call comes while with you, I could go as readily as from dear Parkfield."

And the call did come. On the afternoon of the 4th of Sixth Month, when all the preparations for her return home were complete, a sudden faintness came on, and within forty-eight hours, very quietly as if in sleep, she peacefully passed away.



[*From a photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*]

RICHARD ALLEN.

years, after he had seen the great light, was not less because there were some clouds in the morning sky."

His nurse used to bid him repeat twelve Paternosters when he went to bed, to prevent something dreadful happening to him in the night. At the age of twelve he stood by whilst his father read to his mother the account of the battle of Waterloo, and to old age he could remember the cold shuddering feeling that came over him as he heard the list of the killed.

From about the age of sixteen he assisted in his father's business, which was famed for the beauty of its linens and muslins ; and until near the close of life he was actively and successfully engaged in business pursuits, which he followed with energy and judgment, but without allowing himself to become absorbed in them. His outward possessions were regarded as talents entrusted to him.

Deep was the interest he took in the temperance cause, the claims of which he urged on the platform and through the press. He was acquainted with Father Mathew, and writes :

" It seems but yesterday when I stood beside him at the back of Euston House, Dublin, the vast crowds kneeling in thousands to take the pledge. Those were wondrous times. The committals for drunkenness and offences resulting therefrom marvellously decreased, and Savings Bank lodgments wonderfully increased ; the old prison was closed, the cells of the large one on the Circular Road pretty well emptied."

He also alludes to William Martin, a little Friend, of Cork, sometimes styled the "Father of Father Mathew." William Martin had it much on his heart to plead from time to time with the devoted young Irish Priest, that he should take the pledge and introduce it amongst his people. "Oh Theobald Mathew ! if thou wouldst only give thy aid to the cause, what good thou wouldst do for these poor creatures." At length the day came when Father Mathew sent to ask his assistance in forming a Temperance Society, and at the meeting appointed for this purpose signed the significant pledge, "Theobald Mathew, C.C., No. 1." "I knew it," said the Friend.

"Something seemed to tell me that thou wouldst do it at last." It is said that 600,000 names have followed that good priest's pledge.

A school-fellow of a young brother of Richard Allen writes of the ineffaceable impression made on his mind when a boy by the loving manner in which Richard Allen advised them not to repeat again a droll story they had told him, which was to the disparagement of the subject of it. Thus we get a glimpse into the pure spring of love from which his labours for the slave, the drunkard, and the war-victim arose. The love of God in Christ Jesus was the theme on which he delighted to dwell in private conversation and social gatherings, as well as in meetings for worship. At one period of life he passed through severe mental struggles with those doubts and difficulties which beset many earnest, thoughtful minds; and this enabled him to understand and sympathise with others who were passing through similar trial. In one entry of his journal we read :—

"This morning, after a good deal of tossing for the last day or two from my old inward enemy, who will try to impress on me that I am not an object of Divine regard (notwithstanding the clear promise of Scripture to all) . . . . it seemed to come sweetly over me, that all should approach Scripture in a teachable, humble state of mind, remembering that it is handed down to us with an accumulation of testimony, as coming from a Divine source, and is, and has been believed in by the most powerful minds; and this is our becoming state as little children, no matter how strong our doubts may be, because 'finite' cannot understand 'infinite,'"

A little later he writes :—

"May I not reverently acknowledge that since I penned the few preceding pages I have learnt to dwell with intense delight and a little more faith on the fulness and depth of my Saviour's love, and am stronger in the conviction that it is through Him alone I can hope to be saved."

In another entry we find the prayer for—

"The spirit of love, universal love. Humble me in the dust; let me desire to have no will but Thy will."

This spirit of universal love, as we might suppose, did not leave out God's creatures, the dumb animals;

and efforts on behalf of galled horses, and over-driven cows and sheep, were not lacking in his labours of love. After the death of a pet dog he writes :—

"Where did the little life go ? It may be weakness, but my very heart feels sad for him, and his mistress must be far more so, for he has been her favourite companion through many a day. This little affectionate and sagacious animal was twined round our hearts. Farewell dear, attached little brute ; thou wast all a dog could be."

Richard Allen twice visited Palestine, once with Eli and Sybil Jones, and felt a deep interest in the spread of the Gospel in Eastern Lands. His love for the cause of Peace made the breaking out of the Franco-German war a grievous trial to him. His nephew, Henry John Allen, when engaged with other friends in the behalf of the war-victims, was taken ill of small-pox at Metz. His sister Ellen was taken by her uncle to nurse him, and herself died from that disease. One who stood by the open grave, writes :—

"We were all strangers to her whose mortal remains we were about to consign to their last resting-place in a foreign land, and as we stood in silence round the coffin, there was not one who did not feel keenly the touching circumstances which had attended the death of this most innocent victim of the war—the war from whose gloomy shadow there seemed to be no escape. . . . . The uncle is to be felt for, an old man with hoary hair in a foreign land."

When Richard Allen recovered from the illness which attacked him also, it was with loss of the sight of one eye.

Ready to work in any good cause, he was also a loyal and faithful member of the Society of Friends. He had great enjoyment in the beauties of nature, and the early morning walk, when the dew lay on grass and flowers, became an almost life-long habit. During his last illness he said :—

"Why was the world made so beautiful ? Look at the flowers ; God does not need their beauty, and the animals cannot enjoy it. Surely all was made for man. *God does want him to be happy.*"

Two or three years before his death, when confined to the house by a severe cold, a niece who visited him wrote the next day :—

"We could not but be struck with the holy calmness which seemed over him. The presence of the Lord seemed to fill the room, and dear uncle Richard appeared like one who realised the fulness of His love, sitting at His feet and communing with Him."

"The more thou knowest of a Saviour's love," he said at another time, "the happier thou wilt be;" repeating very emphatically, "*the happier thou wilt be.*" Another sick-room scene is that of a little nephew, three years old, being lifted up to kiss his patriarchal relative, who lovingly stroked the child's head whilst pouring out his soul in the prayer that he might early serve the Lord, and grow up to be a blessing to his parents and to the world.

He one day remarked :—

"I do not take a shadow of credit to myself, but I do feel reverently thankful to my Heavenly Father that during health I did not close my lips, but spoke of His love in Christ Jesus; and also that I did not close my pockets against His cause."

On the occasion of his last visit to Dublin Meeting his words were as a trumpet-call to some present to come forward and take up the standard of the Cross.

"Some of us," he said, "are very old; we cannot long labour amongst you, nor speak of God's love in Christ Jesus. There are those here who *must* come forward to take their right places for the Lord and His service."

Richard Allen died on the 19th of First Month, 1886, at the age of eighty-three.

[*From a photo by L. M. Spagliardi, Denmark Hill.*]

STAFFORD ALLEN.

STAFFORD ALLEN.

STAFFORD ALLEN'S life affords an example of a Friend who, throughout the course of a long and successful conduct of business engagements, found time for association with others in the active promotion of many objects of a social, religious, and philanthropic nature.

The second of five sons forming the family of Samuel and Phebe Allen, he was born at Hoe-Mill, near Witham, Essex, where his parents then resided, on the 13th day of Fifth Month, 1806. Both father and mother were esteemed Ministers in the Society of Friends, and his mother, who was a daughter of William Lucas, of Hitchin, united a vigorous mind with such open and engaging manners as won for her love and admiration in youth, and brightened throughout a long life her consistent Christian profession.

Her son Stafford received his education with his brothers under tutors at home, where tastes developed for an acquisition of knowledge which led him to make such good use in study of the leisure which an early engagement in business allowed, that he became a fair Latin scholar; and besides acquiring a general acquaintance with English literature, he also added a sufficient knowledge of French to enjoy reading and conversation in that language.

Reared and living amid country scenes, no surprise can be felt at finding associated with these studies and business pursuits a great delight in all animal life around him; and an unerring aim with the gun made him the possessor of many specimens, especially of the feathered tribes, which it was his practice to stuff and

set up, with a skill that showed how close had been his observation of their habits and appearance in life. But strong natural love for sport was so kept within the limits of conscientious restraint, that even in times when queries as to field sports were in force, his name never came forward as an exception on account of undue indulgence in them.

After some years spent in learning and carrying on a milling business at Amersham, Stafford Allen entered into partnership with Charles May, and removed to London, where the firm established in 1833 the now well-known Drug Mills of Cowper Street, Finsbury.

For some time difficulties and anxieties attendant on the prosecution of a new concern engaged all the energy and attention that could be given, especially as from the first a stand was made against practices which, though within the customs of the trade, were not in accord with conscientious conviction ; and this firmness in apprehended duty, that became for a while a hindrance to immediate success, proved, as soon as its motive was recognised, a means of establishing the high character and wide connection which the firm attained.

On Charles May's retirement after some years to join the engineering firm of Ransomes, at Ipswich, Stafford Allen associated a younger brother in partnership with himself in the conduct of the Cowper Street concern.

At this time Reform was in agitation, and political partizanship ran high. Stafford Allen entered with much zest into association with advocates of the more advanced Liberal views, and would in after life look back with satisfaction at the large proportion of measures then thought extreme or revolutionary by the Tories, which had come into quiet and beneficial operation through the exertions of the political section whose views he had adopted. He was to the last a thorough-going Radical, and an uncompromising adherent to the principles and aims of the Liberation Society.

The near relationship to his uncle, William Allen, brought him into connection with the Educational movement, then in progress under the Lancasterian system, and he became not only a supporter of the British and Foreign School Society in general, but took a leading share as committee-man, in the establishment and conduct of some schools on this system in Cowper Street, which grew to be amongst the largest and most successful within the London district.

As a member of the Society of Friends, his attendance at all meetings, both for worship and discipline, was unvaried in its regularity ; and a willingness to serve on committees or accept appointments, placed him in the course of his life in several responsible positions ; and for twenty-eight years he acceptably filled the important station of an appointed Elder in London and Middlesex Quarterly Meeting.

In 1839 his marriage with Hannah, a daughter of James Ransome, of Ipswich, proved a source of great domestic happiness and blessing, as there grew up around them a large and interesting family of sons and daughters.

It was a household where family duties were combined with a generous hospitality, especially towards ministers of the Gospel, which expanded as removal from Town to various successive suburban residences gave enlarged opportunities for its exercise. Referring to this feature of their home life, a daughter, in a memoir she published of her mother, thus passes it in review : —

" Our dear parents felt it a privilege to receive for a time under their care many Friends travelling in the ministry of the Gospel, and at this time we were seldom without one or more of these dear labourers in the vineyard under our roof. The venerable and gifted Edith Griffith and her worthy husband Amos were welcome visitors. Many American Friends have been our guests, the time of our beloved mother being gladly given up to assist them in their ministrations, whether in paying visits to the sick and aged amongst us, or preparing for more extended labour in foreign lands. Many of these, whilst engaged

upon service for their Master, brought blessing to the household, and it was a delight to our dear mother to minister to their temporal needs.

"Our valued friends from America, Eli and Sybil Jones, were with us in 1867, on their way to Palestine in Gospel service; and in 1868, on their return; also David Hunt, in 1866; Rebecca Collins for some weeks before going North; and Levi Coffin, the well-known friend of the coloured man, made our house his home for nearly a year-and-a-half, whilst busy with his mission towards the freed men of America. This good man was always made welcome, with his quaint speech and interesting reminiscences. These were followed some years later by Joel and Hannah Bean, and others too numerous to mention, with whom lasting friendships were formed. The visits of many dear Friends from various parts of England on similar service were often much appreciated, and long remembered." *

Stafford Allen's life-long support of the cause of Peace early showed itself in his willingness, when as a youth he was drawn for the Militia, to suffer imprisonment rather than bear arms; an alternative of which some intervening circumstances alone spared him the experience.

For the emancipation of the slave his warmest feelings were enlisted; and not content with service on Committees, or pecuniary contributions, he would personally assist any case that came under his notice; and an untiring zeal on behalf of those oppressed or in bonds showed that to him the slave was indeed as a man and a brother.

Our Friend was a good traveller, and made in the course of his life several journeys on the Continent. In 1869 he paid a visit of three months to the United States, and in 1871 went to Egypt, where, through his sons, some important business concerns had become established. Going on thence to Syria, he travelled through Palestine. In the course of this journey, made in company with one of his sons, he met with Theophilus Waldmeier, who had been attracted by some recent intercourse with Eli and Sybil Jones, during

* Life of Hannah S. Allen, by her daughter, p. 160.

their Syrian service, towards the principles of Friends. Coming soon afterwards to England, Theophilus was made welcome to Stafford Allen's hospitable home, and it was whilst a guest there that he made application and was received into membership by Devonshire House Monthly Meeting. Here also Friends' Syrian Mission had its commencement, a result due largely to the efforts of Stafford Allen and his wife, the latter of whom was especially zealous on its behalf, and for many years, so so long as her health would permit, acted as its Secretary, and rejoiced to witness how the establishment at Brumana grew and prospered under the management of Theophilus and with the support of the many Friends her zeal had rallied to the cause of this Mission on Mount Lebanon.

After forty-one years of married life, attended with so much of happiness and blessing, Stafford Allen found himself, in 1880, left solitary by the decease of his tenderly beloved partner, the mother of his large family, whose settlement in homes of their own made the father's bereavement the more apparent. But, after some years of resignation, he had the satisfaction of finding in Emma Meteyard one who by his second marriage became the sharer of his home and affections during the rest of his life.

Though visited at intervals in the course of years with some attacks of illness, Stafford Allen, when past fourscore, showed so little sign of lessened vigour or impaired vitality, that it came as a surprise to his relatives and friends to find that a chill, taken in the active pursuit of general affairs, produced symptoms of active disease which, notwithstanding his sound and vigorous constitution, brought his long and useful life to its termination. He died at his residence, Parkfield, Upper Clapton, on the 14th of Tenth Month, 1889, aged eighty-three years.

The large number of Representatives from Institutions and Societies that were present on the occasion of the funeral at Stoke Newington, showed the width and undenominational character of the support extended by

the deceased to social and philanthropic objects. Devonshire House Monthly Meeting, of which he had for fifty-six years been a member, issued a minute, combining expressions of sorrow for the loss it had sustained, with a thankful testimony to his long and varied service in the family circle, in the Society, and in general Christian effort, which it was felt by his friends was the fruit of Christian principle and obedience to the dictates of duty —qualities that had characterised his life from its early years to its close.

[*From a photo by Bennett, London.*]

WILLIAM ALLEN.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

When we look at the date of William Allen's birth, the thought naturally arises that the world into which he entered has passed away as completely as "the world before the flood." For in 1770, Louis XV. sat, a despotic king, upon the throne of his fathers, and the man who, a few years later was to wield over France a far mightier sceptre, and the fear and the dread of whom was to be upon all Europe, was then in his harmless infancy. George III. still reigned over American Colonies; and Warren Hastings had yet to be appointed the first Governor-General of India; while the means of transit and communication were essentially the same as in the days of the Tudors. There was abundance of work ready to the hand of the philanthropist at a time when the slave-trade was generally regarded as a legitimate branch of commerce, when popular education was unknown, and when the theft of a few shillings entailed the penalty of death. Truly if the manifold changes since then have not always been improvements, yet evils have been removed, which looked at from a distance, seem as incredible to us as some practices of our own day may appear to our successors a hundred years hence.

William Allen began to keep a diary when in his eighteenth year. In his first entry are the words:—

> "Experienced some degree of comfort in striving against evil thoughts."

Then we have loyal comments on the illness of the king, earnest condemnation of the slave trade, enthusiastic

tributes to Wilberforce and Pitt for their efforts at its suppression, with unsparing censure of its supporters; and before he is nineteen we find him, with that "individual faithfulness" which did wonders for our forefathers, resolving to give up all use of sugar as one of the chief products of slave labour; and he kept to this decision for forty-three years, resuming its use at the house of Peter Bedford on the day in which the Emancipation Act was passed. This little testimony had not been fruitless. Several years afterwards, a Friend, when visiting the Hague, met with a judge of high standing, who told him that his strong feeling against slavery and his efforts for its suppression in the Dutch Colonies, all originated in his meeting, when a youth, with William Allen, and being surprised to see that he took no sugar with his tea, and still more astonished when told the reason of his abstaining. The very slightness of the self-denial, showing that the English Quaker did not despise the day of small things, had only served to deepen the impression on the mind of the young man.

In 1793 there was a change in William Allen's circumstances. Hitherto he had been engaged in the business of his father, who was a silk manufacturer in Spitalfields. This employment was very distasteful to the lad whose mind had a decidedly scientific bent, and who was diligently cultivating as far as he could, those intellectual faculties which had had but a very limited school education. In chemistry he was especially interested, and when Joseph Gurney Bevan offered him a situation at Plough Court, his father, though disappointed, gave his consent, and the son found employment in a congenial occupation. He was now able to devote time and attention to chemical, medical, and literary pursuits, but far more instructive and much rarer than his assiduity in these, is such an incident as the following which we read in his journal when he was twenty-four years of age:—

"I behaved foolishly in return for what I took to be disrespectful treatment from an ignorant and conceited person. I was

favoured soon to perceive my error, and after a time went to him and confessed myself wrong, and in this I had peace."

After such an acknowledgment one is not surprised to notice very early in his career, many evidences of his anxiety to keep "best things uppermost" as an old Friend quaintly expressed it. He mentions a minister—Mary Sterry—visiting at his father's, and adds:—

"She cautioned me, lest my ardent desire for knowledge, even with the laudable intention of benefiting mankind, should eclipse the lustre of that inestimable gift which she believed was bestowed upon me. . . . O! could I believe that I should ever attain, that I should ever struggle through the briars and thorns, how would my soul rejoice! But the sickening prospect of those who have failed by the way, and the humiliating sense of my own weakness and unworthiness, at times almost weigh me down."

Some years later when he was a Fellow of the Royal Society and a lecturer at Guy's Hospital, we find in his journal:—

"Meeting to comfort. As I had my lecture to compose, I deliberated with myself whether I might not omit meeting, but I was not easy to do it, and was glad I went."

Meantime his worldly prospects were improving, and in 1796, he brought home the young Cornish wife Mary Hamilton, who was everything that his inmost heart desired. But in less than twelve months he had to resign the precious gift to the great Giver. She died a few days after the birth of his only child, and life could never again be to him what it had been. When hardly past its threshold, this first and greatest of many bereavements fell upon him with crushing force. He was only twenty-seven, and the possible earthly future to be traversed looked so long and dark that he could have wished to follow her then. But there were better things in store for him, for

"Not with the sheathed sword doth the victory lie."

About three years afterwards, when deeply feeling his father's approaching end, he writes:—

"Verily, mine is the cup of bitterness! Sanctify it, O Lord! I beseech Thee, that all this suffering may not be in vain! If Thou but smilest on my *closing moments*, all my

afflictions will be for ever forgotten, and my wearied soul shall find rest in Thee."

Both the prayer and the aspiration were abundantly fulfilled.

William Allen did not allow his own grief and losses to close his heart to the woes of others. His first special labour for the poor and destitute was undertaken, as was fitting, at Spitalfields, where he worked very hard on the committee of a soup kitchen, of which he and William Phillips were the originators. It was opened for the first time in the winter of 1797 (when William Allen visited Friends who were in the Fleet prison for non-payment of tithes), and continued through successive seasons. How sorely it was needed is shown by the fact that in 1801, when the distress reached its height, the price of the quartern loaf rose to seventeen pence half-penny, and other provisions in proportion, owing partly to the war, and partly to the damage done to the harvest by an exceedingly wet summer and autumn. "Public affairs get darker and darker," William Allen had written three years earlier, and it is plain that they were not brightening yet. When in 1801, he hears of the Peace—that proved to be so brief—being signed, he tells us that "in a transport of joy" he hastened to Lloyd's Coffee House to get confirmation of the fact from the official letter to the Lord Mayor.

"A great crowd of people were eager to get at the letter, and at the request of some of them I read it aloud, but was so much affected that I could scarcely get through it; the sudden burst of feeling almost overwhelmed me. At the Meeting for Sufferings afterwards, my mind was lifted up in thankfulness, *deep thankfulness*, to the Divine Author of all good, for this signal mercy."

Every business, including that at Plough Court, must have suffered in the terrible distress and depression which marked the stormy opening of the nineteenth century, yet it is impossible not to believe that William Allen might have been a wealthier man if he had devoted more time to his own concerns and less to directly religious and philanthropic services. But he had a dread

of being cumbered with great worldly possessions. When he was thirty-one, he wrote :—

"I dare not ask for riches, they have been the bane of thousands ; but I have earnestly desired to be placed in such circumstances, as that no revolution of this uncertain scene might disable me from paying every one his own—this would indeed be terrible."

It hardly needs to be said that in order to keep his conscience void of offence, he had to make no light sacrifice of self-interest in commercial transactions. On one occasion a merchant with whom he had done a considerable amount of business, sent him a large sea-chest to re-fit. William Allen's suspicions being aroused, he could not be easy without making inquiry at the merchant's counting-house as to the purpose for which the chest was designed, and found as he had feared, that it was to be used in the Slave-trade. He said at once that it was contrary to his principles and feelings to derive any profit from, or in any way assist in, such a matter. So the empty chest was taken away, and the owner's custom with it, for thenceforth he sent no more orders to Plough Court. Probably it did not occur to William Allen that it was possible to act otherwise than he did in this case ; but his conduct was equally prompt and decided in another and later instance, where his steadfast refusal could not fail to cost him pain and regret. This was when the Emperor Alexander urged him to accept a contract for supplying the Russian Army with drugs. The monetary value of this offer, we are told, it would be difficult to estimate, but we may feel sure that this would not be so strong a temptation to him as it would be to many, perhaps most, men. But his sensitive mind could not but shrink from the appearance of ingratitude in rejecting the offer generously made by one whom he loved as a brother in spite of the wide gulf that separated him from the mighty potentate on the very pinnacle of earthly grandeur.

The first of his many continental journeys was undertaken in 1816, when he was one of the Friends

appointed by the Yearly Meeting to visit those professing with the Society in the South of France, and at Pyrmont and Minden. It was a time never to be forgotten, for it brought him a deep sorrow in the death of his second wife, Charlotte Hanbury, who died at Geneva after a very short illness. He writes :—

"My loss is so great that nothing can afford me comfort, except some feeling of Divine support. A measure of this was mercifully extended whilst I was on the sea, these words being sweetly impressed upon my mind, 'Fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' . . . . . What an unspeakable mercy it is that I can never for a moment contemplate the dearest one I have lost but as a glorified spirit! Oh, may I be permitted to follow in the Lord's due time, and have my lot with her for ever! Oh, Shepherd of Israel, gather me and mine into Thy fold, and preserve us to the end!"

When he went abroad in 1818, it was as companion to that remarkable missionary, Stephen Grellet, between whom and himself a strong attachment grew up. They were bound for the north of Europe, and some of their difficulties are shown in a description of one day in Norway, when they travelled over a country that looked as if it were covered with waves of rock. They were obliged to walk most of the way, even when they had seven horses to draw their carriage. At last they came to a terrible hill, boggy, with loose stones, and exceedingly steep, where they had to give all possible help to the poor horses, by lifting the wheels and pushing, sometimes after a great united effort finding that not one inch of progress had been made. When darkness came on exhaustion forced them to stop, for they had had no dinner and were weary and worn, covered with dust and dirt, and William Allen, in addition, suffering from a strained knee, injured in a previous scramble and made worse by the day's exertions. The night was cold, but they made a good wood fire among the great blocks of granite, and after supper when the moon had risen in a cloudless sky and the glory of a northern night was around them, William Allen repeated poetry to his companions, one of the pieces being the appropriate poem of Addison—

"How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their Guide,
Their help Omnipotence."

Words which we may be sure had never before aroused the echoes amidst those pines and rocks.

It would be impossible in this limited space to give an idea of the varied service which filled this journey, occupying a year-and-a-half. It is enough to say that it embraced those of every rank, of differing creeds, and many nationalities, to all of whom they ministered as God gave them ability. Perhaps their sojourn in Russia was the most memorable portion of this expedition, from its being the beginning of their friendship with the Emperor Alexander.

In subsequent years William Allen felt called to undertake other journeys in Gospel love to many other countries of Europe, to so many indeed, that it would be easier to give a list of those he did not visit than of those he did. But the service in which he was engaged in 1822 cannot be passed over without some allusion. It was the year when a Congress of the five great powers of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, and Great Britain, was held at Verona, partly with a view of discussing the Slave-trade and the pitiable condition of the oppressed Greeks. William Allen felt that his intimacy with the Emperor of Russia might enable him to exercise considerable influence on the right side, and that therefore it would be well for him to go to Verona. He was confirmed in this conviction by the approval of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and of the Duke of Wellington, who was appointed British representative at the Congress. He accordingly set forth, and first met with Alexander at Vienna, with whom he had two long interviews. When he reached Munich he found that general orders had been given to refuse passports for Verona, but the British Minister promised to arrange for his going; and a few hours later wrote a cordial letter to William Allen, informing him that he was appointed *courier* to the Duke

of Wellington ! It was a singular thing for the plain "Friend" to be placed in direct official relation to the great soldier, but William Allen soon felt its advantage, for he had occasion to show the document when stopped on the way. He had a good deal of intercourse with the Duke at Verona, to whom he gave information on different points, and for whom he learned to feel a genuine respect, parting from him with the words—"May the Lord bless thy endeavours to preserve the peace of Europe."

But the incident which called forth the deepest feeling in William Allen's mind was a long, private, and last interview with the Emperor of Russia, to whom with all due deference but exceeding plainness, he spoke on a variety of subjects on which he thought it a duty to caution him. When William Allen asked his permission to speak freely, Alexander replied:—"Certainly; I not only respect you, but I love you from the bottom of my heart." They did not separate without a time of silent waiting and vocal prayer. "It was now between nine and ten o'clock, but we seemed loth to part. When I rose, he embraced and kissed me three times, saying, 'Remember me to your family—I should like to know them.' 'Ah!' said he, 'when and where shall we meet again?" The question which could not be answered then, was answered three years afterwards, when the crown which so well became the stately wearer, but which he had felt to be a weary weight, was removed by the hand of death. On that occasion William Allen wrote thus to Prince Alexander Galitzin:—

"Never, except in the loss of those most nearly connected with me by the ties of nature, have I felt *anguish* of heart, equal to that which I experienced when I first heard the news of the illness and death of the beloved Alexander; but after a time, it seemed as if I felt sympathy with his redeemed and glorified spirit, and I could only contemplate him as one of *the just made perfect*, and for ever centred in his Heavenly Father's rest. . . . . Ah! may we, my beloved friend, when our day of trial is over, through the merits of a crucified Redeemer, meet him again in that blessed company 'which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before

the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.'"

But before this event, which caused him such intense feeling, William Allen had met with an almost overwhelming affliction in the year following his visit to Verona. This was the death of his tenderly-beloved daughter, his friend and companion, as well as his only child. The young wife of a few brief months, the mother of a few brief days, was taken with but little warning, from the husband and the father to whom she was inexpressibly dear. But no sorrow was permitted to interfere with William Allen's devotion to the work to which his Master called him, whether that work lay at home or abroad. He had been recorded a Minister in 1820, and afterwards he repeatedly visited meetings in England and Ireland with a certificate. His spiritual home in the Society of Friends was so entirely the home of his conscientious choice as well as of his inheritance, that there never seems to have been a time, not even in early youth, when he wavered in his attachment to it. Its testimonies were precious to him, believing that they were given by God and were a sacred trust; and yet, even *because* of the strength of his own religious convictions—for "the freedom with which the vessel swings at anchor ascertains the soundness of her anchorage," —he was able and ready to give the right hand of fellowship to good men of every creed. Like the beloved John Woolman, he "found no narrowness concerning sects and opinions," but could enter into sacred communion with devout souls in the Greek and Roman Catholic churches, with all, everywhere, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. When at Berlin with Stephen Grellet, in 1832, he writes:—

"We went to dine with Major Von Rudloff, the King's Minister of War; we met several persons, and had much conversation, which I trust will be useful. . . . I have seldom seen such hospitality as on this occasion—it extended even to profusion; but we must take persons in their own way, and here, though their exterior was very different from ours, were some of the excellent of the earth."

As years passed on the demands on his time and attention grew more numerous. Now he is giving evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, then he is attending the Meeting for Sufferings. On another occasion it is the concerns of the British and Foreign School Society—for which he worked unremittingly—that engage his services; or chemical experiments or scientific lectures may be the duties of the hour; while anti-slavery matters always claimed his thoughts. One day he is with the lowest of the low behind prison walls; another day he is in earnest consultation with a Minister of State or a Royal Duke. Between him and Lord John Russell there was personal friendship as well as many interests shared in common. With the honoured father of our beloved Queen, his relations were, as we know, of a confidential character, and in his diary we find such an entry as this:—

"Dined with the Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace; about thirty of the principal scientific characters of the Royal Society there. The Duke was very kind and affable, but there was too much of a *feast;* my heart was not in it, and I was favoured to keep my place."

In this questioning age some may be inclined to ask how it was that many of the Friends of an earlier day, whose position was not among the well-born, were yet able to stand unabashed in royal palaces? Where did this son of a Spitalfields manufacturer learn how to be at ease, yet not familiar, with powerful statesmen, distinguished diplomatists, famous soldiers, and eminent dignitaries of the three great churches of Christendom as well as with kings and emperors? That he was thinking of the causes that brought him into such association, not of himself, is doubtless, part of the answer, but it is not all. A gifted and accomplished woman, not now living, seems to give us a key to the mystery in these words:

"In the older Friends who are dying out, I have seen some who were most likely never near a well-bred person in their lives (as to this world) with manners of very lofty dignity and courtliness, as though they were always passing in and out of a royal presence."

We are told that it was William Allen's custom—never omitted if it was possible to observe it—to spend the beginning of every day in communion with God. Can we not imagine that one who thus went forth from the audience chamber of the King of kings, might justly feel—while scrupulously rendering honour where honour was due—that he bore with him before earthly principalities and powers the invisible insignia of a transcendently higher sovereignty, and therefore be undisturbed in spirit ?

While the sympathies of this good man travelled over the world, they found their fullest exercise at home. Early in his career he is oppressed with grief at the death by drowning of a young man employed at Plough Court. He writes :—

"My loss is great ; he loved me with the affection of a child, and mine to him was reciprocal ; he had the care of all my little matters, and was worthy of the unbounded confidence I placed in him, my companion, my friend, more than a servant, a brother beloved ! but may I feel the ability to say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done !"

A little later we meet with this passage in his journal :—

"I have sustained a severe shock in the sudden death of a dear and valuable servant, who has been with me about twelve years. . . . . This is a close trial, for I really loved him, and shall long and keenly feel his loss. . . . . I have been endeavouring to adopt the language, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done !' and at this moment feel a degree of the comforting and soul-sustaining presence of my God."

It is instructive to observe that this tenderness was not limited in its exercise to his fellow-creatures. A very early entry in his diary records "a day of bitterness and sorrow" because his "faithful, loving dog" had been accidentally killed ; and presently we find the remark :—

"There appears to me such a meanness and lowness of disposition in those who are cruel to animals, that I think I could not put confidence in them, even in the common concerns of life."

Many years afterwards, when he had passed through

depths of sorrow, he refers to the death of his Norwegian pony, and says :—

"I felt low at the loss of this poor animal; it was a beautiful, affectionate, and useful creature; I never had occasion to strike it with the whip in my life. I hope not to repine, but really the things which I set my affections upon are taken from me in a remarkable way."

One secret of his wide sympathy was :—

"A heart at leisure from itself."

but this was not all. "I cannot be right or happy till I love all men, and yet there is something exceedingly unloveable in almost all men," said Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, and it must have been the degree in which William Allen had learnt the hard lesson of loving where there was much that was unlovely, that gave him access to the hearts of others. He believed that love was the fulfilling of the law. At the age of twenty he wrote :—

"O, the beauty and excellency of Divine love! How it elevates the soul that possesses it! It is the very mark and badge of Christianity. 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another,' said our Lord. Again, the Apostle saith, 'God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.' Now, as God is the fountain of love, we may conclude that those in whom it is found have a communication with the fountain; but before we arrive at this happy state we must give up self without reserve."

In 1835 his home was once more shadowed by bereavement through the death of his wife, Grizell Birkbeck, to whom he had been married two or three years after the death of his daughter. On the following New Year's Day his journal opens with this passage :—

"Take thee another roll! Ah! that which has been filled up bore strong characters of tribulation and woe. What may be inscribed on the present is hidden from me, but bonds and afflictions are anticipated. O, that they may have the effect, under the sanctifying power of Divine grace, of preparing the immortal spirit for a union with the saints in light! If so, it will be solely the effect of Emmanuel's love. I have no merit to bring forward, nor anything wherewith to recommend myself, but my utter poverty and want. I long to recline my weary head upon His dear bosom, and to sleep in Him for ever."

Some years more of service were yet before him. His last journey abroad was in 1840. Latterly he was much at Lindfield, where he had for many years been trying his experiment at Home Colonization; and there in 1842, he was attacked by serious illness from which he never fully recovered, though for nearly a year he was able to engage to some extent in active life. He then had a return of illness, and after eleven weeks, on the 30th of Twelfth Month, 1843, passed peacefully to his eternal rest; obtaining—who can doubt?—the fulfilment of the assurance expressed to him by Joseph John Gurney:—

"As for thee, dearest friend, thou shalt see the King in His beauty, as I verily believe; thou shalt behold the land that is very far off. Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation. . . . . There the glorious Lord shall be, *unto thee*, a place of broad rivers and streams, even streams of joy which shall flow for evermore."

CHRISTINE ALSOP.

BORN 1805. DIED 1879.

CHRISTINE MAJOLIER was born at Congénies, near Nîmes. Her parents were descended from the Protestants of Languedoc, who were so cruelly persecuted under Louis XIV., and the more restless and warlike of whom for three years withstood the royal armies in the famous Camisard war. The enthusiasm of the combatants was sustained by a body of "Prophets," from whom, after the conclusion of the war, there sprang a small community known by the same name, but bearing a different character. They adopted a more spiritual mode of worship, meeting in silence, and rejecting the ordinances, and maintaining besides a conscientious objection to bear arms. The traditions of that great persecution had been handed down from generation to generation, and were full of thrilling interest to the children of the Majolier family. About the year 1785 the members of this little Society were surprised to find that a body of Christians existed in England, holding views similar to their own. Intercourse followed between them and English and American Friends, which resulted in the more complete organization of the little Church.

Christine Majolier had in her father an example of faithful devotion to duty. When a young man he gave up the profession of the law, because he believed, in the state of political affairs, that he could not follow this calling without compromising his religious principles. After his marriage he supported his family by weaving; and, later, became the instructor of the children of his

[*From a photo by Gandy, London.*]

CHRISTINE M. ALSOP.

fellow-members. Both parents sought to follow the injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"; and the little Christine began to tread in their footsteps in early childhood. One of her sisters writes of her :—

"From a very early age she manifested a desire to contribute to the welfare of others. How often, between school-hours, might we search in vain in the village for the happy, fair-haired child, thinking to find her at play, when she was all the while busy doing some little service of love for her neighbours."

She had a lively, imaginative mind, and there was much in her surroundings which contributed to make the stories of the Bible very real to her. The scenery and vegetation in the vine-growing country round Congénies have some resemblance to those of Judea; and the customs prevailing among the people are in many respects similar to those of the East. The watering of the earth with the foot; the ox treading out the corn; the wheel broken at the cistern; the treading the wine-press, were among the things she saw around her; and, as she took her little pitcher to the fountain, she used to imagine she saw Rebecca meeting Eliezer, and the Saviour Himself talking with the woman at the well.

The visits of English Friends seem to have made an impression on Christine while she was quite young. In 1816, Priscilla Gurney, of Earlham, spent some time at Congénies, and the child was fascinated by this saintly and accomplished woman, who used to take her into her room, that they might read the Bible and speak together of the Saviour. A year later a great change came in her life. Her father had long desired that she should have an English education, and now the opportunity occurred for the fulfilment of his wish, through a visit from William Allen and his daughter Mary, who took the little girl with them to England. The child found in Mary Allen a true friend, who devoted herself to the mental and religious instruction of her young charge, and a strong mutual attachment grew up between them. As Christine grew older, heart and soul were at the same time aroused and developed by the stirring life

going on around her in that remarkable home, the centre from which sprang so many philanthropic enterprises; and the lessons learned there were never forgotten.

When she was fifteen, she returned for a time to Congénies; but, on Mary Allen's marriage, she again went to England, and took the place of a daughter to William Allen. In her description of her experiences at this time, we have glimpses into the daily living of one who combined in his life the active duties of the business-man, of the scientific observer and lecturer, of the philanthropist and the Minister of the Gospel.

In the house of William Allen, and in the circle of his friends, Christine Majolier associated largely with the excellent of the earth; and she had sincere desires to attain to the consecration which she saw in them; but it was not until she was in her twenty-sixth year that she fully awoke to anxiety about her salvation. During the winter of 1831-2 she was led earnestly to pour out her soul before the Lord, seeking to know how she stood in His sight. She often retired alone with her Bible, and, as she read, "light seemed to spring on every page." Soon after this she realized that she had indeed found the Saviour, who was henceforth her all in all. About this time she had an offer of marriage from a French pastor. It presented before her a sphere of large usefulness, but she could not feel assured that the blessing of the Lord rested upon it, and it is evident that He had chosen another path for her to walk in. Both whilst considering this proposal, and afterwards, she was occupied with a serious enquiry into the accordance of the religious views professed by Friends with the teaching of Holy Scripture, and for a considerable time she remained in a state of indecision. A little book by Joseph John Gurney, entitled "The Portable Evidences of Christianity," which she undertook to translate into French, was the means of setting her mind at rest. In reference to this crisis, she wrote long afterwards:—

"I have ever since been settled in the full belief that the views which have been held by our Society with respect to the

immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, the nature of the Christian ministry, and the full end made to outward rites and ceremonies in the new dispensation, are those which are most in accordance with the Scriptures of truth, based, as they must ever be, on the alone foundation, which is 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.'"

After ten years spent with William Allen, the next decade of her life was passed in teaching in the South of France, whither she returned on account of the state of her health. There was now so much of stability in her Christian character, and she was so full of intelligence and vivacity, and so well educated, that she was quite prepared for the office of a teacher; and she won the devoted love of her pupils. One of them was the daughter of her physician, Dr. Pleindoux, who was a Roman Catholic. Before undertaking the charge of the child she candidly told him that she was not only a Protestant, but belonged to a sect whose views of the Reformation went further than those of most Protestants. And, seeing that the most powerful motive of action is a religious sense, founded on the responsibility of man in the sight of His Creator, she felt that she could not undertake the education of a child without having it in her power to make use of this incentive to duty. She told him she should wish to read the Bible with her pupil; and, to her surprise, the Doctor expressed himself more than willing that she should carry out her desire.

In 1846 we again find her in association with her English Friends, and it was during a missionary tour in France and Germany with some of these that she became acquainted with her future husband.

Robert Alsop had long sought to glorify God in his business life, as well as by indefatigable efforts for the religious and moral welfare of his fellow-men. His natural intelligence, developed by self-culture, made him a delightful companion. A holy atmosphere seemed to surround him, and the expression on his calm, bright face told of the faith and peace which possessed his soul. For some years before the time of which we are speak-

ing, Robert Alsop had been called to preach the gospel; and, having made full proof of his ministry, his name had been placed by his friends on the roll of "recorded Ministers." Christine Majolier had also become a Minister. They were thus bound together by a common vocation as well as in a close heart-union. Their marriage took place in 1847. In 1854, in order that he and his wife might devote themselves more entirely to work for others, Robert Alsop retired from business, and settled at Stoke Newington. Their income was small, their wants few; but they exercised in their new home a large hospitality, and gave, as liberally as their means allowed, to those who needed. On returning from their numerous missionary journeys, the thread of the home-life was taken up as if it had never been broken; and, however far their hands were stretched forth for the relief of suffering at a distance—and the interests embraced may be said to have been world-wide—the Church at home, with its cares and its joys, had the first place in their thoughts; and the sick and afflicted, whether rich or poor, were never forgotten.

Many graphic narratives of incidents in the joint lives of Robert and Christine Alsop, to which in this sketch we can only briefly refer, are given in Martha Braithwaite's interesting memoir of the latter. There is the touching story of the Christian Indian woman, Nahneebaweequay, whose little son, Alsop Albert Edward, was born under their roof. There are recollections of Christine Alsop's pleasant intercourse with the children of the English Royal Family, and with other remarkable persons at home and abroad. One incident, not contained in the volume, will show her promptness in acting upon impressions of duty. Once, on arriving in Paris, she learned, late in the evening, that a married daughter of her intimate friend, the Countess de Sellon, was ill at a hotel. She told her husband that they *must* go to see her that night; "Cost what it will, I feel I must go." It was near midnight before they arrived

at the hotel, and they had some difficulty in procuring admittance ; but as soon as the Countess heard who had called, she sent for them into the chamber, where she and her son-in-law were watching beside her dying daughter. When the invalid saw Christine Alsop she smiled and said, " Oh, dear Christine, how happy I am to see you ; pray for me." Christine Alsop spoke to her many words of encouragement, which she seemed to drink in, saying they were just what she wanted. Then Christine prayed that, through faith in the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, her sick friend might have light in the valley of the shadow of death. The dying woman clasped her hands, saying, " Now I shall go in peace ; I am happy, because I have believed all you have said to me." It was a great comfort to her mother to hear her confession, as she had not before expressed her feelings in the prospect of death. Later in the night, when the visitors had left, she was full of joy, " giving glory to God ;" and thus she passed away before the morning.

During Christine Alsop's latter years the spiritual and temporal destitution of her native land was a subject of absorbing interest. She shed bitter tears over the desolation caused by the ravages of war, but she did not spend her strength in weeping. She arose to work. For nearly three years she and her husband went up and down through a large part of France, telling of the only remedy for the nation's moral sores. They held evangelistic meetings in the Protestant " Temples " in many of the large cities. They distributed portions of the Scriptures, and Christian appeals from their own Society in England. Christine Alsop organized a work having for its object the elevation of destitute French women, which still flourishes. She has left the care of this as a legacy to her Church. In 1875 the last extensive journey undertaken by Robert and Christine Alsop was accomplished. It embraced the Vaudois Valleys and some mission stations in Italy.

Shortly after their return home the severance of the earthly union came. It was at the close of a day spent

by Robert Alsop with his wife in visiting the sick, and in making arrangements for the benefit of others, in converse together over their abounding mercies, and in hallowed communion with their Lord, that the summons came to him. There was only time for one loving look, and then, as we may reverently believe, he found himself in the immediate presence of his Lord.

It seemed at first as if the bereaved widow would sink beneath the sudden blow; but, when restored to a measure of physical strength, she roused herself to resume the work which hitherto had been shared by her beloved husband. Her faith would not allow her to give way to selfish sorrow, and, during the three years that remained, she used the powers still given her in her Master's service. In 1879 she attended the Yearly Meeting for the last time; and, although somewhat enfeebled in body, manifested increased spiritual brightness. About three weeks later, whilst visiting at the house of a friend, she was attacked by her last illness. She had the comfort of being nursed by her beloved sister, Lydie Majolier; and, after a few days of prostration, she passed from earth, full of joy and peace, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.

[*From a photo by Stabler & Frues, Sunderland.*]

EDWARD BACKHOUSE.

EDWARD BACKHOUSE.

"Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up."

T. T. LYNCH.

EDWARD BACKHOUSE was the eldest son of Edward and Mary Backhouse, of Darlington, where he was born on the 8th of the Fifth Month, 1808. When he was about the age of eleven the family removed to Sunderland, where he continued to reside, and in later years took a deep and practical interest in the intellectual, moral, and religious well-being of the town. The history of the Lord's dealings with him is best told in his own words.

"A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH A SINNER SAVED BY HIM."

"I was born at Darlington on the 8th of Fifth Month, 1808. Naturally of an easy disposition, the tendency of the unregenerate heart to yield to temptation early showed itself, and I remember words of kind counsel, given me when I was about six years of age, by my cousin Ann Backhouse, who was then but four to five years of age, who spoke to me about my naughtiness while we were at play, and whose words found entrance into my heart.

"In the winter of 1819-20 my parents removed to Sunderland. There being at that time no good public school at Sunderland, my brother and sister and myself were educated under private tutors; but I had no taste for language, and being idle to boot, would not be driven by long tasks to do my duty, for there was no sympathy between my tutors and myself. At fifteen years of age I was one morning walking in the garden, when I was the subject of a gentle visitation of Divine love, and was made sensible that I ought not thus to be living carelessly in forgetfulness of God. But I soon concluded I was yet but young: 'Not

yet,' was, in effect, the language of my heart; 'I cannot yet give up to serve God.' So I said that when I should arrive at thirty years of age, then I hoped I should be willing to do so. Then the sweet Divine visitation was withdrawn, and I was left to my own ways. I soon lost sight of the subject altogether, and being fond of drawing, natural history, &c., I continued to dream away my precious years in unconcern, nay, in folly and in sin also. As I grew older the enemy of all righteousness ruled in my heart, and constantly led me into evil. Yet despite my former refusal to yield my heart to a gracious God, He continued to follow me by rebuking me for my sins, so that I was shown that 'the wages of sin is death,' and with bitter weeping would beseech forgiveness. My conscience disburdened, temporary relief was obtained, and sometimes I would abstain from my most besetting sin for several months. But having only my own strength to trust to when temptation beset me, I was again overcome, and my remorse was great.*

"When I was about twenty-three years of age, being at the Yearly Meeting in London, I contemplated taking an important step in life; but as I was riding in a coach in the city, with my parents, and my brother and sister on each side of me, I was arrested by a Divine impression upon my mind, so powerful that it resolved itself into words which sounded as if spoken into my outward ear, 'Do it not;' and a promise was added in the same distinct language, which was afterwards graciously fulfilled. The words were spoken in a distinct and loud whisper, and so startled me that I was tempted to turn my head and see who it was that spoke into my right ear, but did not. I therefore ceased to pursue the matter any further at that time.

"Years passed on while I was undecided and unwilling to be a Christian. I saw that some of my relations who possessed a spirit of discernment were sensible that sin had dominion over me, and they faithfully warned me; yet I could not resolve to forsake my sin, and I felt at times quite willing to forego an eternity of happiness for my present gratification, and persuaded myself that should I miss of eternal happiness I should fare as well as others, and would meet with millions who were in the same condition! Yet my long-suffering Lord continued to strive with me by His spirit, and to disturb my false rest in my evil ways.

"When I thought of Christ, He appeared to be nothing to me. I could not see in Him my Redeemer. He had no beauty that I should desire Him: I desired Him not. The record of His life, sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension contained in the New Testament had no more interest for me, than any other his-

* From a moral standpoint the life of Edward Backhouse had always been pure and unblameable.

tory such as that of Cæsar, or Alexander the Great. It was probably true: but what of that? It happened 1,800 years ago, and I could by no means see how His life, or death, or resurrection could have any bearing on my happiness or otherwise. I did not disbelieve in the existence of a God: but all the while I lay dead in my grave of sin. In 1836, being arrived at twenty-eight years of age, I was afresh disposed to pursue the same object respecting which I had formerly received such a remarkable warning. Regardless of the blessed promise then given to me, reckless of consequences, I resolved to gratify my perverse inclination whatever it might cost, even though I should suffer for it all my life long. I therefore took some steps in order to obtain it. But the Lord effectually stopped me in my career. His terrors became insupportable. I became so utterly wretched, owing to the condemnation of the Spirit of God, that death would have been a relief, could I have been certain of annihilation afterwards. I was reduced almost to despair; a terror of great darkness was upon me; I had sympathy with the suicide; I had a foretaste of that which is felt by the lost, even the dire experience of those in whom 'their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' Yet I had sometimes amid my trials a lingering hope that perhaps the Lord would forgive me, and that before I died I might be prepared for my great change. I relinquished my design: the load of condemnation for this particular sin was gradually removed, and in the end, taken away.

"In the year 1836 also, the Banking business at Sunderland, in which my father was a partner, and in which I had hitherto been employed, was disposed of, and in consequence I had my time very much at my own command. I said in my heart, now I can enjoy myself, and amuse myself with my favourite pursuits—natural history and painting; but like the rich man in the parable, my rest in the pleasures of the world was disturbed with the remembrance of the language 'This night thy soul shall be required of thee.' Not that I expected to die, but I saw that my soul might at any time be required to give an account to God.

"This knowledge of the uncertainty of life so affected my conduct, that I could not continue the same careless life I had hitherto led, and I began to be more circumspect and thoughtful than formerly. In 1837 at the age of twenty-nine, I was very unwell, and in the course of a journey in Switzerland I was made more sensible of my undone condition without a Saviour; and, arriving at home greatly exhausted, my state of health induced in me great thoughtfulness. The eternal world seemed as though it might be near, and I knew I was unprepared. How did the sins of my whole life rise up in order before me! How grievous became the galling load fastened upon me! It was in great mercy that the Lord was thus staining in my view the glories, vanities, and pleasures of a world that shall quickly pass away. The Lord

showed me that nothing the world could afford was able to give me substantial enjoyment and rest, while He instructed me that the things in which I delighted, some of them innocent of themselves, were far beneath the exalted calling of an immortal spirit. Not but what these pursuits in which I indulged were lawful in themselves, but it was unlawful to devote the whole heart to them.

"Walking one day in my father's grounds at Ashburne, the prayer was raised in my heart, 'O that I may not live without God in the world!' Then the Lord showed me the terrible gulf upon whose brink I was standing—the very pit of hell—and I cried for forgiveness and mercy. Then I passed through exceeding bitter experiences, but there was no remedy, no hope, but in the free mercy of God; and I resolved, though He should slay me, I would trust in Him.

"In consequence of the style of my religious education, I had at this period very indefinite ideas as to the scheme of salvation, and consequently I prayed to God only, not recognizing the work and offices of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: for at this time I did not experimentally know that 'There is no other name given under heaven whereby we may be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.' How to obtain the remission of sins I knew not. My soul remembers the days of sorrow, the nights of deep distress, when my pillow was wet with my tears, and in anguish of spirit I lay as in the dust of death. But the Lord regarded me with an eye of pity, and it was in mid-winter of 1837-8 that about midnight I was groaning and crying to God for forgiveness, when He showed me that I must entirely let go all my own righteousness. Then came the battle: 'What! am I, who am deemed so respectable, to be stripped of every claim to righteousness? To do so would leave me naked and undone!' But there was no remedy: so, after a kind of death-struggle, I gave it up. I was drawn, as a last resource, to pray. So I arose up upon my knees in the bed, and, with bitter weeping, cried for mercy; and God, who heard my cry in heaven, His dwelling-place, was graciously pleased to answer it. The night was pitch dark—there was no moon: but no sooner had I kneeled upon the bed and begun to pray, than a marvellous sense of His Divine presence broke in upon my forlorn spirit. A glorious light from Heaven filled the room, as bright as that of the brightest noon-day. I could see perfectly the minutest articles around me, and I do not remember observing any shade cast by any article. I believe that every corner of the room was so equally filled with light that there could not be any shade. There was no central light observable; but light was everywhere. I underwent 'The washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost,' for not only did I know this to be accomplished spiritually, but I sensibly felt the invisible stream to be poured upon my head. It flowed over my whole body down to the very soles of my feet. During this wondrous

visitation many sweet passages of Holy Scripture were vividly applied to my spirit. The height of the glory of this wondrous manifestation endured for three or four minutes; then the light became more subdued, and after a time was gradually withdrawn. Where was now my oppressive burden? Gone! Cleansed in the fountain set open for sin and for uncleanness. My crimson stains were wholly washed away in the blood of Jesus. Far as the east is from the west, even so far had He removed my transgressions from me.

"Having lived a careless life for so many years, I at first found it difficult steadily to maintain the watch; and there was a tendency to forgetfulness, for I did not then fully comprehend that in Jesus only was my true help. The father of lies, too, unwilling that his prey should escape, insinuated fears, and put what obstructions he could in my path. He insinuated that if I entirely gave myself up to be guided by the Holy Spirit, I could not tell how far I might be led into things that were at present highly distasteful; things that I could not possibly yield to, might be required of me. Thus the Devil did his utmost to discourage me and to raise fears and doubts; to prevent me from being obedient to the heavenly vision, if I may so say, and thus to make shipwreck of my faith. But the Lord stood by me and gave me grace sufficient for the day. Living one day at a time, He led me gently onwards step by step. Watching unto prayer He gave me food convenient for me. He showed me one thing after another which I must put away, or do, or leave undone, so that my senses by reason of use became exercised to discern between good and evil. Before my conversion to God, I had year after year trifled away my precious time, content to enjoy the present moment; so that I seemed only now to have awakened to the value of existence, and therefore began the world afresh. For it was required of me to examine my religious opinions, my practices also; 'to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' I was prohibited from taking anything upon trust, or assuming any principle to be right for me to hold or act upon, merely on the ground that many excellent Christians held it or acted upon it. Thus I became, though a member of the Society of Friends by birthright, a really 'convinced Friend.' The Lord was preparing me for His service. I do not believe that every true Christian is called to pass through the extremely narrow path that I was at one time led into—by no means—while I am certain that unless we are willing to 'sell all,' we shall make but miserably feeble disciples of the Lord Jesus, if we be His disciples at all. The love of the Father and His blessed Son so dwelt in my heart, that I often felt I had no other will but His, no other wish but to be found in Him.

"For discipline and for my true interest, the Lord took from me for a time many of those employments and gratifications in art which I had formerly indulged. I was patient under the trial,

and when the Lord saw that I could use them without abusing them, He freely gave them back to me to be used lawfully in His fear.

"I derived also much comfort and assistance from the ministry of some of my dear relations; a word in season from them and others was helpful to me in my early conflicts. But I discovered, like George Fox, that there was '*One, even Christ Jesus, who could speak to my condition.*'

"Simplicity was granted me and grace given to obey His teachings, so that the further I followed, and the more close I kept by my Faithful Guide, the more I understood the beauty of holiness, the glory of the Lord's delightsome land, the sweetness, the safety, and the rest of abiding in Jesus, the more I knew His service to be perfect freedom; and it became my meat and drink to do His will.

"I was, however, still but young in the truth. Like a child, I would sometimes stumble; sometimes by yielding to too much self-indulgence: but the swift witness slumbered not; I was convicted; and, confessing, was instantly forgiven. Oh! the grandeur of that atoning sacrifice of Christ upon the cross for sinners! Who can over-estimate the potency of His blood? Even many of the converted seem to have little appreciation of the height of their calling as Christians. Many seem to think it is impossible to fulfil the requirements of Christianity; while others, who try to do so, imagine that all their performances are imperfect. Truly works wrought in our own strength are imperfect; but the works of the Christian are to be 'wrought in God'; and if they be so, then such works must be perfect, and are not to be counted 'as filthy rags,' as all works of our own righteousness certainly are. Great loss is sustained by Christians, many Friends included, because they are so dull of sight as not to perceive the glorious truth, that he that is born again is born into the Kingdom of God, and that such have received the 'white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.' It used to be a common thing twenty or thirty years ago to hear honourable Christian Friends 'hope that they may be born again before they die,' bungling between conversion and a growth in grace: instead of being able boldly to declare that the Spirit of God bears witness with their spirits that they are born again and are His. I have felt it to be my calling to bear a testimony against this style of things, for it only induces a weakness in themselves, and discouragement in others, especially in young persons. Such persons surely cannot have grasped the fact that, having been washed in the blood of Christ, and through the potency of that blood been made clean and pure as though they had never sinned, and having been renewed by the Holy Ghost, their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, while they continue faithful to Him. They think

that when they get to Heaven they will overcome: but why should they not overcome while upon earth?"

Such is the account given by Edward Backhouse of his conversion and his training in the school of Christ. He now received an assurance of salvation and a perfect confidence in God's superintending care, which he never doubted in all his after life.

In 1842 Hannah Chapman Backhouse and Joseph John Gurney were visiting at Ashburne, the home of Edward Backhouse's parents, and had a religious interview with the family circle then at Sunderland, in which both were led to prophesy very strikingly respecting the future of one of the company. Hannah C. Backhouse declared her belief that an individual present was, or would be, called upon publicly to advocate the cause of Truth and Righteousness, and that through his faithfulness others would be influenced to increased dedication, and there would follow in that part of the heritage such effects as none present could then conceive or believe; and if faithfulness kept pace with knowledge, the breakings forth and spread of life and light would be such as hitherto had not been felt or known in those parts. Joseph John Gurney then spoke in a similar strain of one present on whom he could lay his hand, on whom, if faithfulness were abode in, the mantle of his dear relative would descend. "This then is the word to thee, 'God is the Lord, which hath shewed thee light; bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.' If this individual were faithful, he believed a great power would accompany him . . . and that many wonld 'arise, and call him blessed,' and through his faithfulness those around him should attain to a higher standard of Christian feeling than had hitherto been known in this part of the vineyard."

Edward Backhouse felt what was said to be helpful and applicable to him to some extent, though he could not believe all that was foretold concerning his lifework, but accepted it as a renewed call to the Lord's service.

It was not until ten years later that he first spoke

as a minister of the gospel; but about this time his heart was drawn out in the love of Christ to yearn that the whole world might know the full and free salvation of which he had been made a partaker; and it was in something of this spirit that he gave up much of his time to any work that came in his way, tending more or less directly to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. He took part in the labours of the Anti-Slavery Society, and of the Bible Society, and was a chief worker at Sunderland in connection with the Indigent Sick Society, the Dispensary, and Infirmary, and also in the establishment of the British School, the Athenæum and the Reformatories of that town. To this end he distributed a large number of religious tracts, handing them with a kindly word to those he met in his daily walks. It has been lately found that one of the tracts thus given led to the conversion of the recipient, who was a publican, and to the giving up of his business. This man was the means of turning many others to righteousness. On his death-bed amid great sufferings, finding his room suddenly filled with light far brighter than the sunshine, his bodily pain was forgotten, and his soul filled with joy unspeakable, as he lay "bathed in the glory of the Lord."

At the close of 1844 Edward Backhouse writes to one of his cousins:—

"I have longed that thou and I may yet more fully devote ourselves to the service of the Lord, and that we may not be content with that whereto we have already attained. I have seen that the Lord wills that I should far more earnestly seek for greater nearness and more close communion with Himself. I believe it is His will that we should press hard after Him. If it were our whole desire to be found, moment by moment, walking in His fear, unflinchingly bearing His cross, how should we grow in the everlasting truth—what a noble stature we might attain in Christ Jesus! Surely His grace and power are amply sufficient for all our need, for the power is almighty. When I remember the noble men and women of old, and think upon the Divine power that accompanied them while members of the Church militant, the might which clothed judges, kings, and prophets in Israel, whereby they wrought great and wonderful deliverances for the Lord's chosen people; the love, and zeal, and faithfulness of Peter, and John, and Paul, and a host of righteous

men and women in their day, and the authority and effects which accompanied their ministry, I am led to conclude that *as the power is the same now as it was 1,800 years ago*, it is not for us to limit the Holy One of Israel, or to say in what measure He would not see meet to clothe His loving, faithful children in this our day, if the same degree of love and zeal, and the same unflinching devotedness clothed our hearts as theirs. And why should it not ? Christ wrought all their works in them and for them, and offers to do the same for us. Do not the nations want shaking in their profession now as of old ? Eighteen hundred years have passed away, but is there one whit less need of the people being aroused from the sleep of death ? Shall we not render a little return of love and service to Him who has done so great things for us ? My soul does long that all within us may be utterly bowed and broken to pieces before the great God of Heaven. Let us never be content with partially overcoming—let us look to have all our spiritual enemies utterly cast down and destroyed by Him who in His own time will make us such instruments as may be consistent with His will."

It was in this year that a remarkable providence befel him which he thus records:—

" I had arranged to accompany my uncle, William Backhouse, of Darlington, in a religious visit to the Friends of Norway. But on the First day preceding that on which we were to sail from Hull, my uncle, when about to address the Friends' meeting at Darlington, dropped down on the floor, and immediately expired. The steamer by which we had engaged our passage to Hamburg, sailed on the day of William Backhouse's funeral, but foundered with all hands, and her crew and passengers, 27 in number, were all lost. Thus my life was spared ; as was the case also the following year by almost a miracle. I was visiting with others of the family at the house of a relation, when our host proposed that we should ride over to the iron works in the neighbourhood, and he would show us the industries of the district. I immediately felt an undefined fear come over me at the proposal, but my host pressing me to go, I consented. The two youths of the party rode on ponies about twenty yards in front of us ; the four elder gentlemen on horseback followed. But we had scarcely ridden a mile, when the prohibition to proceed became so absolute as to be irresistible ; for so great was my agitation that I could neither see nor hear. The words, 'the house, the house,' ran through my mind—an emphatic warning that I was to return to the house. So I drew up my horse and told my host that I did not feel at liberty to proceed. We were now within a short distance of a dense pine or larch plantation, when we suddenly turned round, and thus escaped the bullet of the would-be murderers, who were doubtless awaiting us in the plantation. Still as we rode back, the same

words, 'the house, the house,' were impressed upon my mind, but I did not mention this to anyone, as it appeared to me to be myself only that was thus warned to keep indoors. Thus our plans for the day were entirely set aside. I was not a little tried at having to act in so apparently unaccountable a manner. The rest wandered hither and thither visiting their friends, while I sat alone in the library, taking up one book after another, and between times considering the circumstances of my morning ride and my present position. It was a magnificent day : hour after hour passed ; no one was at home except myself, and I was a prisoner. Then I became so tired of my durance that I began to argue with myself, that perhaps I might just stroll over the lawn to the wooded dell within 60 yards of the house, sit down on the seat just inside it, and enjoy the sunshine ? So about 1 p.m. I did so—notwithstanding the impression remained with me that I should keep 'the house.' O, how refreshing was the sunshine after the tribulations of the morning ! I crossed the lawn, sat down on the seat, and listened to the murmurs of the brook which ran along the bottom ; while thick nut-bushes, and oaks far apart, occupied the space behind me between the seat and the lawn.

" Few minutes, however, passed, when suddenly the thought darted into my mind, ' What if some one be aiming his gun at my head ? What if a bullet were to end my life and services together ?' So vivid became the impression that it appeared as though (without turning my head) I could see the muzzle of the gun close behind me, and instantly I heard the peculiar sound caused by the discharge of an air-gun, but at the same time I knew that it had failed to expel the bullet. I was perfectly familiar with the sound, because I had often practiced bullet shooting at a mark with an air-gun belonging to my father. I gave one look behind me, but nothing was visible ; then dashed down into the ravine, so that they could not take another aim at me, and at once returned to the house by a circuitous path.

" I dared not tell my host what had happened in his own grounds, lest it should make him nervous, though I ought to have done so, and two days after this, two prominent persons connected with the iron-works, whilst driving in a gig to a neighbouring town for the ' pay,' were shot at with an air-gun, and the bullet missing them, it lodged in a tree, and they obtained it. It appears that the solution of the affair was this : that three Irishmen, who had been dismissed from the works, were determined to be revenged upon some one, no matter who. After this they fled the country and escaped."

In 1845, Edward Backhouse accompanied William Forster in a religious visit to France, and was at various other times the companion of Friends travelling in the ministry. He first spoke as a minister of the

Gospel in Newcastle meeting in 1852. Writing to one of his aunts respecting this service, in 1853, he says:—

"I can with grateful feelings acknowledge that hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and hope I shall continue to be thus employed, for to be so, I do esteem to be a greater honour than any 'Egypt' can bestow. I have thankfully to acknowledge His help, who forgetteth not the prayer of those who ask His guidance in their poverty and need. I have had more or less to say in several meetings of late, and it is encouraging to be a little employed, I would fain hope, in the service of that holy and ever blessed Lord, whose tender regard is toward the workmanship of His hands. It is all of the free, unmerited mercy, love, and grace of Jesus. May His own gifts be used to His own praise, for what have we that we have not received? Without Him we can do nothing; for we are nothing."

He was recorded a minister by Newcastle Monthly Meeting in 1854, and from that time spoke frequently in meetings for worship. His buoyant spirits and genial nature made him a favourite with all, with children, as well as those who were older. He was the play-fellow of the former, entering heartily into their games, and frequently planning their amusements; and also the kind counseller and helper of any who came to seek his advice. He commended his Christianity by his joyful beaming face as well as in his daily life. None who knew him well could ever doubt Whose he was, and Whom he served.

In 1856, Edward Backhouse married Katherine, daughter of Thomas and Mary Mounsey, of Sunderland.

It was his earnest desire to elevate the masses of the people. In 1862, in company with some other gentlemen, he paid special midnight visits to some infamous public houses in Sunderland. The startling facts which thus came to his knowledge were disclosed by him at a large public meeting, amidst general indignation; and this exposure afterwards led to the withholding of many licences and the closing of some of the most notorious houses. About three years later he established a home for women who desired to retrieve their lost character.

Edward Backhouse devoted a large portion of his

time to the interests of the Society of Friends which lay very near his heart, and he sought to promote its welfare by every means in his power. He knew its history perfectly. During a part of the years 1863 and 1864 he was engaged in visiting meetings in various parts of the country, as a member of the Yearly Meeting's Committee. A Friend with whom he was associated on this or some similar occasion writes :—

"I shall ever remember with loving gratitude his warm and efficient co-operation, his ardent zeal and the delightful buoyancy of his ever cheerful spirit. He always attracted the young, and I believe left many seals to his loving ministrations during that journey."

This service for the Yearly Meeting, together with its clerkship proved a greater strain than his strength could bear, and for the two following years he was laid aside from active labours by illness. Some yacht voyages to Norway and elsewhere were the means of partially restoring his health, and he was again enabled to take part in religious and philanthropic movements. One of his great characteristics was the whole-hearted zeal and energy with which he threw himself into whatever he undertook, whether it were a crusade against public houses, or steadfast resistance to a church-rate, which had been unjustly imposed by an illegally constituted vestry for many years—a successful resistance, which led him from the borough bench to the Common Pleas, whence he was taken by the Churchwardens to the Ecclesiastical Court at Durham, where learned lawyers were employed on each side.

His whole-heartedness showed itself even when compelled for a time to abandon active work or mental labour. Keenly interested in the beauties of nature, he formed a choice collection of shells, and took much pleasure in carefully arranging them, so as best to display their shape and colour. He wished for others thus to be impressed with wonder and admiration at the power and skill of the great Designer, who was, as Edward Backhouse delighted to remind his visitors, that WORD

who was in the beginning and who afterwards became flesh and gave His life for the beings whom He had created.

Although a cultivated man, Edward Backhouse was not a great reader; but he had a good memory, which enabled him to make much use of what he did read; and very interesting were the descriptions he gave of the varied valuable curiosities he had collected. He took an especial interest in obtaining specimens of idols from many lands, which brought vividly before the mental vision of the beholder the terrible degradation of their worshippers. He rejoiced in the thought that these idols were becoming more and more scarce as time went on, because of the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. It was a real pleasure to him to show and describe his rare, or unique, collections in natural history to any of his friends who took an interest in them. Always glad to give pleasure to others, his manner was bright and kindly, so that rich and poor, learned and illiterate, were attracted by his cordiality. Underlying these qualities was the *one aim of seeking to know his Lord's will and do it*, as the very joy of his life, an aim short of which he would have felt nothing worth living for.

Edward Backhouse was a staunch Liberal in politics, and was often solicited to enter Parliament. He has been described as a zealous reformer in the fullest sense of the word. He intensely yearned for the social morality of the people, and his efforts for the repeal of the Acts for the regulation of vice, 1866-9, were herculean. When he appeared on the platform to advocate any cause, there seemed to be an instinctive feeling that the objects for which he hopefully pleaded were good. The stewardship of his possessions was to him a most practical Christian truth. His contributions to charitable societies and institutions were very large. In the year 1866 he began the erection of the mission premises known as the Pottery Buildings, with an especial view to the welfare of the working population of Sunderland and of the foreign sailors frequenting that

port. Here, as health and ability were afforded, he delighted to preach the Gospel, and these labours of love were largely blessed.

The Friends of his own Monthly Meeting write :—

"He rejoiced to assist the efforts of the universal Church to extend the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to spread His kingdom amongst men. But whilst so doing, he was a zealous member of our particular section of that church, believing that our doctrines are but the outcome of New Testament teaching, and that the fullest development of Christian life is attained by their consistent maintenance. His ministry was sound and edifying. showing forth the necessity of the new birth; the spirituality of the gospel dispensation, as distinguished from a religion of outward rites and ceremonies; the joy and peace that should be the portion of the Christian believer, as an inhabitant, even while upon earth, of the kingdom of heaven; the true nature of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and the efficacy of the atoning blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin. He did not hesitate to avow his deliverance from the guilt and power of sin through faith in Christ, while he was careful to remember for himself, and to urge upon his fellow believers, that we are nothing, Christ is all."

In a letter he remarks :—

"As a Christian who has found mercy and rest in Christ, I would not choose to assert my entire sanctification. If I be entirely sanctified, blessed am I, but let the world and God judge. It is a matter between my soul and God. The apostle speaks modestly. He did not confess that he was already perfect, but that he reached to the things that were before. So ought we to do."

And again he says :—

"In this world we cannot venture to forget the warning, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' But I want us to look from ourselves to Christ. He is all. This is the beauty of living Christianity; it is *God* that is to work in us both to *will* and to *do* of His own good pleasure."

The following extracts from letters addressed to a young Friend are also thoroughly characteristic :—

"We know that when we are 'born from above' we are born into the kingdom of heaven: but how little do people, even converted people, seem to comprehend that while now upon the earth they sit in heavenly places in Christ; that they are royal priests and members of the household and family of God. Now it is to such according to their growth in grace and their need, that the Book of Revelation is opened more or less. For in that book there are things of the first importance for the saints to understand—things of personal application to themselves, and pointing

to high experiences to be known in this life, as well as showing that even these high experiences will be yet more gloriously theirs in the life to come. But the saints *know eternal life* to be begun for *them* here on earth. The addresses to the seven churches and the last two chapters of Revelation and many others, are not so applied to personal experiences as they ought to be. I often think the use the early Friends made of them is one that commends itself. They thought that a personal experience of these promises 'to him that overcometh,' was measurably to be known, now, in this life. For I unquestionably hold, with them, that we are to eat of the Tree of Life *now* which stands in the paradise of God. The saint on earth is in the paradise of God. Such shall not be hurt of the second death. Such do eat of the hidden manna. To such the white stone is given. Such are clothed in white raiment now, because they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Such become pillars in the temple of God who shall go no more out. Such sit with Christ in His throne now, as well as hereafter. Dost thou remember what George Fox in his journal says about the new Jerusalem? viz., that 'All that dwell within the grace and truth and faith and spirit, which are the walls of the city, *dwell within that city*': and I may add, that such do know its walls to be salvation and its gates eternal praise. What a delightful account Francis Howgil gives of his experience after he was converted to God! He says: 'I came to witness cleansing by the blood of Jesus. I have peace in doing the will of God, and am entered into the true rest, and lie down with the lambs in the fold of God, where the sons of God rejoice together, and the saints keep holy day!' . . . Such were the experiences of our ancient Friends, and I am bold to say such may be our experiences now. They would be more extensively known and attained to, if Christians had *more faith*, more of that holy ambition to be what the Lord would have them, which becomes those who have been washed in the blood of Jesus, and, as James Naylor says, thus 'made clean and pure as though they had never sinned.' A grand testimony to the potency of Christ's blood. People look at their own weakness, rather than Christ's strength. They do not live in continual watchfulness unto prayer. They do not sufficiently maintain the spirit of prayer. They do not cry to God for grace—and *more* grace—and *more grace still*. If they did, I am sure that He 'would open the windows of heaven,' and the very 'skies would pour down righteousness. Then would their peace flow as a river, and their righteousness as the waves of the sea: and their acts of righteousness also, would succeed one another in similar uninterrupted succession. I much enjoy the views of the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ and its fulness set forth by the early Friends. There is instruction in them, and they contain glorious views of Christian privileges obtainable in this life.'"

Again he writes :—

"How grand ! How glorious ! when we, His soldiers, keep our ranks in righteousness. Should a soldier have fear ? Should not the soldier obey orders and go through fire and water for his great Captain ? Only think of such a calling as this—for it is our calling. He changeth not. His love is everlasting. His redeemed children are more precious to Him than the apple of the eye. Dear friend, commit thy way unto the Lord entirely ; fear not, He will do for thee more abundantly than thou canst ask or think. How great He is ! How small our comprehension of His Majesty ! And yet He died for us, and bought us, and delights to bless us, and makes us fellow-workers in the extension of His Kingdom ! We have no *right* to doubt or fear. . . . . Thou hast received gifts. Every natural and acquired talent we possess is a gift to be used to the glory of the Giver. If He call us to preach His Gospel—the gift is His—and mind, we are to covet earnestly the best gifts, but rather that we may prophesy. Our health, voice, understanding, qualifications of every kind, everything is His, and to Him belongs all the praise—not to us. Ah ! the more self is slain, the more room there is in our hearts for the King of Kings. Let us never be content with that to which we have already attained. Leave the things that are behind. Reach to the things that are before. That is our calling. *Have faith*, and mountains remove easily. What can we do *without* faith ? Absolutely *nothing*. Let us aim high enough. God will guide us with His eye. God shall work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. God shall work and who shall let it ? I pray that we may press forward, and that we may become stronger and stronger, and know more and more qualification to preach Christ's Gospel and to do His will perfectly, even as it is done in Heaven." . . . . .

It need hardly be said that it was not only with the pen that Edward Backhouse ungrudgingly "drew out his soul to the hungry," or gave the needed word of counsel or cheer.

"All of us who had the great privilege of knowing him," writes a friend, "must be better for seeing what the glorious truths he delighted in were to him, and what they made him. I remember now, as a life heritage from him, what he said to me once about speaking for Jesus. I was feeling timid and frightened, and he came up to me, and after his usual cordial greeting said 'I did not know that thou hadst begun to tell the glorious news of salvation.' It is glorious work to tell poor sinners of the Saviour's love. I am so glad, may the Lord bless thee and use thee to praise Him."

Another says :—

"Personally I have seen him but little, not more than once or twice to speak to. I am sure he must have been a marvellous man for making the most of opportunities, for in that scant time he found the way to talk to me as nobody else ever did. He taught me what it has been a delight and a strength to me ever since to have learnt."

"I never knew any one who seemed more to live in the sunshine of heaven,"

wrote another; and those who surrounded him in his daily life tell the same story.

A few months before his death Edward Backhouse wrote:—

"In Second Month, 1874, or about that period, I was standing painting in my own room, when an impression was made upon my mind which I believed to be from the Lord, that I ought to devote my leisure in my latter days to writing a portion of Church History, especially with the view of exhibiting to the Christian world, in a popular manner, the principles and practices of the Society of Friends. So I forthwith began to explore Church History generally, because the History of Friends was quite familiar to me; and, ultimately, as I saw that I greatly differed from many excellent historians in the inferences I drew from many events in the history of the Church, I was induced to attempt myself to write a History of Christianity, which I thought might prove useful to some, as exhibiting the principles and practices of the Churches viewed from a Quaker standpoint, and compared as nearly as I could with apostolic precedent."

"In pursuance of this design," writes Thomas Hodgkin in the preface to "Early Church History," "he read through the 23 volumes of the Ante-Nicene Christian Library. . . and the ecclesiastical histories of Eusebius, Socrates, Scholasticas, Sozomen, and Theodoret. Edward Backhouse's work at this history occupied the last few years of life, filling them (perhaps too full for his bodily strength) with interesting employment. He carried his usual energy of character, his almost boyish enthusiasm, into his new pursuit, and pushed with untiring zeal through the thick jungle of heresies and councils."

This valuable compilation, edited and enlarged by Charles Tylor, has met with warm acceptance from Friends and from many beyond our borders. The volume was translated into French by Paul de Félice, and a large number circulated, and now, as we write, a smaller edition in Italian is being published. An

abridgment in Danish has also been issued.*

During the last two years of his life, Edward Backhouse had repeated attacks of illness. Of his last attendance of the meeting at Sunderland it has been recorded that "with unusual energy, as one who might never again have opportunity in public, he bore his testimony to the mercy of God to the repentant sinner, and pressed home to his hearers the awful sentence pronounced on those who die in their sins."

In the spring of 1879 he went to Hastings for change of air, intending, later on, to be in London at the time of the Yearly Meeting. But whilst there he became seriously ill, and peacefully breathed his last on the 22nd of the Fifth Month.

A few words spoken at the funeral may form a fitting conclusion to this sketch.

"There was a time when Edward Backhouse knew that his sins were forgiven, when he passed from death to life, when he knew that his name was written in the Lamb's book of life; and from that day forth I do not think he ever doubted for a single moment that the Lord had mercifully and miraculously converted his soul. The Lord led him through very narrow ways; He put him in His own school, trained him in His own way, disciplined him to bring about the results He intended to bring out in his character, and he did not hesitate to receive that training. He followed wherever God led him. He was a man of faith. He bore a beautiful testimony with his words and life to the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus, and to the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. He believed in Holiness, not simply as a theory, a doctrine to be talked about, or preached about, but as an experience to be acted upon; and like the venerable founder of our Society, old George Fox, he could say 'Christ my Saviour has taken away my sin, and in Him there is no sin. We are nothing, Christ is all.'"

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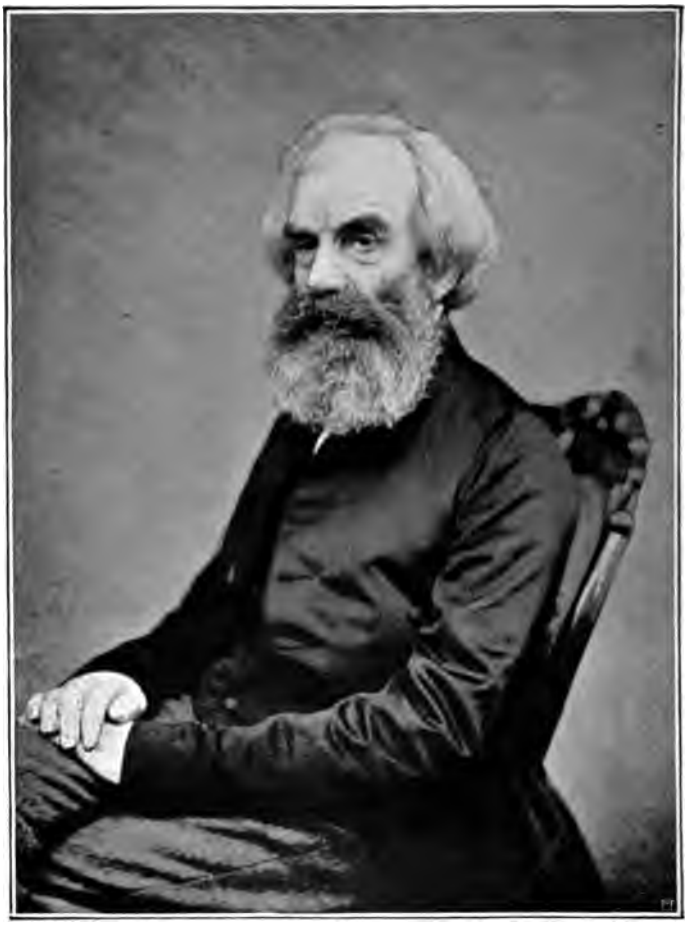
* In 1887 The Early Church History was followed by a sequel, under the title of "Witnesses for Christ." Both works have been extensively sold, and copies placed in a large number of Meeting and School Libraries, especially in America.



James Backhouse.

JAMES BACKHOUSE.

JAMES BACKHOUSE, son of James and Mary Backhouse, of Darlington, was born there on the 8th of Seventh Month, 1794. When about nine years of age he lost his father, and with his brothers and sisters was left to the training of his mother, whose loving and Christian influence was greatly blessed to him. He was a bright imaginative child, and his father had said that he would be either a great grief or a great comfort to his mother. Of that mother's training he says in his memoranda :—

> " She directed our attention to the teaching of the Holy Spirit in the secret of our own hearts, making us unhappy when we did wrong, and comfortable when we did right. She read to us in the Bible and other books calculated to encourage piety ; and she suffered no school or other arrangements to interfere with our regular attendance of meetings for worship, but impressed upon us that our duty to God was in all cases to have the first place. The meetings which we attended were often held in silence, but were very useful in training us to habits of self control ; and I retain a vivid recollection of the sweet feeling which in my childish days I had under the ministry of some friends, especially of one who occupied a side seat, and who spoke briefly and in great humility and meekness."

Under these influences he grew in understanding of divine things, and in a personal knowledge of the love of his Saviour ; and though on entering upon school life he realized more the contest between the powers of good and evil, yet, when under conviction for sin and wrongdoing, he sought the Lord and His forgiveness with tears of penitence, and found pardon and peace, he says he sometimes poured out his soul in prayer for himself and his schoolfellows, and felt almost constrained in meetings to invite them to seek the Lord.

who as a young man was for some years a member of the Friends' meeting at York, writes :—

"I shall never forget the influence for good that often came over me, as I listened to the generally short addresses of James Backhouse. His words were sometimes very few, but each of them seemed to have its right place, and there was a spiritual pithiness and power attending them which often carried them right home to my inmost feelings, and made them as 'nails fastened in a sure place.' I was many a time comforted and encouraged in my desire to live a Christian life as I listened to him. His bright and happy Christianity, and the cheerful tone of his conversation on religious, as on all topics, powerfully commended his preaching to those who heard him."

The best interests of his fellowmen were very near to his heart, and he was ever ready to take his share in works of philanthropy. Believing that intemperance is the fruitful cause of much misery and degradation, he was very earnest in promoting the temperance cause.

"I was," he writes, "among the number who early signed the temperance pledge; and with many years' experience, I am fully satisfied with so doing. Indeed, no single act of my life has, in the retrospect, afforded me more unmixed satisfaction."

In conjunction with his friend Samuel Tuke, J. Backhouse was diligent in his attendance at an Adult Evening School. Among the pupils was an old man who first learned to read there in his seventieth year; and, having mastered the difficulty of spelling out a few verses in the New Testament, would with joy call to his neighbours to "come in and hear the sweet words of Jesus." This old man, poor as to this world, but rich in faith, finished his earthly course in great peace.

Standing one morning in 1815, in the Nursery Grounds at Norwich, where in his youth he spent two years in preparation for his future business life, J. Backhouse had received the first sudden, but clear impression, that the Lord would want him to go on a gospel errand to Australia. Fifteen years afterwards, towards the end of 1830, feeling that the appointed time had come, he laid the matter before the Friends of his Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, from whom he received a certificate of their approval of his proposal "to visit

in the love of the Gospel the inhabitants of the British Colonies and Settlements in New Holland, Van Diemen's Land and South Africa."

Having made the needful preparations for a prolonged absence, he proceeded to London, where he was detained for some months before it was arranged that George Washington Walker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, should be his companion; and on the 3rd of Ninth Month, 1831, they sailed in the ship "Science" for Tasmania. Arriving there in safety they entered upon their work of visitation to the settlers generally, and to the penal settlements of the Australian Colonies, depending on the Lord for the guidance and help which they so much needed during their long protracted service. Their Christian labours were not limited to sect or station. From the highest to the lowest rank, from the Governors of the Colonies down to the wretched convicts working in chain gangs upon the roads, from the wealthy settler to the felon in prison, all were included as objects of their Christian solicitude. Salvation full and free through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was everywhere their theme, which faith they declared, in order to be a saving faith, must be a living faith working by love to the purifying of the heart and life. Everywhere an open door was set before them, and they received much kindness from persons of all classes. Writing from Hobart Town, in 1832, J. Backhouse says of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Arthur,—

"He is a very spiritually-minded man, and behaves towards us with the kindness and tenderness of a father. We took tea with him yesterday, and I seldom recollect to have sat down to a Scripture reading where there was more feeling of heavenly solemnity: and the fatherly care he exercises over the Colony is attended with an evident blessing."

Leaving Tasmania in company with Daniel Wheeler and his son Charles, on board the "Henry Freeling," they landed at Sydney, whence with permission of the authorities, they sailed a thousand miles to Norfolk Island and spent about three months there, to the great

comfort and satisfaction of the residents in the penal settlement. Returning to the Australian mainland, they were occupied in visits to its several Colonies, until, in 1838, they sailed to the Mauritius, and after a tarriance of three months in that beautiful island, the people of which they found in a deplorably ignorant and immoral condition, they proceeded to Cape Town to commence their long and arduous travels in South Africa. There they spent two years in visiting Mission Stations and penal establishments, where such existed, meeting everywhere with a cordial welcome, and leaving behind them very loving remembrances in the hearts of those whom they visited.

In the Ninth Month, 1840, G. W. Walker returned to Tasmania, where he had concluded to settle, and in the Twelfth Month following James Backhouse sailed for England, landing at London Bridge on the 15th of Second Month, 1841, after an absence of nine years and five months.

Journeys in the service of the Gospel continued to occupy much of his time, embracing visits to Ireland and Scotland, as well as to various parts of England. In 1851, in company with his son and son-in-law, he sought a restoration of health in an excursion to Norway, and twice afterwards went there on religious visits to Friends and others.

The writing and circulation of tracts engaged much of J. Backhouse's time and attention, and he was active in placing books on loan in country districts, thus in some places forming the nucleus of what have since become well established libraries.

Whilst in London attending the Yearly Meeting in 1863, J. Backhouse had the first severe attack of heart disease, from which he never entirely recovered. Writing to his son at the time he says:—

"Were it not for the rest I feel in a Saviour's love, and in the fatherly care of Him who regardeth even the sparrows, I should be mentally greatly distressed by these feelings; but knowing that He careth for me, and that whether the end cometh now or many

years hence, it will be when He sees best, I feel calm and peaceful."

During the few remaining years of his life he enjoyed long intervals of comparative health, which was no doubt promoted by a large amount of out-door exercise. Nothing seemed so invigorating to him as rambles in Teesdale or among the mountains of Scotland or North Wales, in company with his son and other botanical friends; and the discovery of some rare fern or flower afforded him a degree of pleasure which only a botanist can appreciate. An occasional wayfarer, met with on some little trodden track, was sure to receive his kindly cheerful greeting; and not unfrequently his words of Christian love and an instructive tract, offered to the wanderer, made impressions that were far from transient.

During the latter part of 1867 the health of J. Backhouse greatly failed, and he had intervals of much suffering. For many months he was seldom able to rest a whole night in bed. Yet his quiet patience and the peaceful trustfulness of his spirit were instructive to witness. After a very painful attack he said:—

"My times are in Thy hand: I have been thinking what a favour it is to be kept as in the land of Beulah; I feel as though I rested under a canopy of peace."

He passed away very quietly on the 20th of First Month, 1869, in his 75th year.

ELIZA BARCLAY.

ELIZA BARCLAY, third child of John and Elizabeth Backhouse, of Darlington, was born on the 2nd of Ninth Month, 1812. It was her Heavenly Father's will that deep sorrows and bereavements should follow her throughout her earthly course, and her life began under the shadow of a great affliction, her mother dying on the day of her birth. In her infancy she never knew what it was to murmur

> "—— Mother, in the broken speech
> That thrills the mother's ear."

for it was a word unknown to her until she found the name and the reality in her father's second wife, the late Katherine Backhouse.

As a child she seems to have possessed self-will and vigorous intelligence, combined with sensitiveness and enthusiasm, qualities which made it rather difficult to manage or to understand her. In after life, those who knew her best felt that it was her intense and comprehending sympathy, united with strong judgment, which made her so helpful to persons differing greatly in character and circumstances.

She was educated at Stoke Newington, in the school of Susannah Corder, of whom she had a loving and grateful recollection. While there she had the privilege of coming under William Allen's influence and instruction, and from him she learned to take that interest in natural history and science which she retained ever afterwards.

In 1841, she married Robert Barclay, of Leyton, in whom for six short months she found all that she

[*From a photo by Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.*]

ELIZA BARCLAY.

could ask or wish. In her one brief absence from him during that time she writes thus :—

"My heart is often far too insensible to the many blessings bestowed upon me, but in the prospect of returning to my precious husband I do feel something of a fresh sense of the inestimable blessing bestowed on me in this dearest earthly treasure. Oh, that I may never rest in the enjoyment and solace of such a comfort, and give to him the love that ought to be bestowed on a far higher object, forgetting, what in days past was clearly shown to me, that this precious gift was designed to be a means of helping me on my way Heavenward, and of bringing me into far greater dedication and unreserved surrender of the whole heart."

Her anguish may be imagined, not described, when she knew that he would be taken from her, although she was sustained by the same Divine power which enabled him to depart in peace and joy. She says :—

"About twenty minutes before the close, a smile of inexpressible sweetness and brightness came over his countenance, and turning to me, he exclaimed, 'Oh! how *very sweet*! dying! a warm embrace, but I can't finish!' and his purified spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle, to join that company, whose robes, washed and made white in the blood of their Redeemer, are by Him for ever led unto fountains of living waters."

Not long after the death of her husband Eliza Barclay first spoke in a meeting for worship. It was at Plaistow, and William Allen had addressed the younger Friends present with loving and persuasive earnestness, desiring that they might be willing to give themselves up to the Lord's disposal. He was followed by Elizabeth Fry, who pointedly addressed any who might be shrinking from the cross, or marring the work of the Lord. When she sat down, after a short pause Eliza Barclay rose with the words :—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints." She was recorded a Minister in 1852.

Meantime, in the desolation of her early widowhood, sorrow after sorrow was permitted to wring her heart. Her father died in 1847, and three of her

husband's sisters and two sisters-in-law were removed by death between 1844 and 1848, four of them dying in one year. It was in 1848 that her only brother, John Church Backhouse lost his wife—the daughter of Joseph John Gurney—who, it will be remembered, died on board an English man-of-war, off the coast of Sicily, during one of the revolutionary storms of that eventful year. In consequence of this affliction, Eliza Barclay went to reside with her brother, devoting herself to him and his little son until in ten years time she became the sole guardian of her nephew. What he was to her it would be hard to exaggerate. The pathetic words—"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow"—seem those which alone can portray their relative position. With most tender and prayerful solicitude she saw him reach an early manhood rich in promise for the future; and then in the summer of 1869, she was summoned home from the Shetland Isles, whither she had accompanied a Friend in a religious engagement, to see him pass away from earth. The brightest worldly prospects lay before him, but no regret for these disturbed the heavenly calm of his closing hours. Almost his last words were:—"Thanks be unto God who *has given* me the victory, and *is giving* me an entrance into His kingdom through Jesus Christ." In a letter written after this bereavement, she says:—

"I often dare not trust myself to dwell upon all he was to me. No one knew fully, for my love to him was too deep ever to speak much of it. . . . . I have thought I held him so loosely, and that I craved nothing for him, and for myself in him, but his highest good; and now there is something even of awfulness in the thought that I have been too impatient for the mature fruit, and that God has taken me at my word, answered my prayers, and given him, in all their fulness, the choicest blessings, not of the earth beneath, but of the Heaven above. But when I look at the richness of the mercy, the unspeakable tender love, that has so crowned his end, my soul is more than satisfied, and every doubting, troubled thought is hushed into rest and peace. . . . . I seek to anchor my stricken heart on all this mercy, on the Hand that does most realizingly sustain. I dare not look at my blank future—the web of life so

utterly cut off; I know not how it is to be taken up again; earth, as it were, gone with him, and all that centred in him."

But her own losses seemed turned into gain for others. She had an especial love for the young, and the Friends' Schools at Ayton, Ackworth, and York owed much to her large-hearted interest. She entered into the work of the teachers with appreciative sympathy, and the training school department at the York Mount School was established chiefly through her exertions. Her visits there were welcome alike to teachers and taught. The games, the classes, the lessons all claimed her attention, and we can easily understand that her valued gift in the ministry would find ready acceptance in the youthful hearts of those who saw that neither the heights nor the depths of sorrow could cause her to be self-absorbed, or to treat as trifling the occupations and amusements of others.

In 1874 she had a severe illness which made her feel that her life was an uncertain one, and might end suddenly. From Tunbridge Wells she writes:—

"Should I be taken away before my return home, I want to leave the tenderest farewell of love to my precious mother, who has been to me not only an excellent mother, but sister and friend. My brothers and sisters,* tenderly beloved, will miss me, and life has many precious ties; but these must be severed one after another, and for them, and for all whom I love, my most earnest desire is that Jesus may be their *first* and *last*, that they may realise to the very full the unspeakable blessedness of trusting wholly to Him. Oh, without a shred of my own to trust to, I feel that, whether for life or death, in His arms I am safe, utterly unworthy as I am. Tenderly have I been cherished by you all, my beloved brothers and sisters. Dear friends of my own meeting, farewell in the Lord. May grace and power more and more abound among you, quickening you with the life hid with Christ in God."

She recovered her health however, to a considerable degree, but for a long while she was threatened with the loss of sight. Under this trial she was wonderfully calm. She writes (and the words are almost illegible):—

* Her husband's family.

"And cannot I trust that, if I become quite blind, still I may be able to rejoice in the brightness of Him, who came to be a light to the world? It alters my life a good deal, so many things that I cannot do; but in my quiet seclusion I lead a very happy life, and hope I am not quite cut off from being of some little use in the world. Life to me seems so uncertain, that the end may come any day, that I do feel it such a blessing to take and enjoy each day as it comes, only just resting all upon Him for time and eternity."

When at last there was a decided improvement in her sight she writes:—

"It is an unspeakable blessing when at one time I saw nothing before me but total darkness; yet it is one of the marvels of God's grace and power how He eases to the mind trials, though they would be unspeakable, and enables us to say, 'Not my will but Thine be done.'"

Her last days were marked by a blessed calm. She believed in "the sacred duty of giving pleasure," and in doing good in this and in many other ways, for her help was freely bestowed both at home and abroad, a reflected brightness fell on her own course. Looking backward she might indeed have said:—

"Deep waters crossed life's pathway,"

but now these were evermore being left farther behind, beneath the mellowing hues of distance, while the pleasant land of Beulah wherein she dwelt, was lighted up with faint beams of unearthly splendour from a sun that should never more go down. In their highest sense the words were true for her,—

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past,"

She had been confined to the house for a few weeks, when, on the morning of the 5th of Third Month, 1884, after a quiet night, and after seeing her letters as usual, a sudden attack of the heart came on, and in about ten minutes she had entered into life.

older visitors because of the kindly thoughtful consideration always bestowed upon them.

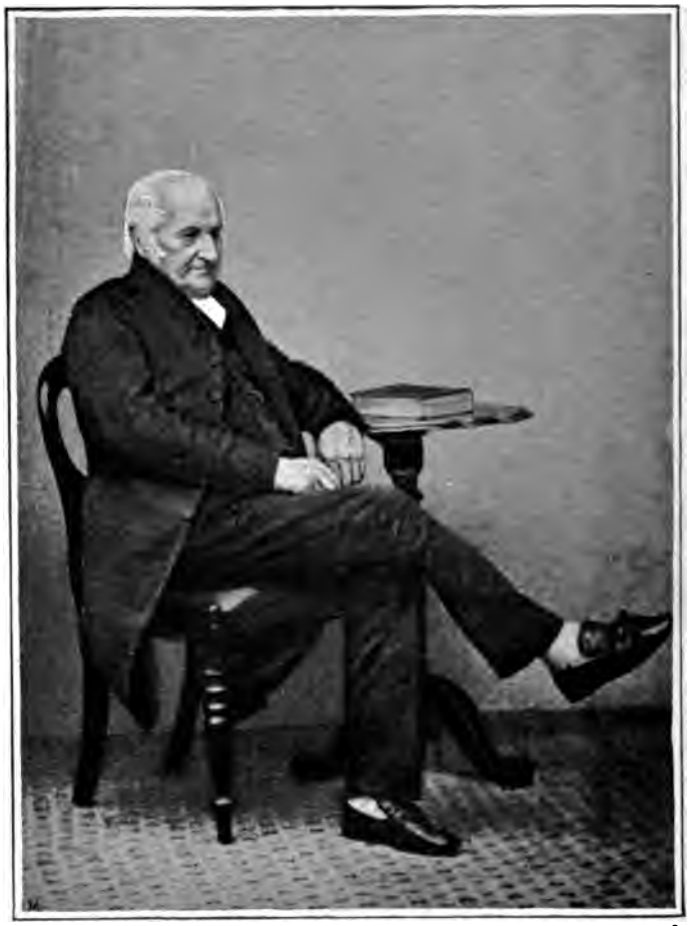
With all her sprightliness of disposition R. L. Barclay was blessed with much religious sensibility, and deeply felt her responsibility in being so richly endowed with earthly good as to have large opportunity of doing good to others. Thus the poor and those who needed the sympathy and the help which she could give them came to have a large share in her active benevolence. Her husband being in entire sympathy with her, the members of various religious philanthropic associations were year by year hospitably invited and entertained at Monkhams. London Bible Women, poor foreigners residing in London, Mothers' Meetings, Bands of Hope, Hospital Nurses, shared this kindly thoughtfulness, their hostess herself carefully arranging the details of entertainment, and when the invited guests were of the character to value such attention, herself presenting to each of them on their departure a bunch of flowers and a book with a few loving words. Well might her poorer visitors from the crowded city look forward as they did with bright anticipations to their visits to Walthamstow and Monkhams. And the needy and the poor in her own neighbourhood were by no means forgotten. She had her own district for regular visitation, and might often be found reading to the invalid occupants of Mrs. Gladstone's Convalescent Home. She found many too, not to be reckoned among the poor, to whom it was a luxury to do good in ways answering to the Saviour's precept "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" and so it came about sometimes that a threatening doctor's bill was found to be paid when it reached the home where sickness had been; and clothes were sent for children whose parents felt their needs but found it very hard to supply them; and occasionally a lady who might have known "better days" found a carriage sent for her use at times when such kindness brought great comfort. Witnessing so much as she did of the trials of the poor, it is no

matter for surprise that Richenda Barclay became an earnest advocate of total abstinence; for it is in the homes of the wage-earning class that the desolation wrought by drink becomes the soonest manifest. And if she sometimes seemed to her friends too eager, and almost intolerant of difference of opinion or practice from her own in this matter, it was because her warm-hearted compassion for those who suffered from the curse of intemperance led her to see the necessity, the simplicity, and the effectiveness of the remedy of total abstinence, and the helpfulness of sympathising fellowship with those who needed it.

Richenda L. Barclay's life was not exempt from trial. The death of an infant son, Edmund de Gournay, in 1864, and three years later of her daughter Alice, at the age of twelve, sorely pierced her mother's heart; more so than might be supposed by such as did not know that her trust in the perfect love and wisdom of God was full of the assurance that He is "Too wise to err, too good to be unkind," and therefore that "all was ordered well for her." A more enduring trial came to her in deafness, which, commencing at 30 years of age, increased so much as gradually to more and more shut her out from those enjoyments and comforts of social life, the full value and privilege of which are never realized until their possessors are in part or wholly deprived of them. To one of her bright temperament the privation was hard to bear; yet she did not repine; and doubtless it was amongst the all things which wrought for her good.

From early years it had been evident that a work of Divine grace was going on in her inner life. She was a constant reader and student of the Bible, and earnestly desired that her children and young friends should become so too. Her patience under trial, her loving sympathy, the dwelling of her thoughts on the life to come, and her joyous anticipations of meeting again in the better land with those gone before her, all told of a blessed ripening in her soul for the heavenly

garnering, and for the sudden call from earth which came to her on the 11th of Second Month, 1888, when slight indisposition grew into unconsciousness, in which she passed away the following day in the sixty-first year of her age.



[*From a photo by J. Marshall, Croydon.*]

PETER BEDFORD.

PETER BEDFORD.

It is a hopeful sign of our times that the world is demanding of Christianity and its professors, more loudly perhaps than ever before, an outcome of practical philanthropy, which shall grapple with the manifestly unchristian aspects of the social conditions which prevail in so-called Christian communities. In the life of Peter Bedford we find a Christianity answering in no small measure to this demand, for like his Divine Master, he loved to go about doing good.

He was a native of Old Sampford, in Essex, where he was born in the Seventh Month, 1780. He was a gentle, bright spirited boy, and sunshiny cheerfulness was conspicuous in him all through life. In his later years he not unfrequently related an incident of his childhood, which had not a little to do with giving bent to the tone of religious thought which became a marked characteristic in him. Rambling round his father's farm one day, when eight or nine years old, he came upon one of the labourers, and on a sudden impulse he cursed the man. As soon as the profanity had escaped his lips, little Peter was seized with deep remorse, not so much from fear of punishment, as from the conviction that he had grieved his Father in Heaven. This continued for days, and once when sitting alone by the fire, so acute was his distress, that he deliberately put his fingers on the burning coals, that he might realize something of the awfulness of the consequence of unforgiven sin. But this somewhat morbid thought and act did not bring him comfort; and his sorrow continued, until a sense of the forgiving love of God in Jesus Christ filled his heart as

he sat in the quiet Friends' meeting some days afterwards, and with that he found relief and peace. And the plea of this great love of God towards every one of His children, was that which, more than any other, he was wont in after years, with loving earnestness, to urge upon the many young men whom he sought to win over for the Lord.

When he was quite young his parents removed to Plaistow, and after his school-days there he was apprenticed to a draper at Kelvedon, in Essex, where he grew up to manhood, and, by his steady good conduct, won the esteem of his employer and friends. Whilst there he became acquainted with Joseph Allen, a silk manufacturer, of Spitalfields, with whom he afterwards settled as an assistant, and whose business eventually passed into his hands. His connexion with Joseph Allen led to his acquaintance with some who became his intimate friends and associates in those works of benevolence and Christian philanthropy which so marked his after life. Among these were William Allen, Joseph Gurney Bevan, and John Thomas Barry. He was also introduced into a wide circle of members of the Society of Friends, many of whom then had their residences, as well as their places of business, within the limits of London, and he became earnestly devoted to the welfare of the Society.

P. Bedford's business brought him into personal contact with the weavers of Spitalfields. Of the ten thousand silk-looms then to be found in that part of London, some thousands were at intervals standing idle or but partially occupied, and thus occasional periods of poverty and distress marked the lives of the workpeople. Education too was very much neglected; and crime, the inevitable accompaniment of poverty and ignorance, abounded. Amid such surroundings, and with his genial kindliness of disposition, P. Bedford could not fail to be among the foremost in devising means for relieving distress, and in using endeavours for the reformation of offenders. He became a diligent visitor in his own near

neighbourhood, and made his way amongst the people by the kindly and generous confidence which he placed in them. He threw himself too with hearty energy into the work of existing relief associations, infusing new life into them ; and himself took so leading a part in organizing and working new schemes of benevolence as to earn the title of the "Spitalfields Philanthropist." In no part of the good work did he meet with more striking and singular success than in his dealings with thieves and other criminals, and especially with juvenile delinquents. He won the entire confidence of many of this class by the sagacious and open-hearted manner in which he dealt with them, aided doubtless by his habitual smile and attitude of benevolence ; and many were the boys and young men whom he drew away from evil haunts and habits, and put in the way of upright and honourable living. An incident he not unfrequently related in his old age illustrates something of his mode of action and the way in which he was regarded by the criminal class. Two Friends returning from their honeymoon, with portmanteau strapped behind the carriage, were passing through London. In Brick Lane a man looked in, saying, "Sir, your portmanteau is gone, the man that stole it went down that street." The bridegroom jumped out, but soon had to give up pursuit, and betook himself to Peter Bedford, to whom he told all the circumstances, and who promised to do what he could, having in his mind a notorious thief, "Bill Horne." Going to the house where Bill lived, he enquired of a woman in the doorway, "Is Bill Horne within ?" "No sir, he is not." "Is he nigh at hand ?" "Yes sir." Then let him know that I want to see him at once at my house on special business. Enquiring of the woman if she knew him, she replied, "Oh yes ; Mr. Bedford." Returning to his home in Steward Street, Bill soon made his appearance ; and, said P. Bedford, I at once challenged him for his reason for stealing from one of my friends. "Oh sir, I didn't do it ; I didn't know it was a friend of yours. It was another young

man." I said, half in earnest, that he should have prevented anyone taking such a liberty with a friend of mine; but we *must have* the portmanteau and all its contents. "No sir, you can't, it's cracked" (cut up). Well then we must have the contents here by ten o'clock this evening. Between eight and nine next morning Bill brought all the things but a few trifles (they had been divided among several parties), and went away, saying, "I could trust my life in your hands, sir."

His interest and efforts on behalf of youthful criminals were unceasing, whether it was as he succeeded in gathering companies of them together to talk with them and endeavour to attract them to better ways; or as he took up individual cases which specially interested him, and followed them up with kindness and perseverance, undeterred by difficulties and the disappointments he sometimes met with, and often cheered by success. In those days the penal code was extreme in its severity, attaching the death penalty to comparatively venial offences, and under it mere boys were not unfrequently condemned to the gallows. It scarcely needs saying that Peter Bedford was strongly opposed to capital punishment under any circumstances; and some cases of young thieves condemned to death for crimes of which he became persuaded on careful investigation that they were innocent, but whose respite he and his friends failed to secure, served greatly to intensify his reprobation of all death penalty. Associated with his friends Sir T. F. Buxton, Dr. Lushington and others, he worked hard in efforts to obtain its abolition; and down to his latest years, together with his friend John T. Barry, he continued to labour, by the circulation of literature, for this desired end.

It was love to God, begetting in him love to his fellow men, which lay at the foundation of P. Bedford's active benevolence. And out of this love to God there grew in him an assured trust in His care over all his creatures. It was but one step more for him to embrace in full confidence what, as a Friend he had grown up

to believe, that by the light of the Holy Spirit in their inner consciousness the Lord makes clear to those who sincerely desire to serve Him, particular ways and occasions for such service. It was no uncommon thing for those who were intimate with P. Bedford, to observe at times a quietness as of deep thought to come over him, and to hear him say as the pause passed away that he would go and call on such an one, or undertake some other errand ; and not unfrequently, when the resolve was accomplished, it was found that there had been a special needs-be for the errand ; as he was made the bearer of messages of needed comfort and encouragement, and, at times, of solemn warning.

P. Bedford was warmly concerned for the welfare of the Society of Friends. During his residence in London, and after his removal to Croydon in 1836, he took a very lively interest in young men, over whom his heart seemed to yearn in fatherly solicitude for their temporal and highest welfare. Inviting them to be frequent visitors at his house, sometimes in groups, often singly, he so won the confidence of some of them, that at times he felt compelled even to check the unreserved freedom with which they opened their hearts and lives to him. To many he was indeed a father in the truth, as he drew them into the paths of Christian dedication in which he himself loved to walk. A weekly evening spent alone with him, is remembered as among life's highest privileges.

He was a faithful and well qualified Elder, and was very earnest in encouraging his young friends, if he thought they were called to be Ministers, to yield themselves to the constrainings of the Spirit of the Lord ; and great was his rejoicing over some of them when they obeyed the heavenly call. He rarely took part in this vocal service himself, but was frequently the companion of Ministers engaged in it, and in this way he travelled repeatedly on the European Continent, as well as nearer home. He was the companion of Thomas Shillito in many of his visits to those in high stations ;

went with him to Windsor in 1824, when he presented a written address to George the Fourth; and in 1832 was with him at a very interesting interview with William the Fourth, alone in his private apartments, and afterwards with Queen Adelaide. It was Peter Bedford too who went to the docks with Daniel Wheeler to look out a vessel for his voyage in the South Seas, and who, when they had looked over several ships and decided against them, after sitting silently for a while in the cabin of the "Henry Freeling," feeling after the mind of the Lord, said "I think this will do, Daniel," and the purchase of the little vessel was soon effected; and well did she justify the choice that had been made. In 1852 in company with John Yeardley, he visited the Friends and their meetings in Norway, and the few who were to be met with in Pyrmont and Minden. His genial kindly manner and warm hearted Christian love won him friends everywhere; and it was somewhat remarkable that during this journey, which occupied three months, he was like one who had long been a minister, and very generally a large share of the vocal exercise of the meetings devolved upon him. This however did not continue after his return home. In Norway he met with a serious accident in being thrown out of a cariole on a rough country road near Christiansand, by which his shoulder was dislocated. Happily a skilful army surgeon quickly restored the dislocation, but he never quite lost the effects of the fall. Though much bruised and shaken, he attended a meeting which had been appointed for the evening, and was able to take a leading share in its service.

The remaining years of his life were spent very much in the quiet of his retired Croydon home, where he was frequently visited by his friends young and old. He loved to have them about him, and great was his pleasure when he could entertain travelling Ministers, English or American, and could invite a company of his young friends to share with him the interest and the profit of intercourse with them. He often looked in at the Friends'

School, then in Park Lane, in which he had long taken a lively interest, and where his entrance always brought a look of pleasure to all faces. His house looked upon the Brighton Road, and sometimes passers by attracted his feelings. Soldiers were occasionally surprised as they walked along, at being called and invited to come in by the venerable smiling old gentleman, who found no difficulty in winning their confidence, as he treated them with genial kindness, and drew from some of them personal histories of the deepest interest.

For more than twenty years P. Bedford had suffered from occasional attacks of heart disease, and during the latter months of 1864 he rapidly grew more and more feeble, and often said, "I have nothing now to do but to die." He still retained his brightness of spirit; and his confidence in Him, who, having been his morning light, was now his evening song, continued unshaken. Yearning love for his young friends still found expression. But a day or two before he died, as one of them kept watch by him at night, he suddenly roused up, saying, Dear ——, I want thee assuredly to believe that the Lord God is a sun and shield to all who love and serve him. Thus loving and deeply beloved, at the ripe age of eighty-four, died Peter Bedford, truly one of "the excellent of the Earth."

public seasons his counsel was earnestly sought for. His gentle, kindly deportment doubtless helped to open the way for this, as well as the simplicity of his manner of giving advice, and his characteristic regard for the feelings of others. His numerous visits, on different appointments, to the meetings in his own land were very helpful and encouraging to his friends. In 1854 he accompanied a Friend on a religious visit to Canada, and in 1867 attended the opening of that Yearly Meeting as one of a deputation from Dublin Yearly Meeting.

Only a week before his death Samuel Bewley was present at Leinster Quarterly Meeting, and entered with heartfelt earnestness into such affairs of the Church as claimed attention at that time. His five days of illness were marked by his great bodily suffering and the exceeding patience with which he was enabled to bear it.

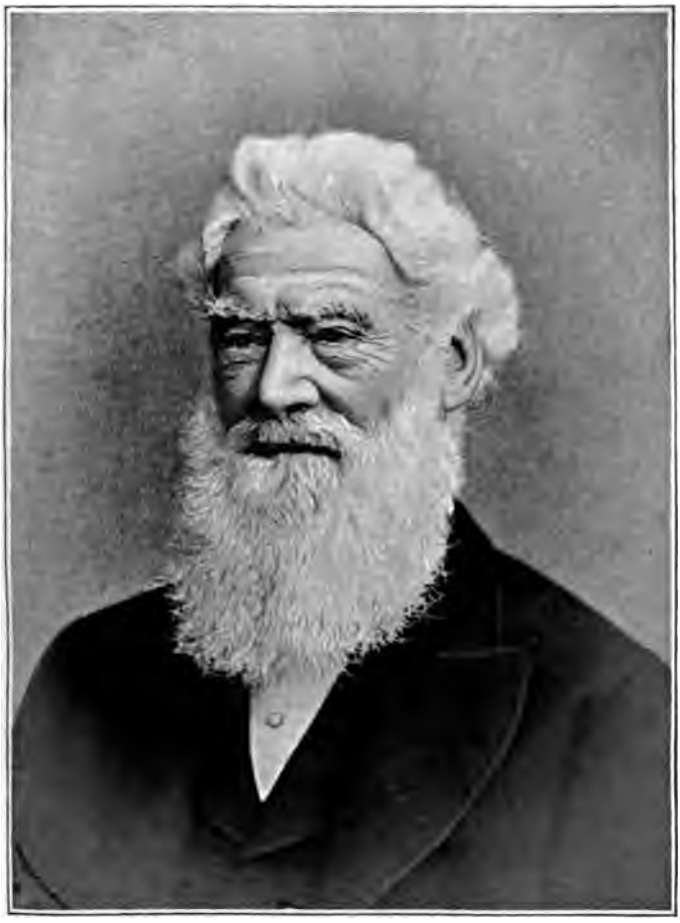
"Oh, if I could just slip away and be at rest," he said, "but I don't wish to go one moment sooner than He wills, nor to stay a moment longer . . . . I am trusting in the one offering for sin. The messenger is come and I am ready."

He died at Dublin on the 7th of Tenth Month, 1877, at the age of seventy-one.

SAMUEL BOWLY.

Some of the readers of this brief sketch will—like the writer—only recall Samuel Bowly in his later days as an advocate of Total Abstinence. They will remember the fine white head, and feel the fitness of the query of Prebendary Grier concerning him :—" Who ever breathed more the sweet reasonableness of Christ ?" for the persuasive courtesy and moderation with which he pleaded for the reform he had so greatly at heart, often made his appeals irresistible. " I enjoyed my glass of wine yesterday, but I doubt if I shall enjoy another," were the words of an elderly Friend to Samuel Bowly after hearing him at the Yearly Meeting.

But long before this question of Temperance had become prominent Samuel Bowly had worked most heartily in the Anti-slavery cause, on one occasion speaking on this subject for four consecutive hours, seeking to sweep away sophistry with sound argument. In 1832, he was presented by ladies residing at Gloucester with a silver salver, as an inadequate expression of their sense of these services ; but a more touching tribute came from the banks of the Mississippi 4,000 miles away, where some slaves put the inquiry to a man from Gloucester :—" Massa, habn't you came from whar our good friend Samuel Bowly live ?" A word should be said here also on his earnest labours in the cause of Peace, profoundly believing as he did that all war was opposed to the spirit of Christ ; and of his long and steady opposition to Capital Punishment, from his conviction of the sacredness, even inviolability, of human life.



SAMUEL BOWLY.

He was born at Cirencester on the 23rd of Third Month, 1802. It is not without interest to know that in his boyhood he cared more for fun and mischief than for study; and in 1870 he speaks with pleasure of meeting the son of an old schoolfellow with whom he remembered having a somewhat desperate passage of arms when at school. As soon as his education was finished, he began to help in the flour mills of his father who was then an invalid; and he was in the habit of riding or walking back to Cirencester—a distance of seven miles— every evening, that he might settle his father comfortably for the night. The latter died before this dutiful son was nineteen. Samuel Bowly finally went into business at Gloucester, and there opened his hospitable door to entertain men of different lands and creeds and colour.

At an earlier period of his career when about twenty-four, he was much tried with spiritual conflicts; yet when almost tempted to give up the battle, he writes:—

"After all, the Great Searcher of hearts knows that I wish to be sincere, and I earnestly desire to have strength afforded to follow a crucified Lord and Saviour even unto the death of the Cross. Oh! that I may never give up the contest for glorious immortality, and endeavour to look simply unto Him in whom alone is all strength."

Twenty years later he could speak of "doubt and despair" as being "like the shadow cast in front of a man when he stands with his back to the sun, but which falls behind him the moment he faces the source of light." But he used to tell his children that he could never recall any special time of conversion; the work in his heart was gradual, its results being more and more apparent as time went on. He felt it needful to have two separate half-hours daily for religious retirement, in which to be alone with his Lord; and this when possible was his constant practice.

Meanwhile his engagements in business, his philanthropic labours, and the many duties of a good citizen, were making manifest to himself and others the mental

gifts with which he had been blessed. And side by side with this useful public life was the beautiful and peaceful one of his home. In 1827, he had married Jane Dearman Shipley, and found in her a most devoted and congenial helpmate. Her delicate health hindered her from taking an active part in his good works, but she never failed in a greater though more passive form of self-denial, being always willing that her husband should leave her at the call of duty, never letting herself stand between him and the claims of his fellowmen. By his children, to whom he was a most sympathising and delightful companion, he was deeply loved, and it was through the loss of some of them that sore affliction first shaded the home of his married life. In the spring of 1837, two lovely little girls were taken away in three days by a sudden and mysterious illness. It was a fearful shock to the parents, though borne with Christian resignation; and after their last night of agonised watching, it was noticed that with both of them the hair, which had been only slightly grey before, had become almost white.

But we must turn from his home for a time, to follow him in his advocacy of the cause with which his name is now so closely identified. It was in 1830, that in common with several other thoughtful men, he took what was called the moderation pledge, whereby the signatories bound themselves to "abstain entirely from ardent spirits except for medicinal purposes, and although the moderate use of other liquors is not excluded, yet . . . . . excess in these necessarily excludes from membership." Some may now be inclined to smile at what they will consider a very weak, almost contemptible pledge. But it is well to remember that the men who take the first steps in the path of any reform while the way is full of rocks and pitfalls, and who do even a very little to clear the track, accomplish far more in reality than those who follow after them on a smooth, macadamised road. The late Richard Barrett was another of those who thus early took the moderation pledge, and he was one of the first to see

that it would never meet the evil it was designed to check. It was largely through his influence that Samuel Bowly was led to feel it right to take a pledge of total abstinence in 1835. In those days it required no little courage to do this, and we have heard of Samuel Bowly being hooted in his own good city. He continued for a while to put wine on the table for his guests, and to provide beer with the lunch always ready at his office for the farmers who came in on market days. It was not an easy thing to him when he felt called upon to drop these old familiar forms of hospitality. It was all the harder that he stood alone among his family and friends in the position he felt bound to take up. Yet perhaps it was a greater proof of moral courage when, many years afterwards, he resigned his seat on the United Kingdom Alliance, because he could not at that time unite in their policy, believing that they were invoking the power of legislation too much. In later years, however, his views on this subject became much more in harmony with theirs.

His earlier addresses on Temperance were mostly given in the village of Gloucestershire, where he was warmly and gratefully received. But the time was not distant when no small part of every year would be spent in going through the length and breadth of the land, often at his own expense, to plead the cause that lay very close to his heart. Even in the last year of his life he addressed 107 meetings.

While his time was becoming more and more at the service of others, sorrow again entered his home. A bright little child, named after one of those previously lost, was attacked by malignant scarlet fever. Her father never left her side till all was over ; but the disease ran its course so rapidly that her mother, who was absent, could not return in time to see her alive. This was in 1848. Six years later a sadder bereavement befell the mourning parents, when Samuel, the elder of their two sons, came home from school in poor health, and died shortly afterwards, many cherished

hopes passing away with him.

Samuel Bowly was recorded a minister in 1863. Deeply attached to the Society of Friends, and firmly believing in the spirituality of their distinguishing views, he first spoke in a meeting for worship at Middlesborough. He mentions this in a letter to his wife, adding :—

"I am ready to shrink from the idea of having attempted to teach others, when I feel how utterly unworthy I am myself: but perhaps it is better simply and trustfully to do one's duty and leave the responsibility and result in the hands of Him whom I do desire, amidst great weakness and infirmity, to love and serve."

She to whom alone this confidence would be given, was taken from him after long suffering and weariness in 1868. In his deep sorrow he turned with more tenderness than ever to an invalid daughter, for whom he always manifested the most loving consideration. An extract from one of his letters to her will illustrate this :—

"May it be thine, my dear child, to know more of this infinite love of God through Christ Jesus, so that resting upon it, thy peace may flow as a river, notwithstanding the trials which arise out of thy physical condition. If deep sympathy and tender love could lessen thy sufferings and privations, they would be mitigated indeed ; but a yet more loving Father pities, though He does not see meet to remove the pain and weakness of His children, and we must endeavour to bear patiently the dispensations of His providence, trusting to the power of His grace to cheer and support us under all our infirmities, till this poor mortal shall put on its glorious immortality. I thought it might make up a little for my absence from home to-morrow if I thus assure thee of my warmest love, and my earnest wishes for many returns of thy birthday ; for if thy life had no other value than the pleasure it gives thy loving father, thy days on earth will not have been spent in vain."

The end to her sufferings came suddenly at last, and she passed away almost with the closing year of 1870, leaving her father alone in his home, but for one daughter. It was after her marriage, that in 1873 Louisa Cotterell became his second wife, a union which cheered and brightened the remainder of his days.

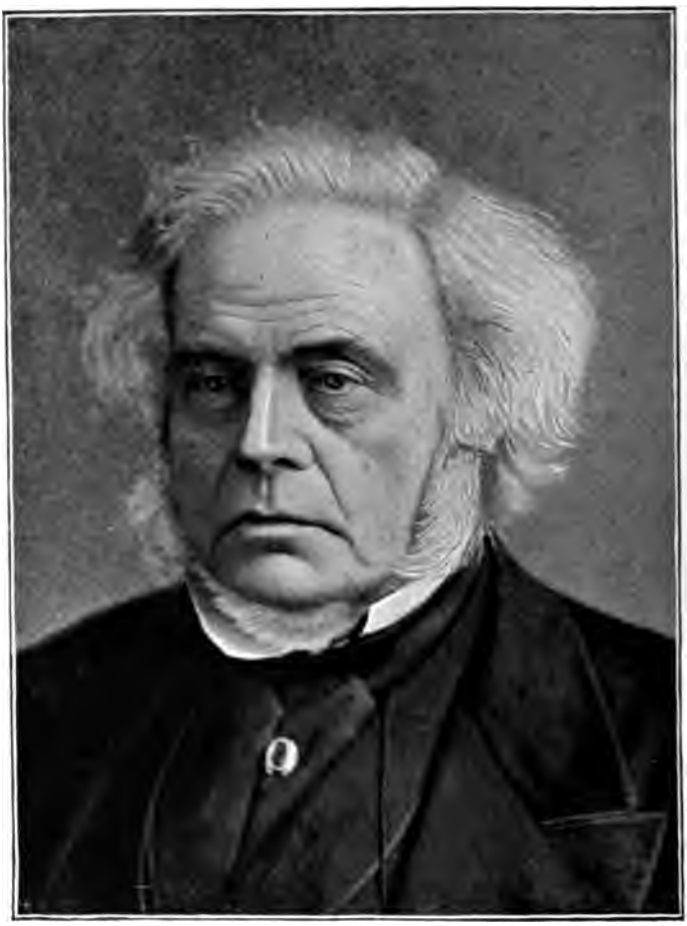
When Samuel Bowly attained his eightieth year there was a remarkable public celebration at Gloucester. It began while he sat at breakfast with children, grand-

children and great grandchildren around him; for then a little girl was announced, who wished "to kiss Samuel Bowly on his birthday," and who brought her little offering of violets, which, we may be sure, he valued as much as the more splendid gifts of flowers which those who knew his intense love for them poured into his dwelling during the next few hours. It seemed as if his fellow citizens could not do enough to show their love and esteem, men of all parties uniting in a most unwonted manner to do him honour. Of the effect on himself, we are told, that "deeply touched as he was by such tokens of love and esteem, and thankful even to tears, he laid all the honour at his Saviour's feet, through Whom alone he felt it had been won; and we saw only a tenderer sweetness, a deeper humility, and no trace of elation then or after."

Two years more of devoted, willing labour lay before him, and then on his eighty-second birthday, with little warning, he heard the call to come up higher, the day before having been spent in his usual engagements. His funeral was a striking testimony to the esteem and affection felt for him by all classes of his fellow townsmen, and by very many who attended as deputations from public bodies, or as personal friends from various parts of the country. Places of business were generally closed, flags were at half-mast, the bell of the Cathedral and the bells of other churches tolled, as the procession, nearly a mile in length and headed by the Mayor and Corporation, passed through the streets to the Shire Hall. The religious occasion there and at the grave-side in the cemetery were felt to be peculiarly solemn and appropriate, and mingling with the voice of prayer were words of thanksgiving and praise for one more of the blessed dead who had died in the Lord, and whose works followed him.

It is pleasant to know that in spite of all its losses, Samuel Bowly's life was a happy one. Doubtless the foundation of this happiness was the Peace of God; but it owed much to his enjoyment of simple pleasures, as

for instance his great love of gardening; and also to his not allowing himself to be unduly oppressed with those small worries and vexations which come to all. His long career, with ability to work to the end, gave to him a stewardship of time wherewith to occupy, such as falls to the lot of few; and though doubtless he had felt most keenly the human infirmities marking his course, who can doubt that he has rendered up his account with joy and not with grief, and has heard "that 'Well-done' which it will be Heaven to hear"?



[*From a photo by Elliott & Fry, London.*]

JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT, the second son of Jacob and Martha Bright, was born at Greenbank, Rochdale, on the 16th of Eleventh Month, 1811. Being rather a delicate boy, the boarding-school life in a private school at Penketh, and afterwards at Ackworth and York, did not suit his health; but when he went to Newton-in-Bowland, where he enjoyed a larger share of outdoor exercise, he became more robust. He was a studious boy, and was especially devoted to history, and to both prose and poetic literature, and was well repaid in the prominent career of his after life by the rich store of knowledge, and the familiarity with apt and telling quotation which he thus acquired, and which, as a public speaker, he knew so well how and where to apply.

His ancestors had been Friends for many generations, and it was probably by inheritance, confirmed by Quaker training, that he grew up with a keen sensitiveness to right and justice, and always dared to stand by his convictions, even when in so doing he had to stand alone. This spirit was manifested when, as a youth, he joined in cricket matches in the neighbourhood of Rochdale, and would quietly withdraw when the games were over, rather than share in the undesirable adjournments too common on such occasions. This early promise ripened with advancing years into that strength of moral courage which led him to be firm in standing and pleading for what he felt to be a righteous cause, though it cost him the loss of popularity, of high official position, and—hardest to bear of all—of the unity and fellowship of some of his oldest and most esteemed friends.

It is said to have been in addressing temperance meetings at Rochdale that John Bright first discovered his capacity for public speaking, and it was in 1835, on the occasion of an educational meeting in Manchester, that, at his request, Richard Cobden consented to take a place on the platform, and that the latter gentleman was so struck with John Bright's power as a speaker, that he at once endeavoured to enlist his sympathy and aid in the crusade against the Corn Laws. But it was not until 1841, when he was prostrated with sorrow on the death of his first wife, that John Bright fully responded to the suggestion of his friend, that he would find consolation in the animating endeavour to alleviate the suffering condition of the tens of thousands of his fellow countrymen, who, with scanty wages for the long hours of their daily toil, had yet to pay an almost famine price for their daily bread; and in the following year he stepped to the front, and became one of the most effective of the many eloquent orators of the Anti-Corn Law League.

It would not be possible within the narrow limits at our command to give even an outline of the long and honourable career upon which John Bright had thus entered. We, however, gladly avail ourselves of the pen of one who long shared public life with him, for the following sketch:—

For many years after its foundation, the Society of Friends laboured under so many disabilities, that whatever political aspirations found a place in its bosom spent themselves in the attempt to rise from a state of outlawry to one of citizenship. That the Quakers possessed in no common degree the instincts which belong to the latter, is proved by the success which attended their efforts as administrators in Pennsylvania. But what scope was there for the play of such instincts at home? Harassed by a relentless persecution, denied the common rights of freemen, regarded on every side as men "of whom the world was not worthy," can it be a matter for surprise if for more than a century the paths

which they chose to walk in were the byeways of an obscure philanthropy, rather than the roads which lead to fame? It was not only in religion that they were quietists. The mute patience of their spiritual lives was around and about them everywhere. They were waiting for that call from Heaven which would alone entitle them to step forth from the silent ranks of the martyrs, and to do as well as to suffer.

There are few things more interesting in the story of political development than the awakening of the political conscience among Friends, and their immediate entry into public life. The question of Slavery and the Slave Trade was exactly calculated to bridge over the gulf of honest scruple which separated them from their fellow-countrymen in all that related to the active life of the State. In the voice of humanity and justice the call came. They were philanthropists first; they became politicians in order that their philanthropy might become part of the national policy, and when they had once accustomed themselves to act with their fellow-countrymen for political ends, when they had once made the discovery that there is no nobler field for the exercise of conscience than public affairs, it would indeed have been strange if they had stepped back again into the shadow under which their forefathers had lived and moved. The removal of disabilities was almost simultaneous with the triumphant settlement of the Slave Question, and Friends soon began to appear in Parliament. One of the first to do so was the subject of this memoir. John Bright had already become known throughout the country as a vigorous and impassioned platform speaker. The Slave Question was hardly disposed of, when another equally great and much nearer home occupied its place before the public. The iniquity of the Corn Laws was then at its height; the food of the people bore a famine price; class legislation was rampant; the Anti-Corn Law League commenced its agitation. With a vehemence which was all his own, young Bright flung himself into the thick of this con-

troversy, and soon found himself in the House of Commons. The present generation, who chiefly knew him as a dignified and venerable old gentleman, with snow-white locks, deliberate gait, and placid mien, would scarcely have recognised the orater as some of us remember him, in the days when his eloquence was like a whirlwind, and the whole man was instinct with energy and fire. It was no mere conceit which said of him that "if he had not been a Quaker he would have been a pugilist." The broad chest and massive shoulders, the mighty head thrown back, the defiant gaze, the cynical lower lip, bespoke at that time a man who was not only ready to encounter antagonism, but eager to provoke it. The experience of half a century of conflict and of victory, perhaps some chastening influence from that calm region which lies above the storm, had not then lent to features, always a little stern and stubborn, that expression of confident repose which became their chief characteristic afterwards. And the change which came over the man himself was not greater than that which marked the maturity of his oratorical genius. I once asked him why it was that so few of his earlier speeches appeared in the collection which was published several years before his death. He instantly replied, "Because there was so much 'ad captandum' in them." I heard one of his first speeches in Parliament. His subject was the Repeal of the Game Laws. He spoke with great fluency and with extraordinary vigour; but the speech was interrupted from one end to the other. At last his voice gave way before the storm of disapprobation. Bright had not yet mastered the House of Commons. When next I listened to him, more than ten years afterwards, you might have heard a pin drop. The boisterous torrent of his eloquence had become a deep and rolling river which carried all before it. He had completely dominated the House. He was no sooner upon his feet than the cry rang through its precincts, "Bright is up!" and members poured in from all parts in a tumultuous procession. No matter what

the subject was; no matter how bold his treatment of it; from the lips of Bright its reception was the same. And no one was at times more daring. In the debate upon the Burials Bill some member had spoken of silent funerals as "burying like a dog." Who but Bright would have dared to reply, "I shall be buried like a dog!" Who but he, standing before a breathless House, and pointing one after another to the vacant seats of well-known members who had perished in the war which was still raging; who but he would have dared so to challenge the intense realism of Parliament as to exclaim, "The Angel of Death is hovering over us"; and then to pause and listen; and add, while something like a shudder ran through the House, "I seem to hear the beating of his wings"?

It forms no portion of our plan to follow John Bright's career as a statesman. That has become part of the history of his country. It is enough for our purpose to record the fact, patent to everyone who watched day by day his life in Parliament, that from one end of it to the other his strenuous Quakerism was always to the front. It is hardly too much to say that he seldom rose in his place without illustrating some principle or sentiment dear to many Friends. His noblest speeches were spoken in the interests of peace. Almost alone in Parliament he stood forth as the resolute opponent of the Russian War; and when we came to blows in Egypt, he left the Cabinet at once. In all questions relating to the removal of religious disabilities, or the pretensions of the Established Church, his voice was heard on the side of freedom. He spoke with great vigour in favour of the Abolition of Parliamentary Oaths. His powerful championship of oppressed nationalities everywhere was conceived in the exact spirit of those who enlisted Quakerism on behalf of the slave. When the American Secession took place, and so many of our statesmen sided with the South, Bright, almost alone in the first rank of public men, refused to lend himself to a cause which was stained

with slavery; while his democratic Quakerism led him to attack, with all the armoury of his sarcasm, those who affected to rejoice in the disruption of the greatest Republic the world has ever seen. Lastly, when the bitterest moment of his life had come, and he felt himself compelled to separate from those who had fought side by side with him in many an obstinate conflict, from the leader whom he revered, and the party which revered him, in taking his stand upon the Union and the great democratic doctrine that whatever races may go to make the nation, the national majority must be supreme, he earned the thanks of nearly every Friend in Ireland. From that moment John Bright almost absented himself from the House, and never again was his voice heard in Parliament. It might have been said of him, as of the younger Pitt, that "affairs got into his heart and circulated with his blood." He was not the man, with his vast political experience, to seek to form a third party. Still less was he the man to join the Conservatives. Just before the election, in view of all the circumstances, I remarked to him that "I thought it was a good time to slip out altogether." I never shall forget the emphasis with which he replied, "You are not the only man who thinks that"; and, as though I had not grasped the personal significance of his reply, he repeated instantly, and with still greater earnestness, "I say, you are not the only man who thinks that!"

John Bright's health began to fail in the winter of 1887, and early in 1888 he became seriously indisposed. During the summer months he rallied sufficiently to enjoy being in his garden; but serious symptoms returned in the Tenth Month, and from that time he never came downstairs. Retaining the reticence on religious subjects which had been so characteristic of Friends during his earlier life, he rarely, if ever, gave any expression to his inmost feelings; but the sweetness and patience of his demeanour, as witnessed by his daughters and others who lovingly tended him during

his closing months of feebleness and suffering, gave evidence that there was a peace in his soul which was more than the world could give. Addison's Hymn, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord," was one on which his thoughts dwelt much; and in a letter to an absent daughter he enclosed a copy of the following lines, by Mrs. Stowe, marked by himself as indicating their appropriateness to his own feelings:—

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"Thou shalt keep them in the secret of Thy presence from the strife of tongues."

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigns for evermore.

"Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

"So to the soul that knows Thy love, oh Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore;
And all the tumult of life's angry voices
Dies, hushed in stillness at its sacred door.

"Far, far away, the noise of passion dieth;
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in Thee!

"Oh, rest of rest! Oh, peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy for ever, and for ever."

The last and scarcely conscious caress of the dying statesman's hand fell upon the head of his favourite little dog "Fly," which had been his close companion all through his illness; and, after some hours of unconsciousness, he passed away very quietly on the 27th of Third Month, 1889, aged seventy-seven.

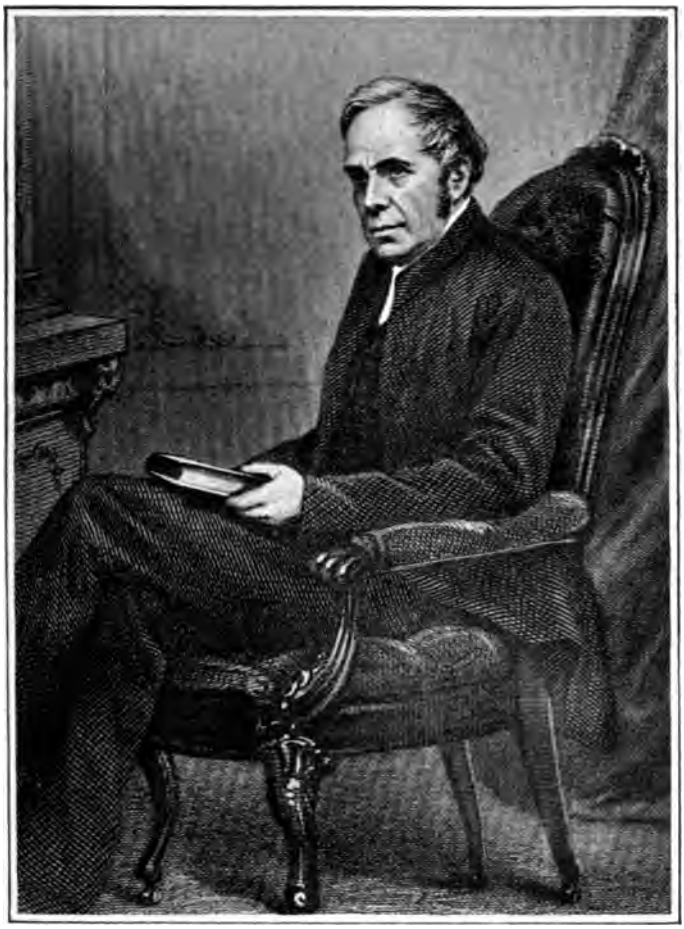
ROBERT CHARLETON.

"PERHAPS there are few portions of the *way* on which it is more natural for us to love to dwell than a spot here and there where we have been privileged to encamp for a season, as beside an Elim of wells and palm trees, and where through abounding mercy, the desert itself has been made almost 'to blossom as the rose.'"

ROBERT CHARLETON.

"The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower."

Twenty-eight years have passed since the writer heard this hymn read by Robert Charleton with the eloquence which realization alone can give, and the echo of the words has hardly died away. How vividly that day comes back to memory with its bright summer sunshine, and the warm welcome to the five friends—none of whom survive—of the Yearly Meeting's Committee for visiting meetings. Too young to remember any like visit to the county, how eagerly this had been anticipated and how blessed were its results. In a walk on the lawn with Robert Charleton that day, a timid reference was made to a text, "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy," which he had quoted in a meeting with the comment that "these words, if rightly understood, would be a balm of conso-



[*From an engraving by C. H. Jeens.*]

ROBERT CHARLETON.

lation for every wound, a pillow of down for every aching head."

He heartily responded, and in allusion to the word "fear," spoke of how different was its use in that text and some others, from the fear that "hath torment," that it rather was a filial feeling towards our Father in Heaven. When thus touching on sacred themes there was something in his manner which made one feel—as a lady of the Church of England remarked after his death—that "his heart was touched with live coal from off the altar, and that there was a *power* in conveying the truths that he was anxious to foster in the mind, not of man but from the Holy Spirit of God." To this lady he had spoken on the rescue of runaway slaves; for to him the love of God and the love of "his brother also" were very closely allied.

On that summer day he quoted with much appreciation a remark of Elizabeth Dudley, that "we have such a High Priest as is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who views us as *His own* whom He will never allow to perish, at the very time we may be abhorring ourselves as vile in His holy sight, and penitently craving the mercy we so little deserve."

That visit of the Committee seemed to leave behind it "a savour of life unto life." In one of the meetings Robert Charleton quoted the text, "I will dwell in them and walk in them," and added that if we had these words on any lower authority we should say "Too good to be true." He spoke of the love of Christ as being an ocean without bottom and without shore. At another time he dwelt on the words, "And this is the will of Him that sent me, that everyone which seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life and I will raise him up at the last day"; and remarked that "Our salvation does not depend on the strength of our faith, but on the living power of the object of it. There was danger of forgetting that Christ is *now* the same gracious Saviour as when He called the little children to Him and laid His hands on them and blessed them; and

who called sinners to Him and ate with them. It had been well said that a weak hand could receive a gift as well as a strong hand; and God would not ask whether ours was a weak or a strong faith, if it had taken hold of Christ."

In the winter of the following year Robert Charleton and Isaac Robson returned to finish their service in the same Quarterly Meeting. When speaking in meeting on the subject of prayer, the former alluded to the word "hearken" in connection with God's listening to His suppliants; that "it seemed to imply more than merely hearing; a hearkening as the shepherd who went after the lost sheep would, in his search, stand still waiting for the first faint bleating that might reach his ear. And there were phrases yet more tender, such as God's inclining His ear, bowing down His ear to us. A mother would bend down to a sick child, and place her ear close to its lips to catch its lowest whisper; even so would our Father in Heaven bow down to us even if we could say nothing but "God be merciful to me a sinner"; or if there were no words at all, only a groaning of the spirit, it would be perfectly audible to Him."

The following extract from the testimony of Bristol and Frenchay Monthly Meeting well describes the character of his ministry:—

"The manner in which he exercised his gift manifested an habitual concern not to move except in his Divine Master's will. While his ministry was predominantly characterized by love and tenderness, it was also often marked by much of real authority and power; and whether he spoke of Christian doctrine, experience, or practice, it was as one who had himself, in a spiritual sense, heard and seen, felt and handled, those things which he pressed upon the attention of others. The theme on which he most delighted to dwell was the love of God in Christ to our fallen race; and while he assuredly believed and desired to uphold whatever is comprehended in 'the faith once delivered to the Saints', he evidently felt himself especially called to dwell upon the great Gospel truth that the Son of God did in very deed 'bear our sins in His own body on the tree,' and that His death was in the fullest meaning of the words, 'a propitiation for the sins of the whole world.' How truly his manner of life harmonised with and adorned the doctrine which he preached, and how

greatly this added weight to his ministry, is best known to those who had the largest opportunity for observing it."

The writer remembers his allusions in meetings and in conversation, to "rejoicing in the Lord." A passage in a letter refers to this subject :—

"With respect to *rejoicing* in the Lord and being *satisfied* with His mercy, I believe this happiness is experienced in connection with a believing view, under the enlightening power of the Lord's Holy Spirit, of what is comprehended in this '*mercy*' of what is the breadth and length and depth and height of that love of Christ which (in its fulness) passes all knowledge. The joy referred to proceeds from a believing view of these things, when the attention of the soul is directed *immediately* to *them* and *not to our own inward act* of satisfying belief or reception of them."

In the winter of 1854 Robert Charleton accompanied Joseph Sturge and Henry Pease on their noble and pacific mission to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, before the breaking out of the Crimean War, an errand which has drawn much public attention to the cause of Peace. His efforts on behalf of Foreign Missions, Total Abstinence, Liberty of Conscience and Education, can only have a passing allusion in this brief sketch. But no zeal in these labours was allowed to hinder his diligent attendance of meetings for worship and discipline. Nor did time fail for his peculiarly welcome visits to the sick and dying bed, or to the house of mourning.

Seven years before his death he underwent a critical surgical operation. The preceding night seems to have been one of blessed communion with his sustaining Saviour, and was recurred to emphatically by himself as "a night much to be remembered unto the Lord." A few years later the manner in which he alluded to the malady which was making deadly progress, is well remembered by the writer. "It is a great favour," he said, "that so far there is but little suffering; but how long that will be the case I do not at all know; that can be left." There was absolute trust implied in his Father in Heaven, and something of rejoicing in a fresh cause for the exercise of that trust.

Temperance Meeting not long before his said that he was suffering from a complaint must end fatally; and added in a faltering voice t his eyes filled with tears; "I long that others feel the privilege of visiting the poor drunkard in wretched home, and reminding him that in his Father's use there is bread enough and to spare." These words were characteristic, and recall a verse from one of his favourite hymns:—

"O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found!"

Robert Charleton died at his residence, Ashley Down, Bristol, on the 5th of Twelfth Month, 1872, at the age of sixty-three.

[*From a photo by Gandy, London.*]

GEORGE CORNISH.

GEORGE CORNISH.

NEITHER so highly gifted nor so widely known as many of his contemporaries, George Cornish yet held a place in the respect, esteem, and confidence of his neighbours and those who knew him most intimately, which many of higher accomplishments have failed to reach. He was a native of Redruth in a mining district of Cornwall, and was born there in 1801. He was not born a Friend, but his father joining the Society by convincement, his children were also received into membership, and as George grew up to early manhood he became firmly convinced of the rectitude of the profession into which he had thus been introduced, and his attachment to the Society and concern for its well-being continued to grow stronger with advancing years.

During his schooldays at Sidcot, as he says in memoranda written during his last illness, the divine fear working in his heart, he became very thoughtful, and deep religious impressions were made on him by the visits of ministers, especially of Priscilla H. Gurney.

At the age of fourteen he left school and was set to work in his father's workshop as a coppersmith; and he continued in that and the kindred occupation of ironmonger and tinner, at Redruth, throughout his business life.

In early manhood his religious convictions deepened, and he felt a clear call to the work of a minister of the Gospel; but for a length of time he held back, feeling as though he never could yield to the divine requiring. One First-day morning, observing several Wesleyans returning from their chapel, he said to himself, "If I were a Methodist I could be a preacher, but in our

meetings I cannot." Then as in a moment his feeling of being called to the work was distinctly taken away, and for some years he experienced much conflict and distress of mind. During this time he met with a narrow escape from an awful death. He writes :—

"I was returning on horseback from a mine where I had been on business, when a dense fog came on and I could not see the way. There appeared to be a path, and the horse was going at a good pace, when he stopped very suddenly. I was startled, and dismounted to see what was the matter; when lo! the sea was before me, and a steep high cliff about two feet from the horse's head. Had not the horse stopped, in another moment we should have been precipitated over the cliff into the sea."

He felt in this striking deliverance a fresh call to entire surrender to the Lord's will; but there were yet other lessons of discipline for him to pass through, in order that he might be prepared for that whole-hearted obedience to his Heavenly Master to which he was eventually brought. His wife had joined the Society of Friends, and was deeply taught in the school of Christ. She and their infant child died about a year after their marriage, and G. Cornish was plunged into the deepest sorrow. Thus, chosen in the furnace of affliction, he was ready to respond when the call to become a public witness for Christ again came to him, and he was recorded a minister in 1849. As his gift grew with exercise, he could say with one more highly gifted than himself, that his speech and his preaching were "not with enticing words of man's wisdom." Yet as he waited from time to time to receive his message from his Divine Master, and sought for the life and power of His Spirit in delivering it, though unadorned with eloquence, it often reached the witness for God in the hearts of the hearers, and became a message of life and peace to them. Thus it was that as he travelled up and down in the western parts of Cornwall, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with his friend James Veale or others, an open door was set before him amongst the various dissenting congregations and in their numerous chapels, some small and some very large, which are so conspicuous

a feature in the towns and villages there. So highly did he come to be esteemed amongst these, that there was hardly a chapel in the district that was not gladly lent to him for his own meetings, or for the use of Friends whom he was assisting in their service ; and even First-day services, whether in one of "Billy Bray's" little chapels, or in larger houses with congregations numbering up to two thousand, were not unfrequently and with ready willingness replaced by "Friends' Meetings" at his request ; and the more readily because the people well knew that George Cornish, in his manner of conducting them, would not shrink from being true to his Quakerism. And it was good for these people once in a while to have their ordinary mode of worship exchanged for the solemnity of a good "Friends' Meeting."

Readers of William Haslam's narratives of his Cornish experiences are made familiar with the noisy demonstrativeness of the dissenting congregations. One First-day in 1870, G. Cornish had arranged to have an afternoon and an evening service at St. Ives handed over to himself and a Friend who was holding meetings in Cornwall. At the evening meeting a congregation of two thousand usually attended, and they were wont to be very noisy, sometimes uproarious in their responses. At the appointed time the Friends went to the large chapel and found it filled. As they sat together in the pulpit, with 2,000 faces intent upon them, a lengthened time of silence at the outset was so profound that no sound was heard but the ticking of a small clock ; and the same impressive silence covered the assembly as they listened with riveted attention to each of the visitors ; and at the close, amid many expressions of thankfulness, "this is the thing that we want," was heard passing from one to another. It was no wonder that George Cornish longed that his fellow members should be true to their own profession when labouring amongst others.

On a few occasions, especially in the northern counties, G. Cornish felt called to travel in the service of Christ, away from his own neighbourhood. At these times

his heart was much drawn in loving solicitude towards young men with whom he became acquainted; with some of these he kept up correspondence to the end of his life, encouraging them to faithfulness in the path of duty.

In his interesting Autobiography, Richard Tangye says in reference to G. Cornish :—

"On leaving Cornwall, a worthy old Friend, the late George Cornish, gave me some excellent advice. Said he, 'Richard, thou art going into a large town where there are many temptations. Thy father has left thee a good name, and it is an unusual one. It is not like Jones or Brown; and if thou dost anything wrong, everyone will know who it is. See that thou keep it bright.' He also gave me another excellent piece of advice which I have endeavoured not to forget; 'Begin to give as soon as thou begins to get.'"

In his meetings in his own district, as well as in more private intercourse among his neighbours, he sought with loving earnestness to win the young people for the Lord; and was specially concerned to plead with the preachers to trust in the Lord, and in the light, power, and guidance of His Spirit, in the exercise of their high vocation.

In the latter part of 1876 G. Cornish's health failed, and an affection of the throat caused him much suffering. He soon became convinced that his end was drawing near. For this he waited in patience and quiet trustfulness, and in a peace that none but his Lord could give him. He died at his home in Redruth on the 29th of First Month, 1877, aged seventy-five.

the cause of temperance, the Peace Society, the Bible Society, the Liberation Society, and the Religious Tract Society received his active and liberal co-operation, as well as everything that tended to advance the cause of education in what he believed to be sound and right methods.

In 1859 John Eliott married Mary Anne, daughter of Henry and Anne Sturge, of Lambridge, Bath, and found in his wife a true helpmeet, in whom his heart could safely trust, and who entered with warm sympathy and interest into all his religious and benevolent engagements, strengthening his hands in his public and private work, and cordially entertaining their frequent guests who were travelling on philanthropic and religious errands.

During the summer of 1879 John Eliott's health, which had been precarious for some time, seriously failed. About a fortnight before his death he attended his own meeting for the last time, and offered an earnest prayer for its members, desiring that all the discipline of life might tend to their advancement in the journey heavenwards.

His illness increased soon afterwards, compelling him to withdraw from active engagements; and suffering days and nights followed, in which his patience and submission were beautiful to witness. When in much pain he said, "We must not question the dealings of the Almighty, or say, 'What doest thou?' This dispensation comes from His beautiful hand." "I have a good hope," he said, "but I want to experience more of the light of the Lord's countenance"; and again, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." A few hours later this passing cloud was lifted from his spirit, and a radiant expression lighted up his countenance as he seemed to hear the Saviour's voice saying to him, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." A little while before the close he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; even now, if it be Thy holy will, wilt Thou receive me into Thy heavenly kingdom of rest, and peace, and joy." As night drew near on the 19th of Eleventh Month, 1879, the end came, and he entered peacefully the desired haven.

JOHN FORD.

JOHN FORD.

A BENEFICENT and happy change has been witnessed during the past fifty years in the principles and spirit applied to the training of the young. The old idea that boys must be compelled by cane, or birch, or task, to submit to the autocratic authority of their masters, whose attitude must be one of stand-off dignity, has given place, in large measure, to a well regulated companionship between teachers and pupils, much better calculated by its kindly influences to control and lead the young in directions at which true education must always aim. This healthy change in the schools of the Society of Friends is largely due to the example and experience of John Ford during the fifty years of his professional life.

He was a native of Worcester, where he was born in 1801, his family having for some generations been Friends. He was but six years and four months old when, along with a brother, he was sent to a boarding school near Banbury; and in 1811 he was transferred to Ackworth, where his chief companion was Thomas Pumphrey, also a native of Worcester, and afterwards Superintendent of the School, between whom and himself a close friendship continued until the death of the former in 1862.

Leaving Ackworth at the age of fourteen he was at once apprenticed to Robert Styles, who kept a boarding school at Rochester. Here he continued for nearly fourteen years, and the school having passed into the hands of Richard L. Weston in 1820, it would appear that during the later years the chief burden of the moral

became tender and loving as a mother towards the objects of their care.

In the same year the Friends' Educational Society, having for its object the discussion of topics bearing on successful Education, was instituted, and for a number of years held its meetings annually at Ackworth, at the time of the General Meeting. John Ford was appointed one of the Secretaries. His papers on "Influence and Authority," read in 1853, and on "The Duties and Difficulties of Young Teachers," in 1856, were printed and extensively circulated, and will still well repay the attentive perusal of every schoolmaster.

John Ford always regarded the pleasant and useful occupation of leisure time as of great value in the successful training of boys. Himself an ardent admirer of the wonders and beauties of creation, and deeply interested in some branches of Science and Natural History, he strove with much success to arouse the same admiration and interest among his pupils, and the pursuit of Natural History became, to their great benefit, a marked feature in the school at York, long before it prevailed elsewhere.

Amongst the means by which he sought to cultivate a love of what is pure and upright, truthful and honourable, was a series of First Day evening addresses, when, teachers and boys being all assembled in the schoolroom, he would speak to them in a style peculiarly his own, on some topic suggested by the circumstances of the time, or on some aspect of moral and religious truth, with a depth of feeling and force of language which reached the inmost hearts of his audience, and raised in them a warm enthusiasm of resolve to shun the evil and to follow the good. His Scripture lessons too were often made opportunities of appealing to the best feelings of the boys, and seeking to attract them into paths of Christian love and dedication.

His devotedness to the welfare of the school did not shut out John Ford from other interests. He was a member of the Council of the Yorkshire Philosophical

Society, and greatly valued association with his intimate friend, John Philips, F.R.S., who afterwards became Professor of Geology at Oxford, and other men of science, and his free access to the Society's observatory, and their fine scientific and antiquarian collections. He was also deeply interested in the Castle Howard Reformatory, where he was a frequent and esteemed visitor.

The development of John Ford's personal Christianity was not marked by any special time of sudden or rapid change. His early difficulties and failures, and his earnest conscientious desire to overcome them, led him into the practice of much prayer, and into a realization of the preciousness of the forgiveness of sin, and of the full atonement which is found by appropriating faith in Jesus Christ. And as life advanced, the mellowing of his character and the gradual toning down of asperities of disposition, bespoke the reality of the work of grace in his heart. He had for some years occasionally spoken in meetings for worship, when, in 1859, he was recorded a minister of the Gospel. His service in this capacity lay mostly at home, but on several occasions he was associated with his closely attached friend, William Tanner, in visits to Friends in Ireland and some parts of England.

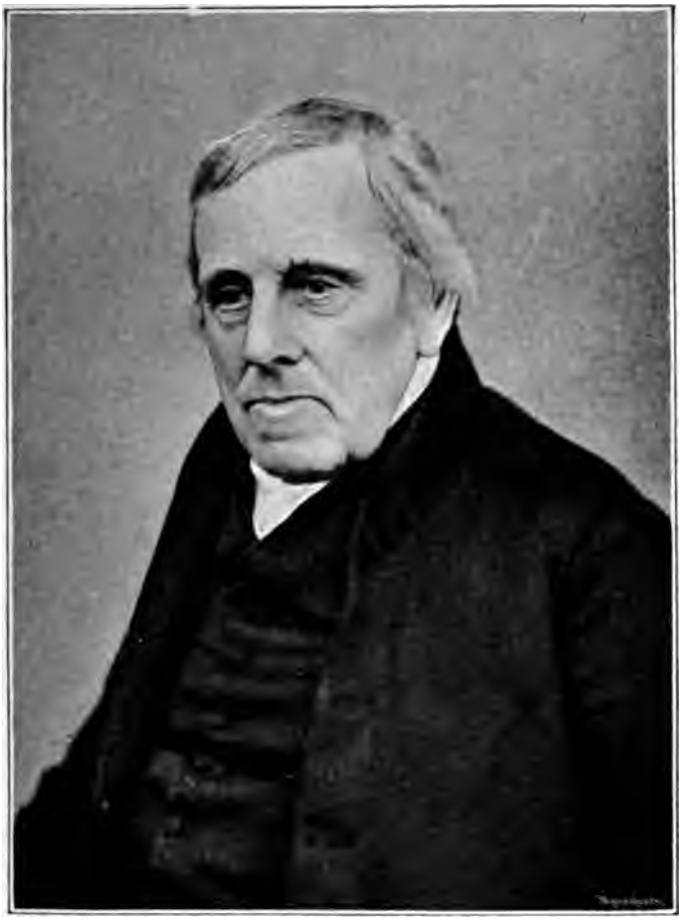
In 1856 Rachel Ford became quite an invalid, and there were indications that John Ford's health, never very robust, was beginning to give way. During the following ten years, successive modifications in the staff of the school in Bootham prepared the way for his final retirement, in 1866, from the post which he had so long and so successfully filled. For nine years more the span of his life was lengthened out. Early in 1875 his strength failed rapidly, but for months he lingered on in much patience, and with so bright an assurance of acceptance in Christ Jesus, that he often spoke of being in the land of Beulah ; and on the 16th of the Eighth Month he gently and peacefully passed away.

JOSIAH FORSTER.

Among those who have been prominent members of the Society of Friends in England during the last fifty years, few have watched more zealously over its interests than did Josiah Forster, as from the years of early manhood to the advanced age of eighty-eight he devoted himself with untiring diligence to its well-being.

He was the eldest of the eleven children of William and Elizabeth Forster, and was born at Tottenham in 1782. When a boy he showed much intelligence, and was very quick in acquiring foreign languages. He attended a day school which had been established by his grandfather in 1750; he was lively and affectionate, but was not so much attracted to the playground as most boys, but was given to studious pursuits, and early acquired an inclination for teaching; and he became for some years an assistant in the school of his uncle, Thomas Coar, of Tottenham.

In 1805 he opened a boarding school at Southgate, near Winchmore Hill, for the sons of wealthy Friends. This he afterwards removed to Tottenham, where he carried it on until 1826. He was a successful teacher, and though the kindness of his disposition led him into some laxity of discipline, yet he had the great satisfaction of seeing many of his pupils, more than half of whom he survived, grow up to be useful and honourable men, and some of them filling distinguished positions in civil and religious society. His temperament in early life was active and energetic, and as his school duties claimed continued attention during the day, his evenings were often devoted to the concerns of the Society of Friends; when, after seeing his boys to bed, he would walk and



[*From a photo by Maull & Polybank, Piccadilly.*]

JOSIAH FORSTER.

run the six miles to Tottenham to confer with Friends on Society matters, and back again to a shortened night's rest. Boys are not slow to discover their opportunities, and his scholars found these hours of their master's absence well adapted for forbidden pranks and escapades.

Josiah Forster retained his interest in education throughout life. His discontinuance of his own school in 1826 made way for the establishment in 1828 of the Grove House School, of which he was one of the founders: and until within a few days of his death he continued to take an active part as a member of its Committee of Management. His connection with Ackworth School for more than forty years brought him into association with Thomas Pumphrey, Samuel Tuke, and others, who became his intimate friends.

Although his interest specially centred in his own religious body, this did not prevent his entering with lively concern into the work of other associations. He joined the Anti-Slavery Society early in its history, and was long a very zealous member of its Committee. He was also for more than sixty years a deeply interested member of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. When, in 1857, the resolution was passed that all meetings of this Committee should be opened with prayer, he entered a calm but firm protest against it; not that he did not highly value prayer, for he regarded it as "the atmosphere in which the Christian breathes, the very element in which he is nourished and strengthened"; but his objection was "to any arrangement for the offering of words at stated times of man's appointment."

In 1808 he married Rachel, daughter of John Wilson, of Kendal, a union undissolved during his life, and attended with rich blessing. Both husband and wife were simple in their personal habits and in their style and manner of living, and loved to be generous according to their means. Their rooms, unadorned with superfluities, presented an air of true comfort; their visitors received a genuine and kindly welcome, and were treated

with the truest Christian courtesy. One who was a near neighbour during their old age writes :—

"I remember J. Forster well only after he had settled down to a comparatively quiet life, and with his wife, formed, I think, the most beautiful picture of an elderly couple I ever saw. He waited on her with lover-like care when he was quite old and tottering, and would disappear from the room to fetch specimens of her beautiful knitting, which he used to show with much pleasure and pride. . . . Over all there rested a grace that even a worldling must have acknowledged, and probably have envied."

The garden, too, was a source of much pleasure to them both, a special interest being the cultivation of plants from seeds brought or sent from foreign lands where J. Forster had been a traveller.

It was in his twenty-ninth year that J. Forster became a member of the "Meeting for Sufferings," and a few years later he was appointed an elder. In these positions and in many other ways, he was unwearied in his endeavours to promote the good of his fellow members in religious profession. He very rarely spoke in meetings for worship; but his frequent visits to Friends in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, in France and Germany, and, on two occasions, in America, bore witness to that "care for all the Churches," which was so conspicuous in him through a long course of years. Besides taking a leading part in the preparation of the public documents of the Society, he published in his own name several books and smaller treatises of much value, amongst them being a "Memoir of Joseph Gurney Bevan," a volume of "Biographical Notices of Deceased Friends" which formed the eleventh part of "Piety Promoted"; and a small volume containing "An Account of the Christian Principles of Friends." This was the last work which obtained the sanction of the "Morning Meeting," before the censorship of that body was discontinued.

Josiah Forster had been present as a young man at the London Yearly Meeting in 1802, and had witnesed with much interest the manner in which the case of

Hannah Barnard was dealt with. In 1814, being himself appointed one of the respondents in the case of the appeal of Thomas Foster against his disownment by his Monthly Meeting on account of his dissemination of Unitarian literature, he rendered valuable and important service, in the presentation to the Yearly Meeting of a report which enabled it, with solemn unanimity, to confirm the action of its subordinate meetings. He was for some years Clerk to the Yearly Meeting, and in that capacity, in 1829, he signed the memorable declaration then issued, on the occasion of the Hicksite secession in America.

In his latter years his conspicuous features and figure continued to be amongst the most familiar of those whose places were close by the Clerk's desk at the Yearly Meeting. Nothing that came forward escaped his close attention ; and if sometimes his friends grew impatient at the frequency of his remarks, they all saw that it was the depth of his anxiety that the right thing should be done that prompted him. He was sometimes greatly concerned because he could not feel that conclusions arrived at were in accord with true wisdom ; but after he had clearly expressed his views, it was instructive to see with what cheerful and hopeful self abnegation he would accept the judgment of his friends, and fall in with it as far as he conscientiously could. " His Christianity led him to take a very humble view of himself and to make large allowance for others, and if he reproved a fault in a brother it was with a simplicity and a tenderness which disarmed repulse and carried conviction to the heart. His love was unchilled by age ; indeed, it seemed to flow on in a stream that ever widened and deepened with increasing years. Firmly attached from conviction to the distinguishing principles of Friends, he loved them in their essential connection with fundamental Christian truth, and his adherence to them was for him a manifestation of his allegiance to Christ. He writes, in 1843 :—

"The views of Friends are to me of unspeakable importance. They should be upheld both practically and by well qualified

writers, men who through experience can testify of the blessedness of waiting upon God. They are no speculative, mystical views. Founded in a sense of the corruption of the human heart, and of the infinite wisdom and love of God in sending His Son into the world to die for our sins, and to be the ever present ruler and leader of His people, they bring to a practical and entire submission to Him as King and Lord, exercising His authority in the power of His Spirit, enabling His followers to keep His precepts, and in all things to be His servants."

In earlier life, J. Forster had been conspicuous for activity and rapidity of movement. Added years brought increasing infirmity and difficulty of accomplishing what he often attempted; and in his later days it was no uncommon thing for him to be found waiting at some difficult stile which he had encountered in a walk, until some passer by should come up, whose help he could solicit in surmounting the difficulty. In these days he often surprised his friends by the frequency of his attendance of meetings and committees.

A serious illness early in 1870 greatly impaired his strength, and from its effects he never entirely recovered. He was, however, able to take his usual place in the Yearly Meeting, and on the 15th of the Sixth Month, he accompanied a deputation of the Anti-Slavery Society to Lord Clarendon in reference to slavery in Cuba. The aged Christian and the veteran statesman then met for the last time, and Lord Clarendon gave him a cordial greeting. Within a fortnight, and both on the same day, they finished their earthly course. On the 23rd he attended Meeting for the last time, and on the following day wrote letters to some of his many correspondents in America. This effort exhausted him much, and an attack of erysipelas proved too much for his little remaining strength, and on the 27th he peacefully breathed his last, within a few days of the completion of his eighty-eighth year.

[*From a photo by H. Bell.*]

WILLIAM FORSTER.

WILLIAM FORSTER.

THE early years of the nineteenth century were marked in the Society of Friends by the arising of a circle of young men and women, who, turning their backs on the world, became conspicuous as dedicated servants of the Lord, both as ministers of the gospel, and as leading spirits in works of Christian philanthropy. Among these an honourable place must be assigned to William Forster.

He was second of the four sons of William and Elizabeth Forster; he had seven sisters, and was born at Tottenham in 1784. His education was conducted at home and in schools in the (then) village. As a boy he was tall and slender; shy and of retiring manners, but lively and playful, and like most boys, sometimes thoughtless and mischievous. Though not fond of books, he was diligent, and made good progress with his studies. He early manifested that kind and tender-hearted sympathy which was in so many ways characteristic of his after life. His French Master was one of those refugees, so many of whom, driven from their own country, earned their living by teaching. Monsieur was missing from his class one day. W. Forster went to his lodging to enquire, and was shocked to find him ill, and, with his wife, in deep poverty. He had often before listened to his sad story of wrong and banishment, and now his young heart was moved with deep compassion; he became a constant visitor; renounced his recreations that he might comfort his sorrowing friends; and, telling their sad story to his mother and other persons, induced several to contribute for their help.

William Forster, Sen., was a Land Agent and Surveyor, and at the age of seventeen his son joined him in that occupation, but continued in the business for only about four years.

When quite a boy he commenced the practice, then very common, of writing a diary, and its early entries clearly show that the Spirit of God was then moving in his heart, awaking within him earnest longings after what is pure, and holy, and true. The conviction that he was called to be a preacher of the gospel so early took hold of him, that, as he once publicly acknowledged, had he obeyed the call when it first became clear to him, he would have begun to speak in that character at sixteen years old. This, however, was delayed till he was in his twentieth year, and two years afterwards he was recorded by his Monthly Meeting as a minister, and it became so evident to him that the work of an evangelist would be to so large an extent his life's occupation, that, with his father's consent, he relinquished the position he held with him in business, and with it the fair prospect which it held out to him of an abundant maintenance, and never entered business life again.

For about eleven years from this time he was almost continually occupied in gospel labour, travelling through most parts of Great Britain and Ireland, his absences from his home at Tottenham varying in length from a few weeks to two years.

His qualifications as a minister of the Gospel were remarkable, and of rare excellence. It was not by "apostolic" or any other "succession" that he received his part or commission for the work; nor was it through college training that he found his fitness for it; or by ecclesiastical ordination that his place of service was assigned to him. His call came direct to him from the Lord whom he served: by the light of His Spirit of Truth were the great truths of man's redemption, as proclaimed in the Scriptures, made clear to his intellectual and spiritual understanding; and under the guidance, and in the power of that same good Spirit his

service was directed and performed; and his field was the world. It was as though his motto were:—

"Wherever in the world I am,
"In whatsoe'er estate,
"I have a fellowship with hearts
"To keep and cultivate;
"And a work of lowly love to do
"For the Lord on whom I wait."

So his preaching, wherever the place might be, was marked by deep spiritual earnestness, by its reaching power, and by the tenderness of its sympathy; and his name is still held in loving memory, not in his own land only, but over wide American prairies, and in lonely Vaudois valleys.

William Forster loved this service of his Master; yet it often led him into situations and circumstances physically very distasteful to him. A somewhat unwieldy frame caused him an inertness of temperament which desired ease and rest; and a timidity and shyness of disposition made retirement preferable to prominence. Hence his home Friends were sometimes disappointed at his silence among them, as, in his lowly estimate of himself, he was but too ready to give place to others who should rather have given place to him. But when out on his Master's errands no exertion or hardship was so severe, no self-denial was so close, as to keep him from doing and bearing that loved Master's manifested will.

William Forster had long been acquainted with Anna Buxton, sister of Sir T. F. Buxton, whose home, after her father's death, had been at Weymouth, where, as a fine lovely girl of remarkably refined and elegant manners, she had been allowed unrestrained intercourse with the royal family, the King, George III., treating her with much kindness and affability. She had been the companion of Elizabeth Fry in her visits to the prisoners in Newgate. There William Forster often met her, and thus discovered the depth of her Christian character. Intimacy between them ripened into attachment, and they were married in 1832, and settled at

Bradpole, near Bridport, in Dorsetshire, and enjoyed a few years of uninterrupted companionship in their pleasant cottage home, the birth of a son, who grew up to be the Right Honourable William Edward Forster, filling their cup of happiness to its very brim.

Was it all too soon, that before three years had passed, the King's summons to distant and protracted commission became loud and clear in William Forster's heart? Before his marriage he had heard a still small voice bidding him gird himself for wide fields of gospel labour in North America, which he concealed from all but his dearest friend. But now the appointed time was come, and, with the credentials of his Friends, he sets out for the far off sphere of service.

"On the 15th of Third Month, 1820, a company of precious souls, twenty in all, sat in solemn retirement before the Lord in a ship's cabin in Bristol basin; very sad, for William Forster was to sail immediately to the New World; very peaceful, for the good Lord he served had given to his dear wife an earnest of his safe voyage, and had strengthened her then and there to give thanks therefor. Stephen Grellet was there, bound to him in Christian fellowship. . . and Joseph John Gurney was there, 'with very precious ointment'—a communion of noble hearts which beat in time with the Divine harmony, pulsating with sympathy and love for all the sons of men."

For five long years was William Forster held in the far off country as an ambassador in the bonds of the constraining love of Christ, faithfully fulfilling this mission; and there are a few still left who remember "the gentleness of his spirit, the fidelity of his friendship, the unction of his apostolic preaching, and his logical and powerful defence of the leading points of Christian doctrine." The sight of fellow men in the hard and cruel thrall of slavery deeply moved his sensitive spirit; he pleaded with their masters on their behalf; and on his return, brought copious statistical notes for the use of his brother-in-law, Sir T. F. Buxton. His sympathy for the slave continued to be a constraining power with him, and his willingness to labour and to suffer on his behalf brought him back at last to America to languish and

to die in harness, pleading against the suffering and the wrongs of the oppressed bondsman.

Returning home in 1825, William Forster enjoyed some years of comparative rest from travel, broken by an occasional mission among Friends and others in parts of England. Greatly did he enjoy the quiet of home and the culture of his garden, raising with considerable success from seed gathered during his travels, plants and flowers not often seen in England. But his Christian philanthropy was too earnest and lively to allow him to give himself up to self-pleasing. To the welfare of the Society of Friends and its internal administration he was warmly devoted, and was ever ready to bear his full share of its burdens and difficulties. He was an associate of Joseph John Gurney and others on the Committee appointed to visit Lancashire in 1836, and was an always deeply concerned and valued attender of the London Yearly Meeting. From the earliest days of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he was warmly interested in its prosperity, and took advantage of his extensive travels to forward its objects. He could not be otherwise than an earnest anti-slavery advocate, as well as sharing in efforts to obtain the abolition of capital punishment, and for advancing the cause of peace.

In 1837 William and Anna Forster removed to a residence in the Earlham Road, near Norwich, and were thus brought into immediate contact with a large circle of Friends likeminded with themselves, and within a sphere much marked by works of benevolence ; and they were not slow to avail themselves of their enlarged opportunities of doing good. Among the large population surrounding them were many of the operative class, liable, in times of slackness of trade, to periods of pinching distress. William Forster became a frequent visitor in abodes of destitution and wretchedness, and an industrious member of the Soup Society, and Provident Coal and Bedding Associations, and week by week might be found handing out hundreds of quarts of soup to poor applicants, and distributing tickets for coal and blankets.

In 1844, in company with his friend, A. A. Jenkins, from Providence, Rhode Island, he visited the small company of Friends in the South of France. This formed the commencement of a series of religious engagements in several parts of that country.

In 1845, as a member of a deputation appointed by the Yearly Meeting, he again went to America. Difficulties and disunity having arisen among Friends in Indiana as to the methods employed in anti-slavery agitation, the object of the visit was, if possible, to restore harmony and unity among the brethren. His brother Josiah, George Stacey, and John Allen were William Forster's companions during the eight months occupied in their travels, and they had good reason for believing that their efforts as peacemakers were not made in vain.

The winter of 1846-7 forms a sad episode in the domestic history of Ireland. Relying for subsistence so much as do the peasantry of some parts of that island on the potato, the advent of the blight, and its destruction of a very large portion of the crop, rapidly brought a dark cloud of famine and famine fever over extensive districts. The British nation was moved to sympathy, and large sums of money were raised; and ships laden with food sailed from the United States as with angel wings of mercy, for the help of the famished and the dying. William Forster felt himself called by a voice from on high to personally visit the most suffering districts, with a view of ascertaining accurately the nature and amount of the distress and of devising the best means of relief. His investigation disclosed a condition of things amongst the people far worse even than had been feared. For about five months, in the depths of an inclement winter, he pursued his errand of mercy, "in weariness and painfulness," facing hard fare and comfortless quarters, and worst of all continually witnessing appalling scenes of starvation, sickness and desolation, which pierced his sensitive nature to the quick; but in which his heart could rejoice that he was

furnished liberally with the means of at least temporary relief. A newspaper of the day says :—

"He hardly allowed himself sufficient time for rest and sleep, and no atmospheric influences, however inauspicious, were allowed to damp his ardour or relax his exertions. Younger and more robust men quailed before the amount of labour through which his unflagging zeal sustained him."

In 1849 the London Yearly Meeting drew up an "Address to Sovereigns and those in Authority in the Nations of Europe, and in other parts of the world where the Christian religion is professed," on the cruelty and wickedness of the slave trade and slavery. William Forster had the largest share in its preparation, and also felt called to offer himself for the service of its presentation at the European Courts as well as afterwards to the Authorities in the United States. This led him into extensive travels on the Continent, and to personal interviews with many reigning Sovereigns and those in the highest civil positions, the details of which, full of the deepest interest, may be found in his published biography.

The work being completed in Europe, in the Autumn of 1852 he set out to accomplish what had long lain upon his heart, a visit of Christian love to the inhabitants of the Vaudois valleys of Piedmont. There, not only did he gather the people together for the purpose of declaring to them the message of the Redeemer's love, but he sought to promote their welfare by the distribution of large numbers of books on Scriptural subjects, by efforts to encourage education, and endeavours to secure the establishment of an asylum for the many destitute orphans he met with in the valleys. In a testimony, drawn up by the Evangelical Church of the Valleys, they say :—

"We cannot avoid assuring you that we have been abundantly refreshed, cheered, encouraged and strengthened by the words and deeds of Christian love of our dear brother William Forster. Our feeling is that it is certainly the Lord who has brought him amongst us; that His Spirit has kept and strengthened him, has put the thoughts into his heart and the words upon his lips."

At the Yearly Meeting of 1853 it was felt that the time was come for the presentation of the Anti-slavery Address in the United States, and Josiah Forster, William Forster, John Candler and William Holmes were deputed to the service. They landed at Boston on the 15th of Ninth Month, and during the months that followed they obtained interviews with the President at Washington, and with the Governors of some of the Free States and of most of the Slave States; were sometimes received with much kindness and cordiality, and in almost every instance were listened to with consideration and courtesy. William Forster was often engaged powerfully and impressively as a minister in the Friends' Meetings which came in their way. It was thus that the meeting at Friendsville, in Tenessee, was made "a very memorable opportunity" as they attended it on the 2nd of First Month, 1854. On the 4th William Forster became indisposed, and before many days of alternating hope and fear had passed, it became evident to him and his companions that the end was drawing near. His patience, resignation and tranquillity were very striking; and, like "Hopeful" in the river, he could be of good cheer, for he "felt the bottom and it was good"; and early on the morning of the 24th he quietly expired. His remains were laid to rest in the quiet sunny graveyard by the little meeting house at Friendsville, and were there an epitaph on the simple stone that marks the spot, it might well be:—

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ!
The battle fought, the victory won;
Enter thy Master's joy."

WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER.

In Memoriam.

MORS JANUA VITÆ.

"O morn of life! O night of gloom!
O strife of hope and dread!
Were all thus ended in the tomb,
Could we give up our dead?"

H. HARTSHORNE.

IT is more than thirty years ago when on a winter day, in the far West of America, a little band of mourners set forth to bear the remains of one who was loved and revered with no common love and reverence, to their last resting-place, thousands of miles away from his English home. Those who were his nearest and dearest did not even know that he who had walked with God on earth had been called up higher; and of the throng of relatives and friends who would have desired to stand beside his grave, but two were there, and only one of these bound to him by a dear tie of kindred.

It was a time when the floods were out, and it was with difficulty that the swollen river was crossed, and the party landed in a field covered with water, on their way to the Friends' burial-ground in a comparatively new settlement. He who was gone had felt for his fellow-men, not only pity, but that divine compassion which suffers *with* those that are suffering, and makes their woes its own. One gigantic wrong—that of slavery—had pressed upon him, as if he were bound with those that were in bonds. With the grasp of a statesman he

had mastered the subject, and it was in contending on this battle-field that the faithful soldier of Christ laid down his armour for ever. He, whom the Vaudois mountaineers designated, years after his visit to them, by no name, but only as "that holy man," has made the little graveyard in Tennessee hallowed ground to many, both in England and America. Beautifully has our own poet, J. G. Whittier, expressed this feeling when he writes of William Forster's death :—

"How many burdened hearts have prayed,
Their lives like thine might be!
But more shall pray henceforth for aid
To lay them down like thee.

"Thy latest care for man,—thy last
Of earthly thought a prayer,—
O, who thy mantle backward cast
Is worthy now to wear?

"Methinks the mound which marks thy bed
Might bless our land and save,
As rose of old, to life the dead
Who touched the prophet's grave."

It is always an impressive change to pass from the ceaseless whirl of London streets into the quiet of the glorious Minster, which though close to the "hurrying life" without, stands apart from it all, so full of silent memorials of the makers of history that the contrast is startling even to a careless observer.

"The world so loud,
And they—the movers of the world—so still."

But this feeling is intensified ten-fold when the gathering within is for a funeral service in memory of one whose removal has come with the shock of a national loss. Even to those brought up in the heart of Quakerism the silence felt intense when all had risen, knowing that the coffin was inside the walls; and in that profound hush it was borne up the aisle with its fair covering of lovely flowers. To those who had seen William Edward Forster less than a year ago, looking full of life, and as if many days of action lay before him,

it was hard to realise even then that it was his wasted form that lay beneath the coffin lid. The wreath of victor-laurel, which in that deep stillness was laid among the pure white flowers, might appear to some minds associated too closely with fleeting earthly honours. Yet how well did it become the bier of one over whom the grave could claim no victory; and if for a moment it might *seem* to do so, we were reminded how transitory was its triumph when there sounded through the Abbey, in tones clear as a silver bell, the blessed assurance that *the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.* But, perhaps, nothing was more calculated to touch the hearts of the listeners than the exquisitely appropriate hymn, in which words and melody were in sweet accord, as the soothing, trustful strains floated around us, voice after voice from the congregation joining in the song:

"Now the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past,
Now upon the farther shore,
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"There the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn,
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

As the refrain died away in the distance, were there

not some in that distinguished company who recalled how, a few hours before, the stately Palace close at hand, where the slumberer's voice had been so often heard, was surging with excitement, whilst he was lying almost within reach of the tumult—"so near, and yet so far,"—in the awful quietude of death, with the seal of silence set for ever on those truthful lips. And others present there might be whose thoughts travelled to that distant grave in Tennessee, lingering on the contrast between the simple obsequies of the father, and the solemn state which in death was around the son. Yet, looked at from either side, what did it signify? The service in Westminster Abbey was an expression of national respect and sorrow, and therefore precious. When did he who was its object ever scorn a tribute of genuine affection or esteem? And what could matter the lofty or the lowly surroundings, when over each it might be said, with humble but undoubting confidence, that he had *fallen asleep in Christ?*

It has been remarked of the deceased statesman that everything in his career was "unique"; and this separateness was about him to the very end. What could differ more in outward aspect from the rites in England's proudest Cathedral than the simple "Friends'" funeral which followed, among the Yorkshire dales—and *that* (as if to emphasize its exceptional character) in consecrated ground, with the unusual accompaniment of singing, and with an escort of volunteers!

Most in keeping with the life of him who is gone was that last service rendered by reverent love, among his own people, amidst the familiar scenes of home—that home which he had left, so he thought, for a few weeks, eight months before, but to which in life he would return no more. Only once again would he be there, borne across the threshold in his coffin.

Full of high faith in an ever-present Lord were the strains of the grand old hymn which on that funeral day were borne upon the wild, bleak air:—

"Our God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

They seemed a fitting prelude to the words with which J. B. Braithwaite broke the silence at the grave-side. He said:—

"It has been very touching to me to see such a spectacle as this, such a manifestation of public feeling as well as of private sympathy, for the loss of one whose memory we have all honoured and loved. I had the privilege of an acquaintance with his father, and I have stood by the grave of that father in a distant land on the other side of the Atlantic, and I know that the faith of the son was the faith of the father, and that the faith of the father was the faith of the son. And here we are, my friends, in the presence of two mighty facts. Death, that must pass upon all men, for that all have sinned; and life through Him who is no less of a fact—the most real of all realities—the Resurrection and the Life. It was in His faith that the father lived, and in His faith this our late lamented and beloved friend died, and in which faith he now rests in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We may think of him, of his nobility of character, of his genuine courage. He had the courage of his convictions, which is a great thing at the present day. He knew what he thought was right, and he acted up to what he felt was right. There were other lineaments of character in him, but so far as he would have us follow him, it is only as he represented the character of Him—the Word made flesh, the image of the invisible God, whom he loved and adored as the one Saviour, the perfect and representative man, our Exemplar, the Lord our Righteousness. His courage, his fear of God, all that was noble and excellent were not his own, but were all from Christ, and a testimony to Him. And so may this be the deep lesson, to follow him in so far as he followed that blessed Saviour. 'See that thou make all things according to the pattern which I have showed thee.' This is the word which goes forth from this open grave, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?' Let that question be sealed upon our hearts, 'Dost thou believe?' and in that living faith in this living Redeemer, life upon earth may become to every one of us a humble walk with God. Our dear friend was a man of the people. He loved every one of you as his brother; and the same Redeemer offers Himself to every one of us, that we may know, serve, and love Him, and in the same faith be brought to the same blessed end. Amen, so let it be."

Then, when the coffin had been lowered into its last and lowly resting-place, and prayer from the same lips had been offered for comfort where comfort was sorely needed, and for the country which he who lay in silence at their feet had loved and served so faithfully, with a few words of blessing, the simple, touching rites were ended.

At such an hour as this, when with a deep and widespread sense of a great loss, dust is given back to dust again, what an awful irony there is in human life if so be that the dead rise not. We need no sage to tell us that—

> "The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things."

They are welcome to vanish away. But what if heart and mind, intellect, conscience, courage, self-sacrifice, are all to perish with the using! If so, better not to have lived at all. Love, strong as death, may stand beside the grave, but it cannot roll the stone away. There is *no hope* except in the promises of Him, who Himself once was dead, but is alive for evermore; who holds the keys of Death and of Hades, and who has said that where He is, there shall also His followers be.

Those present to whom this hope was as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, could feel that he whose earthly work was done, was sheltered now from all the storms of life; and they might say as they turned away from that humble grave:

> "Father, in Thy gracious keeping
> Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

"*We* asked life of Thee and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."

Fourth Month, 1886.

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ALFRED LLOYD FOX.

It was said of one who recently passed away that "he made faith in goodness easy to other men"; and the same tribute may be paid to the memory of Alfred Lloyd Fox. The power of the grace of God is sometimes seen when it changes a stern, hard nature into a gentle, humble Christian; but, in his case, the same power had to deal with a naturally sweet, genial temper, and the result was a rare unselfishness, which ran through every action of his life, and greatly endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

Alfred Lloyd Fox was the eldest son of Alfred and Sarah Fox, of Falmouth, and was born there on the 26th of the Fifth Month, 1829. He had the inheritance of descent on both sides from old Quaker families; some of his mother's ancestors, the Lloyds of Dolobran, in Montgomeryshire, having suffered persecution and imprisonment for the sake of Truth.

His mother has given some of her recollections of his childhood, and says, after mentioning his "amiable and pliant nature":—

"As he grew older, he showed an increasing enjoyment in the study of nature, and established a little Society, of which he was President, to collect natural curiosities. It was, however, as his religious character strengthened that his finer qualities were developed, and his readiness in the cause of Christ; never sparing himself. His sunny nature made him a great favourite; he could turn little unexpected troubles into amusement by the light and happy way in which he met them. He seemed to have learnt the secret of surrendering his own wishes and comfort, anxious always to promote the pleasure of those with him."

The influence of the choice family circle around him tended to turn his tastes in a literary and scientific

direction, and he possessed considerable ability in gaining knowledge of this character. At the time of his boyhood, Falmouth, as the western port of England, was much visited by strangers; and the position of local representatives of foreign powers, held by members of his family, and subsequently by himself, encouraged the study of modern languages, and increased materially the habit of easy intercourse and sympathy with strangers which characterised him through life. This training, no doubt, aided him in those missionary journeys which he subsequently undertook, and which gave him such ample occupation for many years of his life.

The records of his earlier years indicate much serious thought, and earnestness in seeking the Divine blessing, and that he spared no pains indisciplining himself in mind, and heart, and habits. When he was about nineteen years of age he had a severe illness, which brought with it quiet times for reflection and soul-searching. His journal records the deep conflict through which he passed under a sense of his sins, and he commemorates with thanksgiving, "the tender mercy and love of Christ his Saviour, who drew him to Himself, enabled him to seek for His pardoning love, and raised in him the earnest desire to serve Him with a whole heart." Those who knew him can see how graciously these desires were answered in after years. There is no doubt that his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association was very helpful in the development of his Christian character, and, in 1857, he says:—"My hope of Heaven is alone placed on the atoning sacrifice of Christ, whom I can now call my Saviour."

In 1864 he was married to Mary Jane, daughter of Francis Fox, of Tottenham; but his domestic happiness and congenial companionship in spiritual things did not prevent his cheerful surrender of home and its surroundings for those missionary journeys which he believed were required of him. In the autumn of 1867 he accompanied Eli and Sybil Jones in their visit to the south of France, Athens, Syria, parts of Palestine, and Egypt.

With Eli Jones he also travelled in the Lebanon, where they saw much of the poor inhabitants of the district, lodging in their houses, and witnessing the troubles and dangers of their existence. This visit laid the foundation for that mission, which subsequently became his life-work, the details of which are familiar to those who have been interested in the Friends' Missions at Brumana and Ramalleh. Speaking of this journey, in a record made soon after his return in 1868, he says :—

"This past year I have known a growth in grace ; my soul has prospered. I have known what it was to leave, for a season, wife and child, parents, brothers and sisters, house and country, for Christ's sake, for the Gospel's sake. I wish here emphatically to record my experience and deep sense of having received already the hundredfold promised. I look with certain hope to the remainder of the promise, 'in the end, eternal life'; but where are the persecutions? Blessed Lord Jesus, Thou hast given me only good ; Thy yoke has been easy, and Thy burden light."

Referring to this journey during his last illness, he said, that next to his conversion, the greatest blessing he had received had been through the ability to make the surrender for this service.

"It is not easy," writes one of his fellow-travellers on this journey, "to convey an adequate impression of the services rendered by him. The lively interest with which he entered into the work, seeking to further the object of the mission by all the means in his power, was only equalled by the modesty and self-deprivation and absence of self-seeking with which all was done. His kindly Christian courtesy manifested itself to rich and poor alike. His open hand and ready word of sympathy for all, materially helped to open the way for the services of our Friends wherever we went ; whilst his fund of information on natural history and all other subjects made him an interesting and valuable companion. His unfailing good temper and cheerfulness under every trying circumstance of Eastern travel, his generous thought for others, and willingness to give up everything he possessed for his neighbour, were features of a daily life ministry which could not fail to impress his companions, as that of one who walked humbly and watchfully with his God, and sought to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

During the following years he was engaged in various services nearer home ; visiting, with other friends, the Shetland and Scilly Islands ; and in 1872 he

paid a short visit to some parts of France, engaging in the work of tract distribution at Sedan and other places. In Twelfth Month, 1874, he writes :—

"Another year has passed, laden with blessings, benefits, and mercies without number. I have been allowed to have much to do in the opening of the Brumana Mission, in connection with Hannah S. Allen and Ellen Clare Pearson. Also a most interesting visit to Yorkshire with the Yearly Meeting's Committee, associated with Friends with whom it was a most peculiar privilege to be. Our way seemed made very open amongst most kind Yorkshire Friends. My mouth was opened in and out of meeting, to declare the goodness of my Lord."

In the Autumn of 1875, in company with Eli Jones and Henry Newman, he visited Syria and Palestine for the second time. This visit was full of deep interest to him, as since his previous journey in the East the Brumana Mission had been established, and had been most satisfactorily placed under the supervision of his dear friend, Theophilus Waldmeier. Several months were passed at this interesting establishment and in Palestine. His deep and heart-felt interest in this field of missionary labour is well known ; and in promoting its success, whilst the power to work remained, he spared neither time nor labour ; and in the last days of his life intelligence from Brumana was especially dear to him.

No notice of A. L. Fox can be complete without mention of his pleasant country home, with which his unfailing and generous hospitality to rich and poor has made so many acquainted ; and few visitors to Falmouth who came within his extensive range went away without visiting Penmere, and feeling the charm which surrounded him and his wife ; more, perhaps, in their home life and as host and hostess, than anywhere else.

It was, indeed, what we call "a mysterious Providence" that, in the prime of life, in the midst of his domestic happiness and usefulness in the Church, his health gradually failed, and after a few weeks of increased illness, hallowed in the memory of those who were privileged to be with him as the very gate of

Heaven, he was called away on the 23rd of the Sixth Month, 1885, from the service of earth to the higher service of the redeemed.

Perhaps nothing can more fitly close this imperfect memorial of A. Lloyd Fox than some lines which were written by one of the younger members of his Meeting, when the sad news came that his life was ebbing fast:—

In Memoriam.

A. Ll. F.

Heavily drag the hours to-day. All nature
Seemeth oppressed by somewhat, dull and still;
Heavy the mist hangs—gloomy, thick, unlifting
O'er vale and hill.

So should it be. He, whom we love, is dying;
A heavy weight lies on our hearts to-day;
Nothing can raise that weight; no tears or crying
Take it away.

For the last time,—the last time, we have seen him;
Living epistle of God's love was he;
On all mankind those dear blue eyes, like Heaven,
Beamed charity.

And hast thou need of him, O Lord, in Heaven?
Care for us then, O Christ, our need is great;
Leave not Thyself without a living witness,
Us desolate.

Cold are we, hard, distrustful, unbelieving;
Many speak words, but few speak with their life;
Who shall convince us Thy love underlieth
Our toil and strife?

In him Thy love, reflected, shone most clearly;
Love, sunny, human, never waxing dim.
God must be love, who to His blessed likeness
So fashioned him.

To us, O Lord, who stand bereaved, faint-hearted,
Give that same Spirit; breathe on us Thy breath.
Fill us with love to all, patient, undying,
Stronger than death.

23. vi. 1885.

CAROLINE FOX.

A STRANGER looking at the portrait which accompanies this sketch, would be likely to wish to know more of its original, and while a sense of her firm repression of anything like eulogy of herself, must check the words that might otherwise be written, it may be permitted to say that the outward grace and beauty clothed a character of singular depth, and an intellect of unusual power and brilliancy. In girlhood her great love of fun, and her vivacity sometimes called forth reproof; and while her playful and delicate humour charmed, she might be rather formidable from the keen-edged wit which, as life went on, she conscientiously sought to keep in its right place.

Gracious and happy influences were around her from her childhood. The youngest child of the late Robert Were Fox, in her home at Falmouth and in the lovely cottage at Penjerrick, she early enjoyed a most varied and deeply interesting association, which was in itself an education of no mean kind. Many members of the family whose name she bore, were around her in Cornwall; while there, as well as in London and elsewhere, she mixed freely with a large circle including some of the Gurneys and Forsters, Dr. Stevenson, the Chevalier Bunsen and his family, F. D. Maurice, Dr. Lloyd, Professor Owen, John Sterling, Thomas and Jane Carlyle, Dr. Calvert, John Stuart Mill, and many others.

Her parents were deeply attached to the Society of Friends, of which her mother was a recorded minister, whose lovely life formed no slight part of her ministry. The "simplicity and moderation" enjoined in the

[*From a photo by A. Harris, Falmouth.*]

CAROLINE FOX.

Friends' printed "Advices" were observed in the home, and doubtless helped to strengthen her early religious impressions, for she had truly an unworldly training. But it was almost impossible for a nature such as her's to escape spiritual struggles; and a paper found after her death records the mental conflict through which she passed at the age of twenty-one, when she first awoke to the thought that she had "been taking things of the highest importance too much for granted, without feeling their reality. . . . This consciousness was mainly awakened by a few solemn words spoken by Dr. Calvert on the worthlessness of a merely traditional faith in highest truths." She writes further on :—

"The first gleam of light—the first cold light of morning—dawned on me one day at meeting, when I had been meditating on my state in great depression. I seemed to hear the words articulated in my spirit, 'Live up to the light thou hast, and more will be granted thee.' Then I believed that God speaks to man by His Spirit."

The time was not far off when she felt and knew that Christ was *her* Redeemer, and what had been dimness became clear as noonday." It was truly said of her that "she overcame, not by answering questions, but by obeying the truth." Her own words are :—

"I by no means regret the perplexities, and doubts, and troubles through which I have passed. They have increased my toleration for others, and given me a much higher value and deeper affection for those glorious truths which make up the Christian's hope than I could have had if they had only been passively imbibed. The hard struggle I have had to make them my own must rise in my memory to check future faithlessness, and the certain conviction that the degree of faith which had been granted was purely a gift from above, leads me with earnestness and faith to petition for myself and others—'Lord, increase our faith.'"

Many years afterwards she wrote a postscript to this record which runs thus :—

"April 13th, 1855. And now I must add a later conviction, namely, that the voluntary sacrifice of Christ was not undertaken to appease the wrath of God, but rather to express His infinite love to His creatures, and thus to reconcile them unto Himself. Every species of sacrifice meets, and is glorified in Him; and He

claims from His children, as the proof of their loyalty and love, that perfect subjection of their own wills to His, of which self-sacrifice He is the Eternal Pattern, and bestows the will and the power to be guided only by Himself."

It might be said of her in W. S. Landor's words—that she "warmed both hands before the fire of life." The force and charm of her character, and her large sympathies made her presence felt wherever she might be, and in different ways she was a succourer of many; leaving in not a few hearts when she was taken away, a place none else could fill. But there is always a price to pay for gifts such as these. She had found life "a full and a happy thing, but never, it would seem, an easy thing. Her heart was at rest, but her impressions were too quick and too keen for her comfort; and the radiance which she shed around her was not wholly unconsuming to her own outward life."

In 1855 there fell upon the family a sorrow too deep for words to describe, though the dark cloud was pierced by heavenly light. This was the sudden intelligence of the death of her only brother, Robert Barclay Fox, in Egypt, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. Her own words best show how she bore a loss, the shadow of which could never pass away on earth. A few days after the tidings came, she wrote to her uncle, Charles Fox, who had gone to join him:—

"Every voice from Egypt 'breathes but peace and ever peace,' and thus it has been from the moment of his landing there, and thus I confidingly believe it ever will be. I could not have conceived that the sting could be so entirely taken out of death as it has been, not only to him, but actually to us also; there is *no* sting—it is all Holy Land—our brother is near us, and so is heaven. We do not seem to be battling through a 'belt of storms,' but rather floating through a great glory, a line of whose light will surely illuminate our way to the end of the voyage, as it has brightened all the past."

And to her cousin, Juliet Backhouse, she writes:—

"We have agreed that his dear name shall never be banished from our midst, where he feels to us more vitally and influentially present than ever; he shall not be banished even to Heaven. Oh, what it is to have had such a memory to leave to those who love

you! Almost nothing to forget, everything to remember with thankfulness and love. Surely memory will be carried on in future, and make that bright too with his own dear presence; or is it not, will it not be, even more than memory? I cannot feel him far away, and the thought of him does not sadden me. It is stimulating, elevating, encouraging, the sense that one of ourselves is safely landed, all the toil and battle over, the end of the race attained, and God glorified in his salvation. Oh, it is all so wonderful, so blessed. The same 'canopy of love' is surely over us both, and we can but feel it will take a long lifetime to thank our God and Saviour for the beautiful mercies which have glorified the whole trial, and which must always make it a most holy thing. He has himself been so evidently, though unconsciously, preparing us for it; telling us of his own childlike confidence, and committing his nearest and dearest to the same Fatherly care, in lovely words which often thrilled us at the time, but are, *how* precious now."

Three years afterwards the gentle mother went to her rest; and her daughter Caroline writes to Elizabeth Carne:—

"Oh, it was all so blessed to watch with her through that last day, waiting till the pearl gates should be opened, and to feel that all our prayers for her were being answered, as hour after hour passed and still there was no conflict of mind or body, no pain, but instead those radiant smiles, the witness to the perfect peace and the unutterable mercy of which she was partaking. When at her request I read the 4th of Hebrews, she said, 'His grace is sufficient for *this* time of need,' and so indeed it was, till the last quiet breath was breathed forth, and then we felt she was indeed gone home. It was much to have witnessed such a scene; *all* the sting of death was taken away; the Saviour's presence was felt in that room, giving the victory to His dear child over the last enemy that shall be destroyed."

Before two years more had passed away, with almost no warning to those at home, the beloved wife of R. Barclay Fox died at Pau, where she was spending part of the winter with her children. Her sons now became part of their grandfather's household, and Caroline Fox speaks of care for them as "a most dear duty." Her health had been very delicate for a long while, and as time went on caused increasing anxiety to the tender father and to the sister who was her life-long friend and companion. But nothing could quench the energy of her spirit; nor did the uncertainty of her life

depress her. She could say—"I enjoy things frightfully"; yet she used to speak of death as only "a change of houses, a step onward"; and in allusion to the death of her grandmother, Elizabeth Fox, she wrote :—

"Birth and marriage and death are all successive introductions into higher life and its worthier sympathies; and surely such a death as this is by far the most joyful event of the three."

The following extract from her journal is dated March 18th, 1866 :—

"I have just been brought through a sharp little attack of bronchitis, and feel bound to record my sense of the tender mercy that has encompassed me night and day. Though it may have been in part my own wilfulness and recklessness that brought it on, that and all else was pardoned; all fear of suffering or death was swallowed up in the childlike joy of trust, a perfect *rest* in the limitless love and wisdom of a most tender Friend, whose will was far dearer to me than my own. That blessed Presence was felt just in proportion to the needs of the hour; and the words breathed into my spirit were just the most helpful ones at the time, strengthening and soothing. This was specially felt in the long still nights, when sometimes I felt very ill. 'Never less lonely than when thus alone—alone with God.' Surely I know more than ever of the reality of that declaration, 'this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.' I write all this now, because my feelings are already fading into common-place, and I would fain fix some little scrap of my experience. I had before been craving for a little more spiritual life on any terms, and how mercifully this has been granted! I can utterly trust that in any extremity that may be before me, the same wonderful mercy will encompass me; and, of mere love and forgiving compassion, carry me safely into port."

And it was even so, when five years later, after a short illness, in the grey dawning of a winter's day she passed away in her sleep, and the lines stamped by suffering, vanished from the sweet face where reigned a solemn and majestic beauty—

"Her quiet eyelids closed, she had
Another morn than our's."

She died on the 12th of First Month, 1871, aged fifty-one years.

[*From a photo by Elliott & Fry, London.*]

CHARLES FOX.

CHARLES FOX.

"This is the especial sadness of middle life, to feel the world growing colder and poorer by the withdrawal of so many noble natures and richly cultivated intellects, under whose shadow we have been glad and proud to sit. We look up and see the great trees gone, and feel that there is nothing between us and the sky. Perhaps our liberty is greater, but we do not want liberty at such a price—we want still to have the old and well-known forms to look up to and venerate as we have ever done."

These words were written of the death of the late Charles Fox of Trebah, near Falmouth, and must express the thoughts of many who had the privilege of even a slight aquaintance with him.

The seventh son of Robert Were Fox and Elizabeth Fox of "The Bank," Falmouth, he was born in 1797, and thus lived through a period of marvellously accelerated development and change; but his character was formed and ripened in days of far less haste and hurry than the present, and perhaps some of its symmetry may have been due to this fact, for more and more the question forces itself upon the mind, whether the age of steam and electricity will ever allow time or quietness for the free and harmonious mental growth of such men and women as some whom we have known in the past.

If we were to seek to describe Charles Fox in one brief sentence, it would be as the perfect pattern of an English Christian gentleman, whose never-failing courtesy had its root in charity. He was ever ready to impart of his stores of knowledge to any one, even to a child, with a condescension so real that he never seemed to condescend at all, and with a graciousness and an adaptation to his audience that insured attention. One

striking instance of this was shown in his visits to the British Museum, which he used to make on public days, and there he would be followed from room to room by groups of artizans, soldiers on leave, and other working-men, who listened almost reverently to his simple and eloquent explanations, given without the least assumption of superiority; for in truth he knew too much not to be humble. The writer well remembers once travelling with him, when the only means provided for getting to Plymouth from West Cornwall, was a well-horsed omnibus. Two countrymen were sitting near him, to whom he talked in a most interesting manner on matters with which they were likely to have some acquaintance, until they left us. As soon as they did so, another passenger—evidently a cultured gentleman—quickly took one of the vacant places, and began courteously but pointedly to draw out Charles Fox's views on a variety of subjects. He had plainly no desire to express his own sentiments; he only wanted to listen, and it was curious to sit by and hear him bring forward name after name connected with theology, poetry, &c., and then wait for the opinion which was given with the simplicity and absence of dogmatism which ever marked the speaker's utterances.

It was those who had the closest and longest association with him, under the strong light of that every-day life which reveals all blemishes, who have borne the fullest testimony to the abiding sweetness and brightness of his spirit. Naturally hopeful and trustful, he could not be suspicious, for his was the charity that hopeth and believeth all things; and if these qualities sometimes led his judgment astray, it may at least be said that they are among the rarer causes of human errors. Two little incidents may be mentioned as showing how he was regarded in his immediate neighbourhood. One occurred at the time of the introduction of the new Poor-Law, when formidable rioting near his residence was stopped, and the military dispensed with, by the exertions of himself and his wife, their sympathy and

his clear explanations calming the excitement born of distress and ignorance. The other circumstance happened much later, when he had left Perran-ar-worthal, where he had been for many years the manager of the Foundry Works. For the first time after his removal he was driving his wife in a little pony-chaise up the long hill from the Perran valley, when they saw before them a number of wagons laden with heavy machinery, each with five or more men, and from sixteen to twenty horses. As the first detachment was reached the men in charge stopped the horses, and drawing up in a line at the side of the road, took off their hats and remained uncovered until the pony-chaise had passed. This was repeated by each party as it was reached in turn. The silent tribute touched him extremely, knowing that it was meant as a strong expression of love and esteem; for Cornishmen, though often truly respectful, are not deferential in manner.

A brief reference may be permitted here to his wife, mentioned above, Sarah, only daughter of William Hustler, of Undercliffe, near Bradford, a beautiful and gifted woman, who was truly his help-meet. Even after she had felt the pressure of time and of much suffering from ill-health, she was admirably described by her niece, Caroline Fox, in the following words :—

"We have Aunt Charles staying with us now, as bright as a bird of Paradise, very dear, very charming, very heroic in all her pain."

One of Charles Fox's services to his native county should never be forgotten. It was at his suggestion that in 1833 the Royal Polytechnic Society—of which he was a valued member—offered three prizes for any improvement on the perpendicular ladders, which were then the only means for ascending from the deepest mines in Cornwall. In 1839 he himself offered £100 to any mine which would make trial of the "man engine," and others followed his example. It was first tried in Tresavean mine in 1842, and the full prize was awarded in the following year to an invention which has been the

means of considerably increasing the average length of a Cornish miner's life.

The subjects of temperance, education, the penal laws and prison discipline, claimed his serious attention, and he visited many of the continental prisons with the view of obtaining accurate information. He was a warm and active supporter of the Bible Society, his biblical and oriental studies only increasing his sense of the value of its work. With his own hands he distributed copies of the New Testament at Calais and Marseilles to a whole French regiment about to embark for the Crimea in 1854. He travelled much, and the beauties of Nature and of Art filled him with enjoyment; but a journey to the Holy Land stood alone in his remembrance. It began under very affecting circumstances. He left England intending to join his nephew, R. Barclay Fox, in Egypt, and at Alexandria heard of his death. Beside the Sea of Galilee Charles Fox writes :—

"What a day to be remembered! My heart cheered by tidings from home—the early morning sunshine on the clear waters, to which the Holy Voice had once said, 'Peace be still,' as it was now speaking to the hearts of many mourners, who could also say that there was a great calm. . . . . Most gladly could I have lingered for days in these scenes. Often whilst ascending the lofty hillside to Cana, did I turn to gaze on the mountains of the East, on that blue lake which will be for ever of all the most interesting to the human race, and take one more look at that shore which our Lord visited once again after He had drunk the bitter cup, and had 'seen of the travail of His soul and been satisfied.' There in the early dawn and in the quiet morning air, the sacred voice was once more heard, the tender name of 'children' given to those who had so lately denied or forsaken Him. On that shore, endeared to Him by all human sympathies, He asked, 'Lovest thou me?' and then, mindful of the countless multitudes who, as without a shepherd, had hung on his lips, He added, 'Feed my sheep, feed my lambs.'"

He was for many years an elder in his own religious Society, to which his attachment was most consistent and unwavering, but combined with a wide and comprehending toleration for the good of every creed.

"It is vain to attempt to fetter with the iron bands of an exclusive system the souls of men," were his words once in a

discussion at the Sailors' Home, at Falmouth, and he went on to say that "For himself he confessed, if he were on a bed of languishing, he should enjoy the visits and the prayers of a St. Augustine, or a Thomas à Kempis; he should welcome the presence of a Jeremy Taylor, a Leighton, or a Rutherford, or the present Archbishop of Canterbury, believing they would come in the freeness of the Gospel."

As regarded his own spiritual life he was very reticent, partly from the reserve common to those who feel deeply, and partly from his humility. This was once touchingly manifested in a conversation on some disputed religious question, when he quoted with heartfelt earnestness in his fine, impressive voice—and who that had heard that voice ever forgot it?—the pathetic lines:—

"I know not, but I know a will,
That, Lord, might frail as Peter's be;
A heart that had denied Thee still,
E'en now, without a look from Thee."

Age, as it drew on, could not dim his brightness. He was able to testify that four-score years did *not* bring to him labour and sorrow, and his gratitude was profound that his wife, though an invalid, was spared to him after more than half a century of wedded life. On his last birthday, the 22nd of Twelfth Month, 1877, he wrote in his diary:—

"To-day I am permitted to enter my eighty-first year, and I have, in much humilation, to confess my many sins of commission and innumerable errors, and failures, and omissions; but through all, He in whom we live and move and have our being has continued His abundant blessings and His mercy through His beloved Son."

When he became ill in the spring of 1878, there did not seem cause for alarm. He was, as ever, patient and cheerful under languor and weakness, rejoicing that his daughter and only surviving child was able to be with him. After he had passed away, his wife was shown a little note which he had sent with a loan of books to a working man. It ran thus:—

"I have been unwell. I am like one that has been on a long journey; but it is nearly over: I shall soon step out upon the platform of everlasting life."

On the morning of the 18th of Fourth Month, the little strength which he retained failed somewhat suddenly. He asked to have Psalm ciii. read to him, and it seemed a fitting prelude to the new song in which he was soon to join. So gently did he fall asleep that to those who watched beside him it hardly seemed like death. But, "what a change for him!—Eternal youth; immeasurable knowledge; perfect love."

[*From a photo by Gandy, London, of a picture by Richmond.*]

ELIZABETH FRY.

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ELIZABETH FRY.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Elizabeth Fry was the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich, and was born in 1781. Before she was twelve years old she lost the watchful care of her excellent mother, who left a family of eleven children. Their indulgent father allowed his daughters, to the great gratification of Elizabeth especially, to enter freely into the amusements of fashionable society, and to associate with some, who, though of high talents and literary standing, entertained sceptical opinions on fundamental religious truth, some of which gained a strong hold on her mind. In person she was very attractive, tall and of pleasing countenance, and lovely and dignified in manner, and was conspicuous for much originality of thought and quickness of comprehension, and for decision of judgment and purpose when, as she says, "to dare to doubt was thought synonymous with courage."

Before she was seventeen she began to keep a diary, from which it is evident that the conviction very early took hold of her, that fashionable life with its amusements and gaiety is very fatal to the growth of true religion, and that with advancing years there grew up in her heart, under the quickening power of the Spirit of God, deep longings after those things which alone can give solid satisfaction and enduring peace. In her eighteenth year her father took her for a visit of some weeks to London, where she was introduced into the gayest circles of society, frequenting theatres, the opera, and

other places of diversion. Looking back, long afterwards, on this visit she writes:—

"I saw and entered various scenes of gaiety, many of our first public places; attended balls and other places of amusement. . . . . I consider one of the important results was the conviction of these things being wrong, from seeing them and feeling their effects. I wholly gave up, on my own ground, attending all places of amusement. I saw they tended to promote evil; therefore, if I could attend them without being hurt myself, I felt that in entering them, I lent my aid to promote that which I was sure, from what I saw, hurt others, led many from the paths of rectitude and chastity, and brought them into much sin. I felt the vanity and folly of what are called the pleasures of this life, of which the tendency is, not to satisfy, but eventually to enervate and injure the heart and mind."

The world's gratitude is surely due to that Power which worked out such an issue in the heart of this girl of eighteen. Had she, like so many, been carried away as a votary of fashion, who shall say how long a time of waiting there might have been before those remarkable works of benevolence and philanthropy, for which her memory is blessed, would have been set on foot.

Turning thus away from the allurements of the world, she came more and more under the moulding influence of the Divine Spirit, and her mind became keenly alive to anything that was opposed to pure goodness and truth. When at Plymouth in 1798 with her father and sisters, an officer of marines invited the party to hear a very famous marine band. Elizabeth declined the invitation for herself, thinking it wrong to give any countenance to a thing by which men's feelings are inflamed for mutual destruction.

But the power that was working in her young heart was not negative only in its influence. Even as a child she had loved to seek the good and to soothe the sorrows of those around her; and now she became a diligent visitor among the sick and the poor, reading the Scriptures to them, relieving their needs, and comforting them in their troubles. She gathered and taught a school of poor children, which soon numbered seventy pupils, having to rely much on her own store of know-

ledge, as in those days suitable books and pictures were far from plentiful.

She became a diligent reader of the Scriptures; and under the convincing power of the Spirit of God, the truths of the Gospel were so effectually sealed upon her spirit, that scepticism fled away; the truth as it is in Jesus became very precious to her, and she soon saw that the place for her must be that of a true and consistent Friend. William Savery, a minister from America, was then in England, and his ministry exercised a powerful influence in bringing her to this decision. She found the path upon which she was entering to be indeed the way of the cross; but she also found it, as she pursued it faithfully, the way for winning the crown.

In 1800 Elizabeth Gurney was married to Joseph Fry, son of William Storrs Fry, of London; and settling in Mildred's Court, in the City, soon found abundant scope for the exercise of Christian charity and benevolence. Her busy domestic life, which became more and more busy as a large family of children grew up around her, never caused the interest she felt in the poor, the needy and the degraded to flag, and she spared neither purse nor strength in her endeavours to help them.

From the time when she was first brought under the control of religious conviction she had believed that she would be called to preach the gospel; but it was not until 1809, at the grave-side of her father, that she first spoke publicly in words of thanksgiving and praise. Her gift as a minister grew with faithful use, until her preaching came to be attended with a spiritual power which brought deep conviction to the hearts of her hearers. Her travels on gospel service were frequent and extensive, and the conspicuous position which she eventually occupied, as the result of her philanthropic labours, attracted many in the very highest ranks of society to see and to hear her. On the day when the Bible Society at Norwich was established, in 1811, a large company dined at Earlham Hall,

E. Fry was present, and, at table, was surrounded by six episcopal clergymen, three dissenting ministers, and many others. Before the cloth was removed she felt constrained to ask for silence, and to offer prayer for the divine blessing on those present, one of whom, in describing the occurrence, wrote :—" Her manner was so impressive and her words so appropriate that none present can ever forget the incident, or ever advert to it without emotions alike powerful and pleasing."

In 1809 Joseph Fry removed from Mildred's Court to a pleasant country residence at Plashet, in Essex, and the change was greatly appreciated by his wife, for whom it brought a return of some of the innocent enjoyments of earlier years, as she shared with her children the delights of the garden, the flowers, and the fields. But she was soon at work among the poor, many of whom of a very neglected class, lived not far off. She made arrangements for providing them with clothing and drugs, and in the winter months with good soup. She also established a school for the girls. With her own hand she vaccinated the children, and so successfully, that small-pox was scarcely ever known in the villages round.

In his Journal, under date 1839, Stephen Grellet, speaking of visits that he in company with William Forster paid to the prisoners in Newgate, says :—

"On going upstairs (in the women's wards) I was astonished beyond description at the mass of woe and misery I beheld. I found many very sick lying on the bare floor or on some old straw, having very scanty covering over them though it was quite cold ; and there were several children born in the prison among them, almost naked. On leaving that abode of wretchedness and misery, I went to Mildred's Court, to my much valued friend Elizabeth Fry, to whom I described out of the fulness of my heart what I had just beheld, stating also that something must be done immediately for those poor suffering children."

Such an appeal to a heart like that of E. Fry could not fail to win an immediate response. Not an hour passed before she sent for flannel, and collected a number of young women Friends, then numerous

enough in the City, who worked so heartily that the next day, in company with Anna Buxton (afterwards Anna Forster) for the first time she entered the gates of Newgate, laden with a bundle of garments for the naked children. Thus, through the devoted faithfulness of a brother in Christ, was that sphere of service opened to her, which she and not he could occupy, and in which she found what may rightly be called the great work of her life. What she saw in the prison led her and her companions into frequent visitation of its women's wards, out of which grew those plans for the amelioration of the condition of their wretched inmates, and, if it could be, for the reform of their morals, which in time, as the report of their wonderful success spread through the world, raised a chorus of approbation and praise, attracted numbers of all ranks to come and see the work for themselves, led to the formation of Ladies' Prison Visiting Societies, and resulted in a radical reform of prison management and discipline, which has marvellously changed for the better the condition of penal institutions throughout the civilized world.

But it was no easy task for the pioneers of this good work. The scenes which E. Fry and her associates witnessed were enough to make the most courageous and hopeful spirits among them quail. An eye witness thus described what she saw :—

"The railing was crowded with half naked women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. I felt as if I were going into a den of wild beasts, and I well recollect quite shuddering when the door closed upon me, and I was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions."

Another tells how

"One woman issued from the prison door yelling like a wild beast, and rushed round the area with her arm extended, tearing everything in the nature of a cap from the heads of the other women."

It was amid crowds of such beings (for it seems almost desecration to apply to them the name of women) that the Christlike work began, and that Elizabeth Fry,

in its very early stages, sometimes preferred to go alone. She was serving a beloved Master, who, she knew, was as mighty to save, as when in the days of His humanity, He had by His word so changed the raving demoniac, that he was found "sitting and clothed and in his right mind." Such a change must surely have come over many a once hopeless and degraded heart in Newgate, or a later eye witness, a gentleman well known to E. Fry, could not have written :—

"The courtyard into which I was admitted presented a scene where stillness and propriety reigned. I was conducted by a decently dressed person, the newly appointed yards-woman, to the door of a ward, where, at the head of a long table sat a lady belonging to the Society of Friends. She was reading aloud to about sixteen women prisoners, who were engaged in needlework. Each wore a clean looking blue apron and bib, with a ticket, having a number on it, suspended from the neck by a red tape. They all rose on my entrance, curtsied respectfully, and then at a signal given, resumed their seats and employment. Instead of a scowl, lear, or ill-suppressed laugh, I observed upon their countenances an air of self-respect and gravity, a sort of consciousness of their improved characters, and the altered position in which they were placed."

Space does not allow us to give details of this excellent work, which absorbed so much of the time and energies of E. Fry during the rest of her life. It brought her into much publicity and led to intercourse with many leading men in her own and other countries, to interviews with some of the crowned heads of Europe, as well as with royalty at home.

The absorbing interest of the prison work did not close her heart to various other calls of suffering and needy humanity. In 1819 the case of a little boy who, after vainly begging for relief and shelter, was found in the morning dead on a doorstep, in London, led to the institution, mainly through her exertions, of a "Shelter" for such destitute ones. Her health, which was not robust, required frequent periods of retirement and rest. At these times Brighton was often her resort; and, grieved at the sight of so many beggars in the streets and promenades, she succeeded in organizing a District

Visiting Society, which became a means of much good. There too the solitary Coastguardsman, on his look-out station, attracted her sympathy, and she undertook the great work of establishing libraries for these men in their many stations on the coasts of Great Britain ; and eventually six hundred such libraries, numbering in all 52,400 volumes, were provided. In all these works of benevolence she had the warmest sympathy and liberal help of her brothers.

In her service as a minister of the Gospel, sometimes in company with her brother Joseph John Gurney, at others with other fellow-labourers, she travelled through England, Scotland and Ireland, visiting and holding meetings ; and in 1838 she commenced a series of journeys on the European Continent, where her company was much sought after, and her Christian exhortations and devout prayers made deep impressions on persons of every rank. She was an invited visitor in several of the Royal families, and amongst many in high social and political positions, and many interviews and incidents of great interest mark the course of these travels, as related in her published biographies.

As the summer of 1845 advanced, the health of Elizabeth Fry evidently failed, and sea air being recommended, a house was taken at Ramsgate, which proved to be her last earthly home. During the three months she spent there her powers continued to fail. On the 11th of Tenth Month symptoms of paralysis appeared, and on the 13th, after some hours of unconsciousness, she sank into everlasting rest.

STEPHEN GRELLET.

On the 2nd of Eleventh Month, 1773, there was born in the City of Limoges a little boy, whose family and surroundings did not at all foreshadow the character of his mature life. This was Etienne de Grellet du Mabiller, familiarly known among Friends as Stephen Grellet. His father, Gabriel de Grellet, held a high place among the nobility of the district, as well as being engaged in lucrative commercial concerns. He and his family were Roman Catholics, but vital religion seems to have had no place in the household, so that beyond being required to share in formal observances, little Etienne was left uncared for in spiritual things. And yet he was not left altogether to himself, for when but a little child his heart was visited by the quickening Spirit of God, which brought him into tenderness and to tears, as he realized that the God whom he had been taught in the Lord's prayer to address as "Our Father," was indeed his Father, and cared for him and loved him. In early childhood, too, he learned the nature and the value of prayer. He was but six years old when one of his tutors inconsiderately imposed on him a long Latin lesson. Alone in his room and quite disheartened at his hard task, he looked through the window at the beautiful world outside, and thought, surely the God who made it all, cares for me and can help me. So, falling on his knees, he poured out his trouble before that loving Father, and begged for help : and the help he sought came to him, for on rising and resuming his work he

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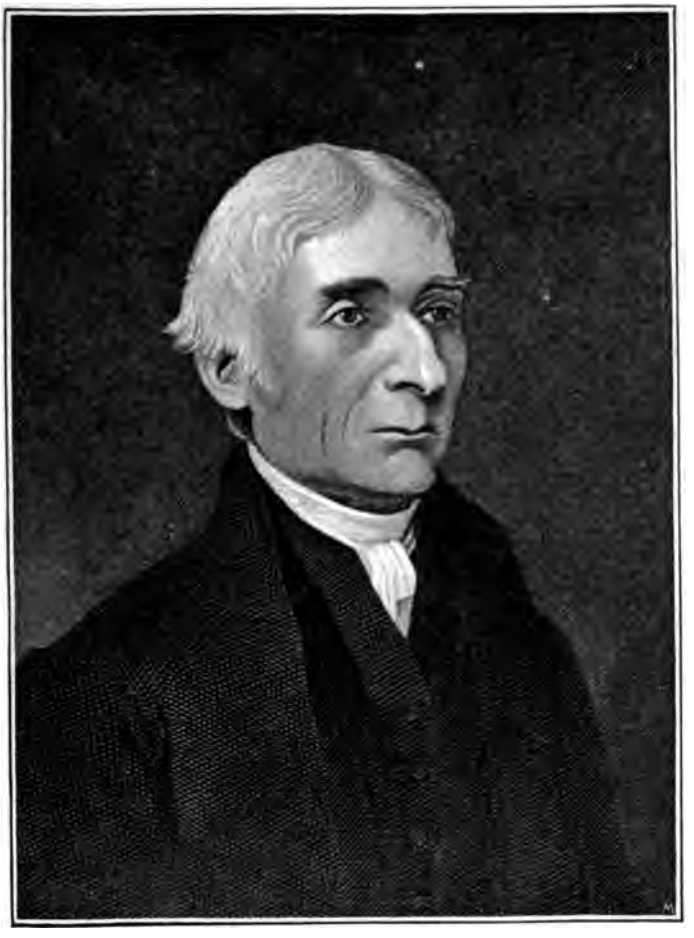


STEPHEN GRELLET.

soon mastered it, and from that time always found his lessons easier.

Visitations of heavenly love were continued to him as he grew up to boyhood, and as the time drew near when, according to the requirements of his church, he must be baptised by the priest, and again later on, when he must be confirmed by the bishop, he looked forward to these ceremonials, in expectation that they would bring help to him by mending his heart and making him less prone to sin; and great was his disappointment when he found that after them he was quite as ready as before to go astray, and learned that neither priest nor bishop could do for him what he needed in order that he might be made a child of God. He was but a boy when he was much instructed spiritually by something in the nature of a vision, in which he seemed to see washerwomen at work in the river Rhone, and how the linen, when submitted to all the pounding and beating they employed, became beautifully clean and white; and it was sealed on his mind that that was the kind of thing which he must spiritually pass through, in order that he might be made acceptable in the sight of God. Well might the youth wonder at this teaching, for none had ever told him of such things, and there was very little in the lives of any about him to indicate that such thoughts had place in their hearts.

As the years of boyhood passed away and he was more and more introduced into gay, frivolous, and dissipated society, it is not wonderful that because iniquity abounded around him, the love of God in the heart of this young French nobleman grew cold, and that, stifling his better convictions, he was carried away by vanity and frivolity, cast away all the restraints of religion, and became a hardened infidel, an avowed disciple of Voltaire. And now the awful scourge of the Revolution came upon France, under which the Grellet family suffered, as all the nobility did. Etienne and his brother Joseph joined the army of the Princes in 1791, and for two years shared in the hardships and the

changing fortunes of military service. Though often exposed to great danger, and at times narrowly escaping with his life, yet being in a reserve corps he was never actually engaged in battle, and thus was able in after life to rejoice in the certain knowledge that he had never shed the blood of a fellow-man. Eventually he and his brother Joseph were made prisoners of war, and were ordered to be shot. Whilst they were momentarily expecting the execution of the sentence, some commotion among the troops enabled them to effect their escape. Making their way to Amsterdam they took ship for Demarara, and after two years spent there in commercial pursuits they were induced, by a false alarm of the approach of a French fleet, at once to leave everything and sail for the United States, where, after a voyage full of danger, they landed and settled on Long Island.

Stephen Grellet was now twenty-two years old, and was still in the depths of infidelity. But words spoken by the Lord respecting Saul of Tarsus might even then, though he little suspected it, have been applied to him, —"he is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My name before rulers and kings and the people of Israel;" and a renewal of the visitation of the Holy Spirit was near at hand. He writes:—

"One evening as I was walking in the fields alone, my mind being under no kind of religious concern, nor in the least excited by anything I had heard or thought of, I was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be an awful voice, proclaiming the words Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! It reached my soul; my whole man shook; it brought me, like Saul, to the gronnd. The great depravity and sinfulness of my heart were set open before me; I was made bitterly to cry out, 'If there is no God, doubtless there is a hell; I found myself in the midst of it. * * * I remained almost whole days and nights in prayer that the Lord would have mercy upon me.'"

Thus in a moment, without any human means, but by the direct and living voice of the Spirit of God, was the darkness driven out of that proud young heart, and the hardened infidel, brought low under that mighty power, became a humble suppliant for mercy, and an

earnest seeker after God. And under the same power, with very little of human instrumentality, the blessed work went forward, and one who had found his heart unchanged after submitting to an outward ordinance, now, under the spiritual baptism of the Lord Jesus Christ, was made a "new creation," old things passed away, and all things became new.

S. Grellet first came into contact with Friends soon after this remarkable experience, through being invited to attend a meeting held by Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young, who were then travelling in Long Island. The influences upon him of this meeting and of an interview with the two Friends afterwards, induced him to become an attender of a small Friends' meeting in the neighbourhood, which greatly promoted the work of grace in his heart. Yet the meeting was habitually silent, and he was utterly untaught in divine truth, never having seen a Bible till after his sudden conversion. How could a silent meeting be profitable to such an one? Only because he employed the silence in "feeling after the influences of the Holy Spirit": and those influences were as powerful as they were real. Of one meeting in which he rejoiced to have his brother's companionship, he writes:—

"Very soon after sitting down, great was the reverence and awfulness that came before me. Then such a view of my past life was brought before me that I was ready to cry, 'Woe is me for I am undone!' The nearer I drew to Him 'Who dwelleth in the light,' the more clearly I saw my sinfulness. But this sorrow was followed by heavenly joy, when it was revealed to me that Christ was able to save me. I saw Him to be the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. * * * I felt faith in His atoning blood quickening my soul, giving me to believe that it was He who could wash me from my many pollutions, and deliver me from death and destruction. Then the secret pleading of my soul was answered with the language, 'Thy sins are forgiven; thine iniquities are pardoned.' And my full heart found relief in many tears."

Thus the good work went on, and before twelve months had passed it had become the absorbing desire of his heart in all things to know, that he might give

himself up in willing obedience to do, the will of the Lord, and he had begun occasionally to speak a few words in the meeting, with so much evidence of being rightly called to do so, that he was recorded as a minister, soon after being received as a member with Friends.

It was in 1797, at the age of twenty-four, and before he had been recorded as a minister, that S. Grellet first felt himself called to leave his home as an evangelist, travelling and distributing Bibles and religious books amongst the poorer class of people in some parts of New Jersey. Henceforward his life became more and more that of a missionary, who received his commission from time to time direct from the Lord Himself through the Holy Spirit, and looked for no other direction in his work than that which came to him by the revealing of his Master's will in the secret of his heart. He was confined by no limits of any narrow parish, for his work lay wherever his Lord bid him go; and so, as years went by, first in his own near neighbourhood, and then in extensive journeys in the United States, Canada, and the West Indies; and afterwards, crossing the Atlantic for four separate and lengthened visits to Great Britian, Ireland, and all parts of the Continent of Europe; at times in weariness and painfulness, in fastings and in watchings, in much sorrow at the sadness and sinfulness and suffering that he witnessed, yet made a messenger of hope and peace and comfort to hungry souls wherever he went, he travelled from land to land, from city to city, preaching the gospel of the love of God in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the remedy for sin, and for the evils and the sufferings which sin works in the world.

To Stephen Grellet there was great reality in the promises and assurances of the Bible. "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye," came to him as an undoubted assurance of blessed and safe guidance. "I am the light of the world. He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life," coming from the lips of his dear Lord and Master, com-

pelled his fullest acceptance. And so we find him writing :—

"Surely my hand may sooner forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than for me to forget the safety, the blessedness, of the leadings of the Lord's Spirit, or ever cease to testify thereof as a part of the glorious dispensation of the gospel."

Very varied were the ways in which the manifestation of the Lord's will and way came to him. It was quite early in his missionary life, that, whilst feeling that the Lord was calling him out into service, he was troubled because he could not see where the service was to be, until he learned that John Hall, a minister from England, was on his way to America, when he at once felt that it would be as his companion that he was to go forth. When John Hall met him soon after landing, he took him by the hand and told him that he was the identical man whom, when out at sea, he had seen with spiritual vision as the one appointed for his companion. Thus the two were prepared for each other during journeys of thousands of miles.

Whilst he was engaged in New Jersey in 1798, the yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia. Sitting in a room alone, with mind retired before the Lord, S. Grellet was suddenly seized with violent pain, and a voice seemed to say to him, "This is the manner in which those who are seized with the yellow fever are affected. Thou must return to the city and attend on the sick, and thus also shall the disease take hold on thee." His soul answered, "Thy will be done," and the pain passed away. Immediately proceeding to the stricken city, he devoted himself to the sick and dying ; but after a few days he was taken with the fever and came so near to death that a coffin was ordered, and in the daily list of the victims "a French Quaker" was set down. He was, however, still entirely conscious, and had turned on one side, as he thought, to die, feeling "already encircled by the angelic host in the heavenly presence, when a secret but powerful language seemed proclaimed in his heart, thou shalt

not die, but live; thy work is not yet done." Then the corners of the earth over seas and lands were opened to him, where he would have to labour in the service of the Gospel of Christ; and in a few days he recovered. In this remarkable way was the first intimation given him of future journeys in Europe.

In the course of one of those journeys his route lay from France into Italy. On his way to secure a sea passage, suddenly a sense of great darkness hanging over Italy, and of bright light over Switzerland, came so powerfully over him, that he retraced his steps and arranged to go at once to Geneva, assured that the light was the light of the Lord. Arriving there, he found remarkable service awaiting him among Protestant clergy and others who were falling away from the true faith; whilst in Italy whither he had thought to go, the door must have been closed against him, overrun as it was just at that time by the recently defeated soldiery of Napoleon.

Yet again his path lay from France, where, through the envy of priests, the authorities had been stirred up against him. By two roads the journey could be made, by a wild and dangerous mountain track, and by the well ordered high road. The light shone along the rocky pass, and by that he safely gained his goal, learning that gensdarmes sent to arrest him, enquiring from town to town along the better road, had heard nothing of him, and given up the pursuit. Was it not the light of life and safety that he was following? So too, when, one evening in Geneva, he was present with a large company engaged in religious conversation, and all unknown to him a gentleman quietly came in and joined them. Suddenly a hush of solemn silence fell on them all, and S. Grellet felt called to plead earnestly with some one present, who, he was given to feel, was meditating suicide, to turn from the dread purpose, and to seek for comfort in the gospel of Jesus Christ. It was some time afterwards that he heard of the stranger coming in on a sudden impulse, as he was on his way to the lake,

resolved to drown himself; and that through his earnest pleadings he had been rescued from his dark intent, and was then rejoicing in the faith of a Christian.

His confidence in this sure guidance was yet more closely tested when one day, at home in New Jersey, he felt a strong prompting to go out into the forest for some service awaiting him, what, he did not know. He walked some distance and saw nothing to indicate what he should do, till he came to a woodman's shanty, and felt that that was the place. Entering, he found it empty, and no one was in sight outside, but some tools lay near the door. What could he do in an empty room? Only lift up his heart to learn his Master's will; and doing this, a message sprang in his mind. How absurd to preach to logs and boards! But to him to see the light was to obey its pointing, so he preached a long sermon, and then, waiting in silence, felt that his work was done, and returned home, and often pondered this strange affair. Had he been deceived? Years afterwards, when walking with a friend over London Bridge, a gentleman seized his hand, saying, "I have found you at last;" and recalling the circumstance to his remembrance, said, "I was at work in those woods, and came to fetch those tools you saw; and, surprised at hearing someone speaking, I listened to all you said. I was a swearing, godless fellow, but your sermon went to my heart, and wrought my conversion, and now I am a missionary for Jesus Christ." It was surely the "light of life" that had led Stephen Grellet that day.

It was doubtless a result of his faithful following of so sure a guidance that in his many and extensive missionary journeys S. Grellet found his path of service remarkably prepared before him, and an extraordinary degree of openness to receive his Christian teaching, and that amongst all classes. Emperor and king, prince and princess, Pope of Rome and Greek Metropolitan, Roman Catholic priests and nuns, and Protestant clergy, crowds of negro slaves, and of French peasants, and companies of ladies of high rank in Russia and elsewhere, received

him and hung upon his words, and freely and from their hearts acknowledged that they were indeed words of the truth of God. So that he could write in his journal :—

"Many are ready to gather to the standard of truth from among all the varied denominations and ranks. I have been with rich and poor, princes and princesses, Protestant ministers and Popish priests, all speaking but one language, not upholding forms and ceremonies, but Christ and His Spirit."

In Russia, accompanied by his dear friend William Allen, he had repeated interviews with the Emperor Alexander, who talked with them with the greatest openness of his spiritual experience, and willingly entered into their desires for the improvement of schools and the reform of prison management. The Crown Prince of Bavaria sent for him and with tears confessed his strong convictions for sin, and was pointed to the Saviour of sinners. The King embraced him as he bade him farewell. The King of Wirtemberg, in deep grief at the loss of his queen, held him by the hands, whilst great tears rolled down his cheeks as he listened to his consoling gospel message. In Rome he obtained an interview with the Pope, Pius VII., who treated him with marked respect, entered feelingly into his representations of the need of reform in the treatment of prisoners, listened with bowed head to his faithful Christian exhortations, and in taking leave of him desired that the Lord would bless and protect him wherever he went.

Of his abundant labours in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland little can be said here. It was direct from his visit to the women's wards in Newgate prison, where he found many sick, in wretchedness and almost unclothed, and naked babes born in the prison, that he went to his friend Elizabeth Fry with that tale of sorrow, which led her into the wonderful work of Christian philanthropy for which her memory is so highly honoured.

At the age of seventy-four Stephen Grellet's failing health brought his activity of service to a close, and for

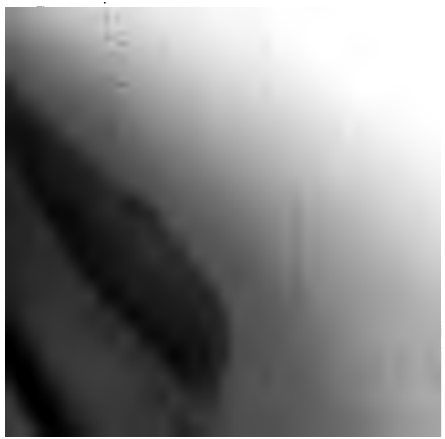
the remaining seven years he could never leave his home at night. Acute suffering was borne with beautiful patience. His spirit retained all its brightness, and when he could attend meetings, his ministry still grew in life and power. As life drew towards its close his peace flowed as a river; and in the fulness of that peace his spirit entered into everlasting rest on the 16th of Eleventh Month, 1855.

ELIZA PAUL GURNEY.

E. P. Gurney was the fifth daughter of Joseph and Mary Paul Kirkbride, of Philadelphia, where she was born on the 6th of Fourth Month, 1801. Her mother died when she was but six years old, yet she had a very bright and happy childhood in a beautiful home on the banks of the Delaware. She was devotedly fond of her father, and though so young at the time, she felt the keenest sympathy with him in his intense sorrow at the sudden death of her mother. At nine years old she went to the Friends' School at West Town, near Philadelphia, where her bright and lovable disposition made her a general favourite. She was, too, very conscientious, and tenderly susceptible to religious impressions.

Soon after her father's death in 1817, the family home was broken up, and she went to reside with an older sister, Frances M. Shoemaker. Later on she became an inmate in the family of her sister Harriet Howell; and afterwards lived with her uncle Joseph Paul, who acted the part of a loving father to her until his death in 1829.

In 1827 she entered into an engagement for marriage with John K. Howell, a young man of fine character and promise, and attractive social qualities, and thus a very bright prospect seemed opening before her. But the pleasant picture was clouded over and spoiled by his lingering illness and death the following year, and E. P. Kirkbride was left feeling very desolate. In the deep distress of her heart she wrote :—



——"Life's every charm has fled ;
The world is all a wilderness to me ;
For thou art numbered with the silent dead ! "

It was long before she could rise above her deep sorrow ; yet she was able at length to acknowledge, like one long ago, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted," and to feel that infinite mercy had been mingled with the bitter cup.

In 1830 E. P. Kirkbride first met with Hannah Chapman Backhouse, then engaged in a religious visit in the United States, who wrote of her as "a gay, animated young person, who, through a succession of afflictions, had become quite serious." They were powerfully drawn together by the attraction of mutual sympathy, growing into the closest friendship, in which the strong character of H. C. Backhouse, combined with her reverential love and lowly self-surrender to her Lord and Redeemer, was very influential in directing the course of active Christian service into which her young friend was now drawn, as she became first her travelling companion, and later on, with the unity of the Friends of her Meeting (that of Twelfth Street, Philadelphia), her associate for more than three years in the arduous service in which she was engaged. These were years of great privilege and blessing to E. P. Kirkbride, and were largely instrumental in leading her forward towards the position which, in after years, she so worthily and faithfully occupied as a gifted minister of the gospel.

In 1830 she came to England on a visit to H. C. Backhouse [illegible] in gospel service in Scotland, [illegible] Again, in 1840, she became [illegible] mily at Darling- [illegible] eeting, by which [illegible] the life of Joseph [illegible] religious visit in [illegible] boured much in [illegible] ne in that city [illegible] e John Paul.

intance thus grew up between them, which, by intercourse in England, ripened into an engage- for marriage, and they were united in that holy the Tenth Month, 1841.

e spirit of heaviness which former years of w had brought upon E. P. Gurney was now re- d by a cup filled to overflowing with the richest ngs. The change, blessed as it was, introduced to new and high duties and responsibilities. As wife of Joseph J. Gurney, and mistress of his house, was called to act with the holy consistency befitting tian minister, under circumstances to which her ous experience afforded little, if any, parallel. Yet ue Christian refinement of her character, and her intellectual capacity, combined with quiet, childlike and humble yet assured trust in Him who said, grace is sufficient for thee," enabled her, by a iour simple, yet dignified, and devoid of all ition, by genuine kindliness of manner, by habitual hiness," and by the warmth of her affections, quickly to win the loving admiration and respect of the various members of the large family circle into which she had entered.

She became her husband's devoted companion in some of his extensive travels, sharing with him the burdens and the joys of his religious service, and was with him in his interviews with Louis Philippe and his queen, and with other eminent personages. It was she, in all probability, who "clinched the nail" of total abstinence for her husband and the Earlham household; and perhaps it is due to her gentle but earnest stimulus that some of his best known writings were not withheld from completion and publication.

For all too short a span was the blessed companionship suffered to continue, and in the early days of 1847 E. P. Gurney, with but short warning, found herself a widow, very solitary and very desolate. Yet her stricken heart found relief in humble submission and continued faithfulness to duty. But the charm of her

lovely English home was dispelled, the tie that bound her to it was broken, as she wrote,—

> . . . . "The radiance was not dim
> That used to gild his favourite hill;
> The pleasures that were dear to him,
> Were dear to life and nature still;
> The life was gone, the breath had fled;
> And what had been no more could be;
> The well-known form, the welcome tread,—
> O! where were they, and where was he?"

and in 1848 she returned to America, and made her home in a pleasant residence at West Hill, near Burlington, New Jersey, where still lived Stephen Grellet, John Cox, Richard Mott, and other congenial Friends, and where she was within easy access of Philadelphia and its wider circle.

In 1855, believing that the Lord had work for her in Europe, she returned to England, and took up her abode for nearly three years at Earlham-road, near Norwich, in the house which had recently been the home of William Forster. An extended visit to the Vaudois Valleys and North Italy, and to the Friends in the South of France occupied the autumn of 1856, and part of the following year was devoted to similar service in Switzerland and Germany, her kind and helpful companions being Robert and Christine Alsop. Together they had interesting interviews with the widow of the Duke of Orleans, the Dowager Empress of Russia, (widow of the Emperor Nicholas), and with the King of Prussia.

In the Eighth Month, 1858, E. P. Gurney finally left England, and settled again for the twenty-two remaining years of her life at West Hill. These were not years of inactivity. She used hospitality without stint, and great was the privilege of those who shared it; and amongst the brightest memories of some of her guests and young relatives are those of days or of weeks spent with her. During the heat of the summers she usually retired to Earlham Lodge, a seaside residence at Atlantic City, on the New Jersey coast.

e was then no established meeting of Friends
ne City, and it was her practice when staying
open her rooms for public worship after the
of Friends. These meetings were attended by
umbers of Friends and other seaside visitors, a
rful attraction being found in her ministry, which
very impressive and reaching in its character.

I can hardly tell thee," she writes in 1866, "what these
gs are to me. Both our large parlours and the hall packed
every First Day morning, and myself feeling as though it
impossible for one so poor and weak to be made an
nent in feeding the multitude. But I am bound in
de to say that the great Minister of ministers makes
f known amongst us, blesses the bread and breaks it, and
ends to employ one of the most unworthy of His servants
it to the almost famished ones, of whom there are not a
this vicinity, weary of forms and panting for the
e."

P. Gurney was also, during these years,
ntly engaged in travels on gospel errands, in which
isited most of the Yearly Meetings in America.

During the fearful struggle which led to the downfall of slavery in the United States, her feelings were drawn with a depth of sympathy, not easy to describe, towards the President, Abraham Lincoln. Implicitly believing in the safe and wise guidance of the Spirit of Truth, she waited patiently and prayerfully till she should be shown that the appointed time for the expression of that sympathy had arrived. When, in the autumn of 1862, the evidence of this was sealed upon her spirit, receiving the encouragement of Friends to whom she made known her feelings, and accompanied by some of them, she went to Washington. It was a very critical time in the conflict, and the President and all his subordinates were overwhelmed with work. No wonder then that their enquiries for an interview with the President were met by the assurance that such a thing was entirely impossible. Wherever they turned the way seem barred against them ; and the query arose in E. P. Gurney's heart, had she been mistaken ? But

with spiritual vision she had seen that which was not misleading her, and the answer to her earnest cry for help was clearly the command to go forward. Then an intimate friend of the President was named to the little band, as being the one man who, if any one, could obtain for them the desired opportunity. To his house they at once repaired, only to learn that he was four hundred miles away, at Harrisburg, on important business. Again the "great iron gate" seemed to close against them. The following day, as they walked in the city, unable to see any door opening for them, to their great surprise they suddenly confronted the President's friend, and at once laid their case before him. With an exclamation of astonishment, he said, "Well, now I can understand it. Yesterday I was engaged in Harrisburg, and there came over me so strong an impulse at once to return home, for what purpose I had no idea, that I left everything, and came right here." He went immediately to the White House, and, returning shortly, conducted E. P. Gurney and her friends thither; and, in an interview lasting three quarters of an hour, she was able to express the feelings and desires of her heart, and to offer a solemn prayer for the President and for their country. The great man was deeply moved, and acknowledged with much feeling his gratitude for the visit. This he repeated some time afterwards in the subjoined letter which he wrote to E. P. Gurney : and that he prized the intercourse between them is evidenced by the fact that in the breast pocket of the coat which he wore at the time of his assassination was found a letter which E. P. Gurney had written to him after their interview.

Executive Mansion, Washington, Sept. 4, 1864.

ELIZA P. GURNEY.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—

I have not forgotten—probably never shall forget—the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago. Nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all it has

been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolation; and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile, we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great end He ordains. Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay.

Your people—the Friends—have had and are having a very great trial. On principle and faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do the best I could and can, in my own conscience under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not; and, believing it, I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

Your sincere friend,

A. LINCOLN.

The declining years of E. P. Gurney were marked by much physical weakness, not the least of her trials being an affection of the eyes, which debarred her from either reading or writing much. She was tenderly watched over by a circle of beloved younger relatives who sought thus to express some of the deep love they felt for her. She died at West Hill on the 8th of Eleventh Month, 1881, in her eighty-first year.

[*From a photo by Bennett, London.*]

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

THE family of Gurney (formerly Gournay and Gourney) dates back in this country to a house of Norman barons at the time of the Conquest, who became possessors of rich estates in Norfolk. The present family trace direct descent from John Gourney, born in that county in 1655, who as early as 1678 was connected with the then oppressed and persecuted Quakers. Joseph John Gurney was the tenth child of John Gurney of Earlham, a man of great activity and energy, and united with and highly esteeming the Society of Friends, who married Catherine Bell, of Stamford Hill, whose mother was a granddaughter of Robert Barclay, the Apologist. C. Gurney died in 1792, leaving a family of eleven children, of whom Joseph John was the youngest but one, and about four years old. Happily his oldest sister Catherine was remarkably fitted to take a maternal position in the family, and her care and influence over Joseph were richly blessed to him.

One of his sisters writes of him :—

"My first recollections of our dearest brother are those of a lovely boy, who from his great beauty and sweetness of disposition and manner was a very gratifying child to his mother. He was so quick that he learned French words almost as soon as he could speak at all ; full of tender feeling, of love, and gentleness, and possessing a temper which nothing could irritate or render fretful. He was always studious and fond of reading, and had a real taste for his lessons, to which he applied with industry. As he grew older he became more and more delightful to his father and brothers and sisters. He was fond of joining the latter in their schemes of benevolence, and frequently accompanied them in their visits to the poor." He says himself :—"I was by no means insensible, in early life, to religious considerations ; being no stranger, from the first opening of my mental faculties, to those precious visitations of divine love, which often draw the young mind to its Creator and melt it into tenderness."

At about nine years of age he and his older brother Samuel were sent to a boarding school in Norwich, kept by one Simon Browne, and when fifteen, in 1803, he went with his cousin, Gurney Barclay, to Oxford, where, under John Rogers, a private tutor, to whom he soon became warmly attached, he pursued his studies "with a delightful relish," and worked hard, and the good intellectual promise of his childhood was abundantly fulfilled.

He was scarcely seventeen when he left Oxford and entered upon a position under his father in the bank at Norwich, thus again, to his great joy and profit, becoming a member of the home circle. He continued his studies however with much avidity and success.

When J. J. Gurney was but just twenty-one, in the autumn of 1809, John Gurney died, leaving him as a partner in the bank, and as his father's representative at Earlham. Under new and grave responsibilities, he keenly felt the loss of such a parent; "but religion had already taught him that relief and comfort were to be found, not in nursing his grief, but in zealously turning his mind to the performance of duty."

He was now becoming more and more attracted towards the principles of Friends, and the example of his sisters, Elizabeth Fry and Priscilla Gurney, who were decided Friends, and both became ministers of the Gospel, confirmed his growing convictions. The progress of religion with him had seemed to keep pace with the growth of his natural faculties, and he could never recall any definite turning point which he could regard as the time of his conversion. But now spiritual conviction became more and more powerful with him, and led him into paths which it required firm resolve and much self-denial to follow, the more so as the views adopted by some members of the family to whom he was very warmly attached led them in very different directions. Finally he became fully satisfied of the accordance of the profession of Friends with the precepts of the New Testament, and cast in his lot with the Society,

and became, both as a preacher and a writer, a powerful advocate of the truth as they hold it. A diligent student of the Scriptures, he regarded their frequent use as of the first importance, and it was largely due to his influence in after years, that the Bible came to be more universally distributed and more habitually read in schools and families amongst Friends.

It was at the age of twenty-nine that he first spoke a few words as a minister, at the little meeting of Lynn. The remembrance of the quiet flow of happiness which followed continued with him for many years. As the gift grew in him until he became an attractive and powerful minister of the Gospel, it was his very earnest concern, that he might use it only under "the anointing" of the Holy Spirit, and that he might be kept from moving in it in any sense of self-will or self-sufficiency. "How vain," he writes, "would be my own efforts to minister, without the command." He was recorded as a minister by Norwich Monthly Meeting in 1818.

It would be scarcely possible in words so few as can be used here, to convey a just estimate of the remarkable power and pathos that often attended his ministry, both in public and in family gatherings. Believing so entirely as he did in the guidance of the Spirit of truth, he was not unfrequently led to recall to his hearers their past and often hidden experiences, as though he had himself personally known them; and even at times, with a true prophet's foresight, to unfold what was awaiting them in the future, and as the occasion required, to offer to them the truths, the promises, the consolations and the warnings of the Gospel.

In 1817 he married Jane Birkbeck, daughter of John Birkbeck, of Lynn. They had known each other from early childhood, and she, like himself, had become a decided Friend from conviction. It was about this time that J. J. Gurney became more nearly acquainted with Jonathan Hutchinson, of Gedney, a respectable Lincolnshire yeoman, "a man under whose remarkably simple and unadorned appearance lay hidden a thought-

ful and well cultured mind, and a heart subdued and chastened by the power of divine grace"; a Friend and a minister of the Gospel. A very close intimacy grew up between them, leading to intercourse and correspondence of the deepest interest to both.

Good social position and high mental cultivation brought J. J. Gurney into near intimacy, and in some instances into close friendship with not a few men who took leading positions in works of philanthropy in literature and in public life. The high value which he placed upon the Scriptures led him to enter warmly into the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, when its Norfolk and Norwich branch was established in 1811; and the occasions of its annual meetings thenceforward for many years became times of the deepest interest to him, when he extended the hospitalities of Earlham Hall to large companies of choice and kindred spirits, often differing in religious views and associations, yet bound together by the one common object.

Amongst those who came to be numbered as his personal friends were William Wilberforce, Charles Simeon, Dr. Chalmers, Legh Richmond, John Cunningham, Lord Suffield, the Bishop of Norwich, and many others. A very close bond united him with his brother-in-law Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who married his sister, Hannah Gurney, both of them sharing heartily in the anti-slavery agitation which occupied so much of the public and parliamentary career of the latter. William Forster too was counted among his dearest friends; with him he was on terms of the closest religious fellowship. He entered with earnest sympathy into the efforts of his sister, Elizabeth Fry, for the reform of prison discipline, and became closely united with her in that good work; this also brought him into association with some of "the excellent of the earth."

But it is in the leading position which he occupied in the Society of Friends that he is best remembered.

His commercial responsibility, which at times weighed heavily upon him, and his widespread social connexion, might have proved powerfully antagonistic to his faithfulness to the high religious profession which he shared in, and to his service as a minister of the gospel, had he not been so much a man of watchfulness unto prayer, and of communion in spirit with the Lord. It was his continued and earnest endeavour to live out his Christianity. He believed most fully that the Lord, by the light of the Holy Spirit, does make known His will to the spiritual consciousness of those who strive to follow Him; and under that safe and blessed prompting and guidance he laboured much in varions parts of Great Britain and Ireland, on the Continent of Europe, and in America and the West Indies, in the service of the Gospel. His labours lay to a large extent amongst Friends, yet were by no means confined to them. In Europe he visited many in high rank, and had personal interviews with Louis Philippe and his queen, the kings and queens of Holland, of Denmark, and of Wurtemberg, and the king of Prussia. In America he had interviews with many leading men of the United States, and held a religious meeting in the Legislative Hall, at Washington, with officers of the Government and members of Congress, a large number of whom, including the President, attended; and he received at its close warm and appreciative greetings from Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and many others.

His visit to the United States, Canada, and the West Indies occupied him for three years, from 1837 to 1840. Circumstances prevailed amongst Friends in some parts of America at that time, which rendered it no light matter for one occupying a position of so much influence in the Society to cast in his lot for a time among them, and in the course of his service, whilst there was much to cheer and encourage him, there was not a little to try and to distress. He had been no stranger to difficulties amongst Friends in his own country, and probably the foremost part which he had taken in the endeavour, rightly to meet and remove

furnished him with something of a training
watchfully and wisely amid those which he had
encounter.

a writer, J. J. Gurney rendered much service to
e of vital Christianity as well as to his own
is body. His work on the "*Distinguishing Views*
Society of Friends," his "*Portable Evidences of*
nity," "*Essays on Christianity*," "*Letter on*
uthority of Christianity," and "*Thoughts on*
and Discipline," are well known and have been
valued.

J. Gurney was thrice married. As stated above,
t wife was Jane Birkbeck, of Lynn. She was the
of his two children, John Henry, and Anna who
John Church Backhouse, of Darlington, and
eath occurred under very affecting circumstances
board in the Mediterranean. In 1827 he married
wler, youngest daughter of Robert Fowler, of
n. This union was severed by her death in
and in 1841 he was united with Eliza Paul
bride, whose acquaintance he had made in America,
and who survived him for many years.

The attachment between himself and his children was peculiarly close and tender, yet was not allowed to put aside their entire submission, in their earlier years, to his parental authority. In some "Recollections" of her father, written by his daughter after his death, speaking of her brother and herself, she says :—

"On our part we were excessively fond of our father; at the same time *his word was law;* it never entered our minds, I believe, openly to disobey him, and I am reported to have been in the habit of informing visitors that 'papa required implicit obedience.' We were very little children when he began occasionally to take us into his study for times of religious retirement and prayer. After sitting a short time in silence, he would often kneel down and pour forth his prayers in the most simple words he could use. . . . As soon as we could read, it was our daily office to read a psalm to him in the early morning. Deeply serious and attentive was his countenance at these times. The subject of prayer he continually pressed on our attention, begging us to be most regular in reading the Scriptures to ourselves in

private, morning and evening, and in endeavouring to wait upon the Lord. . . . I think he had a peculiar sympathy with children, and there was something almost indescribable in his gentleness towards us, even when reproving us. As we grew up, and as our intimacy with him deepened, we saw in himself, I think I may say, a striking exemplification of his own views."

On the 22nd of Twelfth Month, 1846, when returning from a meeting in the interests of the Norwich poor, his horse fell and threw him; and though no serious consequences seemed at the time to attend the accident, it was probably the exciting cause of his last illness and death. On the following First-day afternoon, as he knelt in solemn prayer at the close of the meeting at Norwich, the deep and touching pathos of his voice, and the earnestness of his appeal caused a thrilling sensation in many hearts, and the question arose "Can it be possible that that voice will never more be heard within these walls"? Yet it was even so. The next day his strength seemed to fail, and he reached home from a Committee much exhausted; and it soon became evident that but few days here remained for him. "So easily sloped, so gently smoothed, was his passage to the silent tomb, that it might truly be said death had no sting, the grave no victory," and on the 4th of First Month, so gently and peacefully did he pass away, that the feeling of irreparable loss to those nearest to him seemed absorbed in their assurance of the fullness of his joy.

The late W. J. Allinson, Editor of the Philadelphia *Friends' Review*, in speaking of the friendship between J. J. Gurney and Wm. Forster, says:—

"In early manhood he (W. F.) was enriched with a friendship, in value far transcending the favour of princes. It was with one like Daniel, 'a man greatly beloved,' and blessed by Heaven with intellectual and spiritual gifts the most extraordinary, with personal qualities which *must* win love intense, with a temporal stewardship which few could worthily occupy, and (how could it be otherwise in such a world?) *with persecutions*. A man who by his authorship, by his ministry, by his *acting out* Christianity, attained a position more prominent than any other Friend of our day, and who would be the first and brightest mark selected by the historian as the representative of Quakerism in the nineteenth century."

DANIEL PRYOR HACK.

Daniel Pryor Hack was the son of Daniel and Sarah Hack, and was born at Brighton in 1794.

Playfellows of his early days have told of his gentleness and courtesy in the games they played together in his grandmother's garden at Hertford. One of these, who still lives, speaks also of the impression made on her mind, that he was even then acquainted with prayer. Like many who have afterwards become ministers, he used sometimes to gather his playfellows together to preach to them, and this not in a spirit of fun, but reverently. At the age of eight he was sent to school at Rochester, and though he had a good deal to bear from the older scholars, the religious impressions remained, and he and some of the little boys used to talk together when they were in bed on things relating to their everlasting good.

Before he was fourteen he went to Chelmsford as an apprentice with a Friend, a draper. It was a heavy country trade, involving some pretty hard work, and he had also peculiar difficulties to encounter; but he found encouragement in his religious course from some of the members of that large meeting, with whom he made friendships which lasted to the end of life. The correspondence he carried on with his grandmother, Mary Pryor, had also a great influence upon him for good. His earnest desires after holiness are shown by occasional entries in his pocket-book. In 1809 he writes:—"Oh that I might not take up my rest short of giving my whole heart to God, and being willing to follow Christ Jesus." Later in his apprenticeship he writes:—"May the Father of mercies condescend to afflict me by any

dispensation He sees meet, till I am able in sincerity to say, 'Not my will but Thine be done.'"

At the age of twenty he was drawn for the local militia, and refusing to serve, or to pay the fine imposed, he was, with some other Friends, committed to prison for a month. Treated with all the consideration a gaol permitted, his affectionate heart still felt keenly the separation from his friends, and he was not insensible to the loss of liberty. The first evening he was much cast down. Soon, however, peace returned, and when he heard the watchman on his round, cry "All's well," his heart responded, "Yes, all is well."

In 1815 he returned home to devote himself to the interests of his father's business, which had been brought, owing to his failing health and the unfaithfulness of a foreman, to the verge of ruin. Assisted by his younger brother, he threw into the management of the concern the energy and business-power which characterized him; but just as he was rejoicing in his parents being relieved from anxiety, his beloved mother was removed by death, and his only remaining sister, a bright and lively girl of seventeen, shortly followed her.

Although so much rested upon him at this period of his life, D. P. Hack found time to unite with a fellow-townsman in conducting an adult evening class. He also constantly attended the week-day meeting, which throughout life was highly prized by him, and nothing that could possibly be avoided was allowed to come in the way of that hallowed hour.

In 1819 he married. Some time previously a minister from a distance had taken him aside, and assured him of his belief that the Lord would Himself provide a help-meet for him—a promise which was abundantly fulfilled in his marriage with Eliza Carter. They resided at the business house, and the charge of D. P. Hack's invalid father, together with the care of a number of young men, rested much upon her. In 1827, however, his conscience being uneasy with some departments of the business, D. P. Hack retired from it just as

it was becoming profitable. He did so, intending, if the way opened, to take a business in the country; but while waiting, as he was accustomed to do, for clear guidance, circumstances arose which rendered it unnecessary for him to return to commercial life. The feeble health from which he suffered must have made this release from business cares the more welcome; but the experience he had had both in his apprenticeship and also as a master for ten or twelve years, had prepared him to enter into the circumstances of those in like positions, and thus largely contributed to fit him for usefulness in philanthropic work, and as an adviser of others in business matters.

The call to preach the gospel came to him early, and in 1823, the year of his father's death, he was recorded a minister.

Although his predilections were for a country life, he continued to reside in his native town. D. P. and E. Hack enjoyed much intercourse with relatives and Friends who frequented Brighton; the interests of the Church also claimed much of their time, and they became connected with many of the philanthropic and educational institutions of the town. A passage from the Testimony respecting D. P. Hack, issued by his Monthly Meeting, well describes one department of work in which he and his wife were often engaged:—

"The pastoral care which they exercised for so many years was not confined to their own Quarterly Meeting, and their solicitude for the religious and temporal welfare of a large circle of Friends was greatly blessed, and was repaid with no common degree of confidence and love. In the frequent calls made by Daniel Pryor and Eliza Hack on Friends visiting Brighton, as well as on residents, the social courtesy often led to religious sympathy and communion. Especially to be noted was the timeliness of these and other similar visits, due not only to a delicate consideration, but still more to a watchfulness of spirit for the pointing of the Divine finger."

Two incidents of their early married life will illustrate this mission of Christian sympathy. At school D. P. Hack had received a little instruction in the French language, but so little that he always said it

was "but a smattering;" yet it was enough to be of important use on one occasion. The wife of one of the musicians in King George the Fourth's private band used to come to his shop. She was English, but her husband was Russian. She asked D. P. Hack to call upon them, which he did not at first feel inclined to do. When, however, Chamerouzoff fell into ill-health, he was ready to visit him. French was the only language in which they could communicate with one another, and he used to read to the invalid out of the French Bible. As the complaint, which proved to be consumption, advanced, Chamerouzoff's mind opened to the truths of the Gospel, and when asked if he would have a priest of the Greek Church sent for to visit him, he declined, under the conviction that his Saviour was all-sufficient. He commended his wife and child to the oversight of D. P. Hack, and the boy was educated at William Allen's Industrial School at Lindfield, and eventually became the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. The widow and her son ever retained a feeling of love and veneration for D. P. and E. Hack. The other narrative refers to the work of restoration. An individual, who had at one time been a governess in a school to which E. Hack had been sent in childhood, was brought, from some cause, under the penalty of the law, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in the county gaol. To soften the bitterness of the trial, E. Hack and her father accompanied her to Horsham, to see her to her cell. On her release she was so broken down in health that she was placed in a lodging under the care of a nurse. After a Quarterly Meeting at Horsham, D. P. Hack left the dinner-table, feeling that he must lose no time in going to see the afflicted woman. She was extremely ill, but on his sitting down by her, she expressed the hope that the presence of her nurse would not interfere with his delivering the message he might have for her. He then addressed to her words of encouragement, beginning with "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to

Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned," etc. About an hour after she had received this consoling message, her spirit passed from earth. Both D. P. and E. Hack were specially fitted to take part in service among the wanderers and feeble-minded. Their hearts being humbled under a sense of their own liability to err, they were very tender towards the erring, and slow to impute unworthy motives.

The religious services undertaken by D. P. Hack away from home, extended to nearly, if not quite, every meeting of Friends in the United Kingdom. In later life he was generally joined in his missionary journeys by his beloved wife, whose entire sympathy and excellent judgment were very helpful to him, especially in times of physical weakness and spiritual conflict, by which he was often brought very low.

In his ministry D. P. Hack dwelt much on the love of God in Christ Jesus freely offered to *all;* but he never lost sight of God's justice and holiness. In those mysteries which the finite powers cannot grasp, his attitude was expressed in the words, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" His ministry was often addressed to the young, and he took a deep interest in the boys and girls who were at school at Brighton. One of these writes of the "lasting impressions made by his earnest faithful sermons" on her young heart. It was always very touching to him to hear that any word or deed of his had been made a blessing to others. Within two or three years of his death he learned that words addressed to a Friend long before, were being fulfilled in her experience while engaged in religious service, involving arduous travel and deep baptisms. On the occasion referred to, D. P. Hack was travelling in the ministry, and lodged at her father's house. In the devotional silence after the family Bible-reading he addressed the parents, and then turning to the daughter, a girl of sixteen, said,—

"Be thou faithful, my dear young sister, for thy Lord will

lead thee in untried and untrodden paths, but as thou keeps Him for thy guide, He will make darkness light before thee and crooked things straight; He will break in pieces the gates of brass and cut in sunder the bars of iron: but *be thou faithful.*"

He said more, but these words seemed, after the lapse of forty years, "engraven" on her heart. In prayer D. P. Hack always approached the throne of grace with the deepest reverence. When leaving home on his numerous journeys, the fervency of his prayers on behalf of his household can never be forgotten, nor the expression of his deep heartfelt thanksgiving on his return. At other times his solemn feelings were often for the whole world, sometimes winding up with the cry, "that the day might be hastened when, 'from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, incense might be offered unto the Lord and a pure offering.'" We must not omit to refer to his delight in the Holy Scriptures and in other writings in which Christ is exalted and the work of the Holy Spirit magnified.

Living to such an advanced age he had to experience many and deep sorrows in the separation from tenderly-loved relatives and friends; but it was instructive to see how, as contemporaries passed away, he gave out his heart to those in younger life. In a spirit of love and trustfulness he bore those changes which come to a Church, as to a nation, when one generation passes away, and another generation comes. They might not always commend themselves to his judgment, but if they seemed to him to involve no principle, he was ready to defer to the decision of others, and sought to assist in carrying them out. To the end of life he kept himself *en rapport* with the events going on in the world, and at times when the political situation seemed critical, he used to say that he could rest in the assurance that "the Lord reigneth." He still maintained a lively interest in the Bible Society, and in the Anti-Slavery and other kindred societies which had enlisted in earlier life his active service. His sympathies had long been with the Temperance movement, but

owing to delicate health he had, under doctor's orders, occasionally made use of stimulants. Realizing, by degrees, that his example in this respect might be the means of placing a stumbling-block in the way of others, about the age of seventy he gave up the medicinal use of alcohol, never resuming it under any circumstances.

In 1878 a great sorrow came to him in the removal of his wife, after a union extending over almost fifty-nine years. Those who were present at her funeral will not soon forget the bereaved husband's expression of trustful submission when, standing at the head of the grave, he simply repeated the words, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Although life could not be the same again, he testified that he never had a murmuring thought in connection with the removal of his dearest earthly treasure. He continued, as far as possible, his usual occupations, allowing himself to be helped and comforted by his children in an intimate companionship very consoling to them.

In 1883 his beloved daughter Fanny, whose service for her Lord had brought her into very close union with her father, was taken from him after a long and painful illness. He had entered with her into the baptism of suffering, but on her death sustaining grace was given him in large measure, while under a deep sense of unworthiness, he was led more than ever to extol that "*unmerited* goodness and mercy which had followed him all his days." A sense of his own nothingness was the clothing of his spirit during his whole life, and is well expressed in words uttered by him during the same year, while suffering from ill health, "When I am gone do not say anything in exaltation of me—only that through the mercy of my Saviour, my sins of commission and omission have been pardoned."

Although during these last years there were limitations to service owing to the lessening of the physical powers, mind and heart went out to those interests which had engaged his attention nearly all his life. In

prayer and preaching he was frequent and fervent, and so continued to the end, "his offerings after he had attained his ninetieth year being as lively and instructive as at any previous time."

His last illness, in the early part of 1886, continued only five days. It was attended with much bodily oppression. His desire was "to depart and be with Christ"; but he was kept in much patience and resignation, and his habitual thoughtfulness for others often made him forget himself in spite of severe suffering. During his last night on earth he sent a message of love to all his friends, adding, "My love goes out to all the world." Once again was heard his testimony to the value of that atoning sacrifice which it had been his great aim to exalt, and he uttered the fervent prayer that all whom he loved might accept the great salvation. He was heard to ejaculate at intervals "He is able and willing to succour—all is peace; all is joy; let me go, —glory! glory!—He will be with me through a never-ending eternity." Nearer the close, those who were watching for his parting breath caught the words "Dear, dear Lord—Lord Jesus."

ISABELLA HARRIS.*

The likeness of this dear Friend, in the sweet old-world garb with which many of us have such tender and sacred associations, will bring back to some who did not know her intimately, recollections of the large-hearted hospitality freely proffered by her husband and herself at the Yearly Meeting, as well as at other times. She had not a birthright membership, nor was her earliest training within the bounds of our Society, but she had the inestimable blessing of an eminently good and Christian parentage. She was born at Scarborough—where her father was a shipbuilder—on the 9th of Second Month, 1791, the seventh child of John and Isabella Tindall. The mother came early under the influence of John Wesley, and for a time joined the Wesleyans, and with her two elder daughters was received into the Society of Friends in 1802, much to the satisfaction of the father, though he was very careful not to influence his family as regarded their religious profession. He never applied for membership with Friends, but for many years always attended their meetings.

At thirteen his daughter Isabella was sent to the Friends' School at York. After her return home, when seventeen years of age, she writes thus in her journal:—

"I cannot express how great my desires are for the full enjoyment of God; but why I do not attain what I so earnestly desire I cannot tell. But this I know, I want to glorify God with my body and my spirit, which are His. I want to eat and drink and do all to His glory; I want to love and serve Him here as angels do above."

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* Compiled by permission from unpublished memoranda.

[*From a photo by Hennah & Kent, Brighton.*]

ISABELLA HARRIS.

At the time these words were penned, she was anticipating a visit from Friends on her application for membership, which was accepted before long. Many of the succeeding entries in her diary allude to spiritual conflict and a deep sense of unworthiness and insufficiency, but they also refer to times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In the following year she records a touching answer to a child-like prayer, when she was shrinking from the prospect of two of her sisters leaving home, because her great timidity at night made her dread sleeping alone :—

"But I prayed to God that He would take it away, and at the time He gave me this answer, 'I will remove all fear far from thee,' and I feel that He has fulfilled His promise, for now I do not fear the least."

On the last day of 1809, she records a deep affliction :—

"My dear, my much-loved father has departed this life. Oh, the agonizing idea of being deprived of so tender a parent, so dear a friend, and so wise a counsellor! Left without his protection and advice in the world . . . . and Oh! that it may have the effect designed . . . . that it may teach me to place my dependence on the Lord alone, that I may make *Him* my Father, my Friend, and my Counsellor, and that it may draw me to a closer union with Him in spirit than I have ever yet known." Second Month 8th, 1810 :—"I feel very desirous that my dear Saviour would be pleased to give me strength, that I may be able to resist all that is evil, for I see there is great danger (without Divine aid) of being drawn into the spirit of the world, its maxims, fashions, and customs. . . . . May we feel Thee to guide us by Thine eye, to let us know the first approach of sin ; and may we fly to Thee for strength to overcome ; which do Thou in Thy mercy at all times vouchsafe us."

In the same spirit is this entry not long afterwards :—

"Oh, the jealousy I feel over myself, lest I should not be faithful in the use of the talents my dear Lord has committed to my care, particularly that of money, for the proper use of which I am responsible. It is my sincere desire not to spend anything in extravagance on self, either in food or raiment, but to give to those who have neither the comforts nor necessaries of life."

At the age of twenty she refers to having knelt in prayer for a person whom she visited with her mother, after a mental struggle which had lasted for days, for

she could only compare her act of obedience to cutting off the right hand or casting out the right eye.

Under the date of Eighth Month 20th, there is the following most interesting and instructive passage :—

"My mind is at times greatly perplexed to know whether I am in a fit state to inherit glory or not. Some say you must *know* your sins forgiven ; others say you must follow the light in your own heart, and it will lead you to Christ. In deviating from this and looking for something, such as deep sorrow (for sin), and hearing as it were by word, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee'; I say, in waiting for some such *particular* manifestation, my soul gets darkened, and comes into unprofitable reasoning, instead of simply following the little light that is vouchsafed ; and I am somtimes afraid lest, like the Jews of old, I should neglect Him in His humble appearance in the manger, and, as it were, expect Him coming in the sky in glory. Then, again, I consider if my soul be lost it is of the greatest consequence, so that I have earnestly desired that the things that are necessary for my peace may not be hid from my eyes, but that I may have clear views of my present and eternal state, that so my dear Lord may take me on, as from strength to strength, until I meet Him on Mount Zion. I often feel sweet peace and confidence in Him . . . . for though I see sin to be exceeding sinful, and wish to be delivered from its power, I have never experienced those terrors of soul, and that instantaneous deliverance from, and pardon of sin which some speak of."

Just after writing the above, she had a conversation with her uncle B. Ruston, and she writes :—

"He said that we must not let in the fear of death, for the enemy would tempt us in that way, but follow the light we had, and it would shine more and more unto the perfect day, when there would not be the shadow of a doubt. All, he said, were not alike ; some were awakened by the terrors of the law, and others, like Lydia, had their hearts gently opened. But he believed if we were faithful to the light given, that was all that would be required of us. He said, moreover, that the Lord was more ready to hear than we were to ask, and that He loved us with so great a love that He gave His only Son for our redemption, with much more that I cannot now insert. He said at parting, 'Be faithful, and the Lord has great things in store for thy soul.' I returned home much comforted, feeling the peace of God to abound in my soul, and that in me which acknowledged the truth of what I heard."

Isabella Tindall was married to Edward Harris on the 12th of Tenth Month, 1814.* In reference to the

* Their first home was at No. 24, Artillery Place, Finsbury Square ; afterwards and for many years in Stoke Newington.

prospect before her she wrote in her journal three months previously :—

"Give up thy all, oh my soul, surrender thyself into the hands of thy Heavenly Father! Ah, why do I feel this reluctance—why, when I have offered the sacrifice do I draw it back again? . . . . Alas! I feel my heart too fondly attached to one object! Oh, my Father, regulate my affections I entreat Thee; save me, oh save me from alienation from Thee, and may no idol take possession of my soul in the place of Him who alone is worthy! May I enjoy all other things in subserviency to Thy will and as Thy gift; it is in this spirit alone that they can become blessings; enjoyed otherwise they only serve as a snare."

In her happy, blessed married life there were many sorrow and anxieties which doubtless worked together for good to the patient, trustful spirit. In 1824, after being at the very gates of death, she writes to her mother :—

"I am humbled in the remembrance that one so utterly unworthy should be thus blessed—not one sting of remorse was suffered to glide across my breast. I was surprised at the feeling, and sought again to find if there were not many things which might stand as a barrier betwixt me and my God; but the answer was, 'It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?' Oh how precious did I feel the sacrifice of our dear Redeemer! that, though I had nothing of worth to bring to Him, yet He had so fully ransomed my soul that there remained no obstruction to my entrance into glory."

She was a firm and wise as well as most tender mother to her large family of children, and though much occupied at home—where indeed her light shone brightest—she found time to attend to the poor around her, having a district near which she regularly visited, and taking a week once in the quarter for reading to the patients in the Invalid Asylum, where she was a much valued member of the committee. She united with her husband in promoting popular education, and the Infant School at Stoke Newington, which they liberally supported, was inaugurated at a meeting held in their drawing-room. Her interest extended to the Jewish Schools in the east of London, where her sister, Ann Tindall lived in lodgings for two years, leaving her beautiful home in Yorkshire, that she might help them

by her counsel and encouragement, and giving to a teacher, Miss Barnett, a training at the Borough-road, which not only fitted her for her position in the Bell-lane School, but for educating children in the higher classes of her people. The two sisters, while not disguising their own views, were careful not to attempt proselytizing, and hence were welcomed where otherwise Christian help would have been declined. Their interest in Jewish education only ceased with their lives, and Miss Barnett consulted them on every matter of importance.

In 1827, Isabella Harris met with a fearful accident. She was staying at Scarborough, and dreamed that a person came to her bedside and told her that a new trial awaited her in the form of illness. She was then in good health, but could not get rid of the impression though quite free from disquietude. Two days afterwards she left with her husband to drive to the meeting at Burlington :—

"We set out at seven o'clock. It was one of the loveliest mornings that can be imagined ; our route lay along the cliff, with the ocean in full expanse before us, on which the sunbeams were playing with a flood of radiance ; this, sweetened by the conversation of my dearest earthly friend, was still further heightened by the deep internal peace which filled my soul, and which I can only describe as drinking at that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God."

While waiting outside an inn on the road, the horse was frightened, ran off, and she was thrown out of the carriage and terribly injured. She says :—

"The state of my body was such as to admit of but little sleep during the night, but it was passed in precious quietude, and that passage was brought again and again to my mind, of being 'in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'"

During this illness she was often distressed in dreams, but she writes :—

"When awake how shall I record the mercy ! though unrefreshed by sleep, I seemed immediately to enter into a settled calm ; 'Peace, be still,' was gently whispered, and I felt again and again that I could wholly rest in the will of my Beloved. It was truly as if I was enclosed *within a hedge*, into which no evil could penetrate, no anxious cares obtrude ; whenever I did begin to feel

careful about my precious little ones at a distance, my anxiety was invariably relieved by letters from home giving most favourable accounts of them. Ah, how tenderly was I dealt with by my dear Redeemer. My dark room was as Goshen to my soul, where light continually prevailed; no murmuring thought was suffered to intrude; my pain I could say was sweet, for Thou my God wast near."

She had the same blessed experience many years later, in 1841, when she met with another distressing accident by the fall of a pair of steps on which she was standing. For a week before she had felt "unspeakably happy," and the thought crossed her mind whether this overflowing peace and joy was in preparation for a coming trial. She writes in her journal:—

"For the first few days my pain was intense, from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet; but oh, the mercy! my Saviour stood by me in the furnace, and how did He give me songs in the night, while sleep fled from my eyes through the violence of the pain."

Looking back to this time, when she was confined to her room for eleven weeks, she could say:—

"Not one tedious hour,—all is bright and peaceful in retrospect. And now, how do I desire, that in returning to the bustle and cares of life, I may still be kept in this sweet and sacred enclosure, dwelling 'in the secret place of the most High,' that 'I may abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'"

When she had in considerable measure regained her health, the beginning of a great sorrow fell upon her in the illness of her husband, which proved to be a very prolonged and suffering one. He recovered, and was permitted to stay with her for several years more, but in the Seventh Month of 1852, she writes:—

"I see, on looking at the date, it is nearly a year since my last memorandum, and what a year it has been! . . . I, who then seemed most likely, am spared a little longer, and my precious husband, in whose improved health I was rejoicing, is the one taken from us! How can I record the trial. But I will attempt it; and while doing so, I feel bound to acknowledge the goodness of my Lord, who has not forsaken me under this my deep affliction, when my dearest earthly treasure has been removed from us. In the deep waters He has held my head above the billows, and proved as of olden time, "My grace is sufficient for thee.' Oh the unspeakable mercy of having such a refuge in our trouble; trouble

which no human aid or sympathy can reach, though we have gratefully received that, and it has been liberally and affectionately imparted."

The next passage we will give from her journal is dated Eighth Month 14th, 1864:—

"I have not written for some time, but it is not because I have not fresh mercies to record, for I feel them 'new every morning'; and now that I am entering my seventy-fourth year, I may acknowledge, 'goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' From very early childhood I have felt the drawings of the Father's love, and the peace and joy consequent on following the light vouchsafed. I longed to know my Saviour coming as the King in his glory, and proclaiming, 'thy sins are forgiven thee,' at some particular moment; or, perhaps, like Colonel Gardiner, I wanted some vision of my dear Saviour, nailed to the cross for me, to be presented to my view; but this was not the way in which the Holy Spirit presented Him to me. I had to receive Him in His humble appearance, as the babe in the manger, and as the little leaven leavening the whole lump; and blessed be God, I may here record that this has brought me to the saving faith in Christ, which has proved sufficient for all trials and emergencies. When at the point of death (as I supposed) I have discovered my precious Saviour with me, and His rod and His staff ready to comfort me. At another time, when I felt I had no good work to produce, He sweetly whispered, 'Jesus died," and gave me unsullied rest and peace, and abounding joy in the painful illness that succeeded. Here, while retracing my long life, I may afresh record the loving-kindness of my dear Lord, Whose chastenings have been those of a loving Father, and often I have been enabled to kiss the rod while under it."

Isabella Harris lived for about four years after this beautiful testimony was penned; and in that interval many sore bereavements were her portion. In 1859, when alluding to the sudden and painless passing away of a Friend, she had added:—

"May such be my last end, oh my God! And one petition would I renew—that if agreeable to Thy will, I may not outlive the powers of my mind, so as to become a care to those around me."

Most fully was the petition granted. She was in failing health and staying at Folkestone in the Seventh Month of 1868. On the morning of the 27th she came downstairs about ten o'clock, and wrote a letter to one of her sons, that showed her usual mental vigour. In a

little while afterwards she became faint. In an interval of revival she was heard to say :—"Lord, help me, my trust is in Thee." "Precious Saviour, Thou hast been with me hitherto, and Thou art with me now." Presently she exclaimed: "Into Thy hands, Oh Lord, I commit my spirit!" and in a few minutes she had peacefully breathed her last, and entered into the joy of her Lord.

JOHN TINDALL HARRIS.

THOSE who knew John Tindall Harris will think that our portrait is characteristic; and such as were unacquainted with him personally may readily believe its deep earnest gaze to betoken great intellectual capacity, combined with varying shades of mental temperament, in one whose practical sagacity in the affairs of life did not hinder him from abstruse thought and metaphysical disquisition. His nature inclined him to be self-indulgent, but he was from principle, during much of his life, self-denying. Often silent, yet at other times full of conversation, he was able to be deeply serious, yet innocently gay. This many sidedness of character in one who had known life in various phases, was that which, under the moulding influence of earnest religious conviction, gave him an influence for good over others, entitling his memory to a place among the leading Friends of the last half-century.

John Tindall Harris, the third child and second son of Edward and Isabella Harris, was born on the 23rd of Eleventh Month, 1817, at No. 24, Artillery Place, Finsbury Square, London, where his parents then resided, and from whence they some years afterwards removed to Stoke Newington.

His father, Edward Harris, was a Friend of genial manners and attractive appearance, and member of a firm of London cornfactors of the highest respectability; one who practised throughout life a warm-hearted hospitality that made his home a centre of much usefulness, especially to young men, strangers to London; and many have traced to this source their preservation from evil.

Tindall Harris's mother was from Scarborough, the daughter of a John Tindall, the founder of a well-known firm of shipbuilders and owners at that port. He was a good master to his men, and in slack times would still find them work, rather than cause distress by their discharge. His outward affairs prospered greatly, but his heart was set on things above, and he associated with those like minded among Methodists, Baptists, and Friends, without formally uniting in membership with either; but he was more regular in the attendance of Friends' meetings than any other, being strongly attached to their principles, which he held in a catholicity of spirit that would make him often say,—

> "Let sects and parties ever fall,
> And Christ in you be all in all."

a desire shared to a remarkable degree by his grandson, the subject of this notice.

John Tindall married Isabella Mac Iver, of Filey, where her mother Isabella (*née* Wilson) was then living; but her father was of Scotch extraction. She was one who throughout life exercised great influence for good on her large household and numerous descendants. Her early Christian course was among the Methodists, whose society she joined at seventeen; and it was not until after her marriage with John Tindall that she joined the Society of Friends, in which community she remained a warmly-attached and consistent member. Several of her children joined also by request, and amongst them Isabella, who, by her marriage, became the mother of John Tindall Harris.

Descended from this goodly parentage, his Christian faith was a re-appearance, under different modes of expression, of what had been manifested in the religious lives of his ancestry, accompanied with a marked individuality that attested its being no traditional faith, but one attained, as theirs had been, by deep personal experience.

In anticipation of a commercial career, his educational course at Grove House, Tottenham, was not

extended beyond the ordinary period, and he went from thence into the office of a relative on the Coal Exchange, and became a partner in the Firm, and continued as such until his withdrawal from business whilst yet in early middle life.

About 1850, he moved to Englefield Green, Egham, near Staines, where he established himself in comfortable bachelor quarters, which his hospitality and genial companionship made for many years a very pleasant resort to relatives and intimate friends.

It was about this time that the formation of Volunteer Rifle Corps drew from him a pamphlet, written in so characteristically original a style, that it attracted Lord Palmerston's notice, whose allusion to it in the House, though in ridicule of its suggestions, quickly sent it into a second edition. Various other pamphlets on different subjects were, like this, issued anonymously in the course of his life; and he occasionally gave lectures which were enjoyed by his Friends through the originality of their subjects and his mode of presenting them.

Gradually his interest centred on religious questions, which at first were those of rather a mystical or metaphysical character; and at this stage the works of Law and Behmen, Sterry and Stephen Crisp were favourites. But it was not long before the Gospels became more exclusively the subject of his loving attention; and their beauty, simplicity, and power grew upon him the more closely they were studied, and were blessed to the establishment of a firm, loving faith in Christ as his ever present personal Saviour.

This Scripture study led him to inaugurate a series of Bible Classes, which commenced about 1855, and were long held weekly at Stoke Newington, Staines, and Reading. Under his guidance these occasions were marked by no critical discussion of the text, or the deduction of regulations as to religious practice, but rather by the unfolding of deep principles, and especially by the setting forth of the teachings and character of

our Lord Himself, and thus proved of great help to many young minds, who testified in after life to having become conscious of learning much from his original mode of presenting the thoughts that arose, and of being stirred by what they felt to be his wise and wonderful words, to think for themselves, and to seek more earnestly after heavenly things. The variations observable in the Gospels, both in manner of narrating events and in the order of their occurrence, gave a mind like Tindall Harris's much scope for suggestion in accounting for or harmonizing them; and whilst this subject was uppermost, neither labour or expense was spared in collecting and studying works bearing on these questions; with the result of his forming a Harmony of the Gospels for himself, marked, as might be expected, with much of his own individuality; and when brought to completion it made him only the more conscious that what his soul really needed was a personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus, of whom the Gospels witnessed, not only as the all-sufficient sacrifice for sin, but as the life of the believer; and it was in finding this hearts' need satisfied that he entered into what became the deep inner joy of his existence. "The Scriptures," he wrote in after life, "do not give life, but they testify of Him who does give it. . . We believe in a past Christ and a future Christ, but not in a present Christ. We are not, as Paul says, 'in Christ.' We do not aspire so to be, nor believe it possible so to be Members of His Body." *Commentary on John v. 39., page 81.*

These Bible readings continued with some intermission through many years, in the course of which the whole of the New Testament and some of the Hebrew prophets were reviewed, and the Gospels more than once; for in their exposition Tindall Harris found most acceptance. The Epistles led him into a close study of them in their original language, which, to one who had not had a university education, involved much mental application. This, together with the hard-working abstemious life he was then leading, induced an

illness which, though its immediate effects passed away, seemed to leave its mark in some lessening of his previous mental power.

Having at this time withdrawn from business, he became much occupied in visiting the poor, both around his own home and at Stoke-Newington. Here he was to be found repeating hymns at the bedside of many an aged son of toil, or holding Christian intercourse with those who, though the poorest of this world, were rich in faith; and he spared neither money, labour, nor time in ministering to the distressed or afflicted with whom he thus became acquainted. Often would the remark fall from him, that he had among the poorest some of the dearest of his friends. He sank most of his own property in an annuity, that he might, as his own executor, have more at his disposal to distribute either personally or through charitable institutions, to many of which he was a generous contributor; for it seemed to him as a communion like that among the disciples of old, thus to make others sharers in his substance. Undoubtedly he found, as so many a generous visitor among the poor has experienced, that his visits came to be valued more for his gifts than for instruction or Christian fellowship; and although this, with other causes, checked much of his personal distribution, it did not prevent a flow of help for the deserving ones, through those on whose judgment and knowledge of the cases he had learnt to place reliance.

He built almshouses for some of his poor pensioners, near his own residence, and also a commodious Workmen's Hall, in the hope of counteracting the influence of the many beer-shops around; and, although not attended with much of immediate result, this ultimately proved of great service in attracting young men whilst their habits were in course of formation.

Tindall Harris was a very kind master, and no one could enter his service without becoming much attached to him. He enjoyed the employment of labour, and very much with this object purchased some land at New

Egham, which, from being only a level piece of pasture, was, under his direction, converted into diversified pleasure grounds and gardens, where trees and shrubs grew quickly into vigorous life around a small residence that he also built there for himself.

He was a true lover of Nature in all her works, and finding much enjoyment in walking, would take his visitors long rambles amid the beautiful scenes in his neighbourhood, whether over Cooper's Hill to survey its grand prospect, or to obtain distant views of Windsor Castle through forest glades, often wandering with them till the late hours of a still summer's evening amid the diversified grounds surrounding Virginia Water.

Tall and strong in build, he might have been expected to attain a good old age; but doubtless the close work, mental and bodily, of middle life, left its mark in permanent injury to his constitution; and, as he approached the seventieth year of his age, very serious symptons of failing power manifested themselves, which eventually terminated his life on the 13th of Fifth Month, 1887.

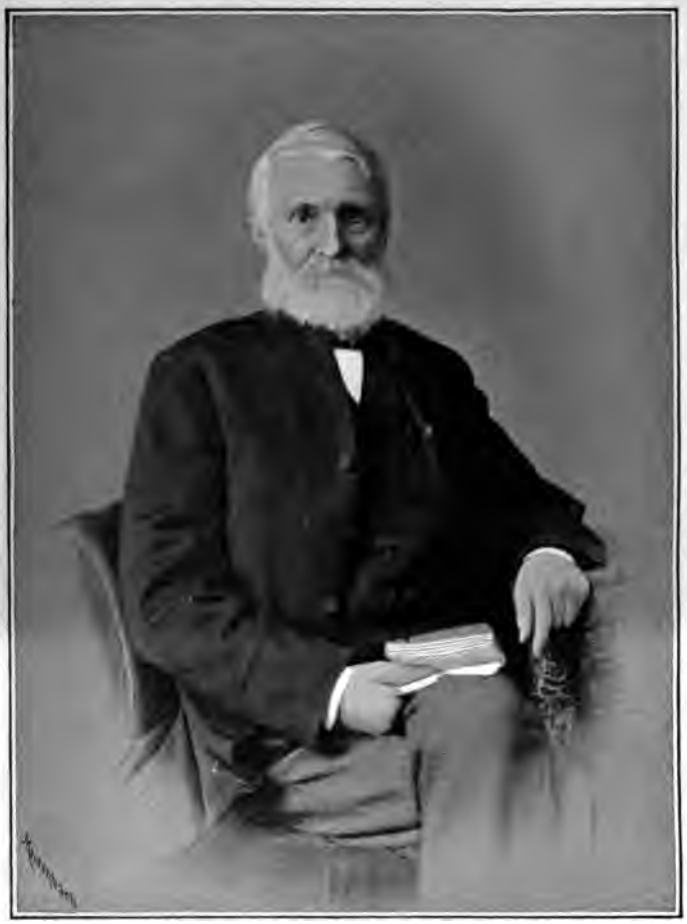
Many friends and neighbours, besides relatives, gathered to the interment, which took place in Egham cemetery, not far from his residence; and the remains were borne thither by relays of working men, who requested permission to do this as a last tribute of respect to one who had done so much for them. One of his brothers read at the grave side the following lines, which were found amongst his papers, as that which he would wish to be thus used at his interment :—

"If any funeral ceremony be required or thought necessary, tell the people this : That Jesus my Saviour is to me unspeakably precious. He is all things to me, and has been all things to me for many years. Knowing assuredly that He is my Saviour, and His Father is my Father, I contemplate my exodus from this present world, not with fear, but with a sure and certain hope of an eternity with my Lord, the Lord Jesus, in glory. Lord Jesus! may I fall asleep in Thee, and awake in Thy presence in the joy and peace of Thy beloved ones, to be for ever with Thee and Thine. Dated 13th May, 1879, and confirmed January, 1886."

There were also found among J. T. Harris's papers, Commentaries on Scripture; and a portion of these, on the Gospel and Epistles of John and the Revelation, has been carefully edited by W. R. Brown, of Cambridge, and published in two volumes. This has been described, by those well able to judge, as a "remarkable" work; and although some sentiments expressed in its pages as to a special manifestation of the Spirit coincident with the destruction of Jerusalem, may not meet with general acceptance, yet it contains very deep and spiritual views of Christian faith expressed with unusual clearness, originality and vigour. Its dedication is the following prayer to One whose glorious nearness and preciousness to the believer through the Holy Spirit it was alike the aim of the Apostle and his Commentator to unfold:—

"Lord Jesus, my inseparable Light, and Life, and Love, to Thee I dedicate this work, to which I believe Thou hast called me. I thank Thee for all the joy I have had in doing it. Over-rule for good all that is not in accordance with Thy truth. Bless all that is Thine own work herein: bless it and make it a blessing. Still continue to bless Thy poor child: stablish me in Thyself. Perfect me I pray Thee in sonship and love; and enable me, in reverent humility, but in overflowing joy and gratitude, to call Thee my Saviour, my Lord, my Life; and to know and call Thy Father my Father."

(May 5th, 1881.) J. TINDALL HARRIS.



[*From a photo by W. Hanson, Leeds.*]

THOMAS HARVEY.

THOMAS HARVEY.

GENERATIONS ago the ancestors of Thomas Harvey lived in Essex, and it is probable that some of them joined the Society of Friends very soon after its origin. His father was a native of that Eastern county, but after spending his schooldays at Ackworth, was apprenticed to a linen weaver at Barnsley, where he afterwards married and settled as a linen manufacturer. His wife was Susanna Atkinson, formerly of Doncaster. She had joined the Society of Friends under the convincing ministry of Joseph Wood, of Highflatts, who spent much time travelling on foot as a preacher. Thomas Harvey was their second son, having three brothers, William, Henry, and Charles, and one sister, Mary Ann. Thomas was born in 1812.

In an autobiographical sketch, he says :—

"My recollections of my early childhood are not joyous. I was passionate, and sometimes moody and despondent; it is probable my brother William found the society of those older than himself more congenial than the younger, so that I did not have much share in his confidence and companionship, and often felt solitary."

So the few books to which he had access became treasured companions, and were read and re-read. Among them Pilgrim's Progress grew more of a favourite, the more it was understood. Respecting his mother he says that she was in his eyes the very model of a tender and good mother, firm and yet gentle. Her children were much more afraid of grieving her than their more impulsive father.

At ten years old he went to Ackworth School, where he was for a time a schoolfellow of John Bright. He took a good position in the school, where he remained

till 1825, and after a year at a private school at York, he was apprenticed to David Doncaster, a chemist and druggist in the Hay Market, Sheffield; but his master dying, he was eventually, through the kind interest of Sarah Smith, of Carrwood, Sheffield, taken as an apprentice by Thomas Southall, chemist, of Birmingham, and there spent seven or eight years, which were very influential in giving the bent to his future life. It was there that, as he says,—

"When about eighteen I gained that priceless boon, a sense that Christ died for my sins, and that through him there was pardon and victory. Yet for years afterwards my spiritual state was so wavering and clouded, that I hardly dare speak of what I then knew as conversion."

The acquaintances and friendships formed at Birmingham with Sturges, Cadburys, and Lloyds, and other Friends, were greatly helpful to him, and exercised a powerful influence in drawing his feelings into the deep and practical sympathy with philanthropic efforts which was so abundantly manifested in his after life.

Leaving Birmingham on account of failing health, there seemed an opening for his taking an established business at Chester, but this eventually fell through; providentially, as he afterwards thankfully believed. Whilst at home and unemployed in the autumn of 1836, on the invitation of Joseph Sturge, he joined him and Dr. William Lloyd, and John Scoble, the Secretary of the Anti-slavery Society, in a visit to the West Indies, their object being to look into the working of the negro apprenticeship system, which, as had been feared, they found to be attended in some of the Islands with serious abuses and evils. During their travels T. Harvey became acquainted with many excellent men, stationed as missionaries, with some of whom life-long friendships were formed; and his interest in the welfare of the inhabitants of the Islands never afterwards failed. On returning home it fell to his lot to prepare the report of the visit, which occupied him three months at the home of Joseph

Sturge. This was afterwards published as *The West Indies in 1837*, and so rekindled the old anti-slavery zeal of abolitionists, that in the following year the legislatures of eight of the islands, including Jamaica, declared apprenticeship ended and all slaves free. By this act of justice 800,000 human beings entered upon the rights of manhood.

Thomas Harvey now returned to commercial life, taking in hand the chemist's business of a former Ackworth schoolfellow in Commercial Street, Leeds, and after three years removing to that of William West, in Briggate. He says:—

"It was probably five years before my income exceeded my expenditure, though that was on an economical scale. Had I been a better man of business, probably my success would have been earlier and greater; as it happened, it was greater than I deserved, and I have desired to accept it as from the favour of the Lord."

The self-depreciatory tone of the above sentence is characteristic of the estimate which T. Harvey ever placed upon himself; and probably the high value which those who knew him attached to his character and capabilities—and this was the higher the better he was known—was in no wise lowered by his unostentatious, gentle, and humble-minded demeanour.

Soon after removing to Briggate he accepted as apprentice Frederick Fryer, son of Joseph and Ann Fryer, of Toothill Grove, near Brighouse. This led to intimacy with that family, and to his marriage, in Tenth Month, 1845, with his apprentice's sister Sarah Grace, a union which was attended with abundant blessing, and in which his heart's desire and prayer were richly answered. Their family consisted of three sons: Joseph, who died in 1852, six years old; William, who survives; and Thomas, who had become a very promising youth, when, in 1867, to the sore distress of his parents and friends, he was drowned through a sad accident on the ice in Regent's Park, London. "May none," wrote his father, "whom I love, be called suddenly to a like heartrending experience."

In the autumn of 1856 Thomas Harvey was again the faithful companion of Joseph Sturge. On the former occasion the wrongs of the slave had enlisted their active sympathy. Now it was the cruel wrongs and sufferings wrought by the so-called but relentless and brutal necessities of war on innocent non-combatants that moved them. Their errand was to Finland, the dwellers on whose Baltic shore had suffered great havoc and loss through the ravages committed by the British fleet during the Crimean war. The two messengers of mercy, after investigating the facts, endeavoured by kindly sympathy, and by the distribution among the poorer sufferers of £9,000, with which they were entrusted by like-minded friends in England, did what they could to heal the wounds which the bitter and unholy strife had caused; and received from the Czar of Russia grateful acknowledgements for their Christian philanthropy.

In this effort T. Harvey gave one among the many and continued evidences which his life afforded of his horror of war, as entirely opposed to the true spirit of Christianity, and as being one of the most direful scourges that afflict the world. He was always a firm friend and advocate of the cause of peace and of arbitration instead of brute force in the settlement of international differences; and of everything that could help to hasten the coming of the happy day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." In this cause as well as in that of freedom for the slave, he was always ready with tongue, pen, and purse, to work for the suffering, the needy and the oppressed. Thus it came about that in 1866, when Jamaica had been the scene of a lamentable outbreak among the negroes, and of the ruthless cruelty of its repression, he consented to join a deputation sent out to that Island by the Society of Friends to seek the welfare of the community there, the interests that his former visit, nearly thirty years before, had awakened, being an added inducement to his willingness

to go again. The incidents of the visit may be found in the narrative, *Jamaica in 1866*, which he printed for private circulation after his return.

Thomas Harvey very early allied himself with the cause of Temperance. He wrote from Birmingham in 1831 :—

"I am (nay, smile not!) a member of the Temperance Society, and, moreover, have procured a red book with a copy of the constitution of the Society, for the purpose of obtaining as many signatures as I can."

He continued through life an earnest advocate, both with pen and voice, of total abstinence principles, and during his later years persistently wore the "little bit of blue."

Thomas Harvey retired from business in 1867. His elder brother William died the same year, unmarried. He had been very successful in his commercial career, and left some of his property to his brother Thomas. It was thus that the later years of his life were blessed with more abundant means. He had, even as a young man, often made sacrifices in order that he might help others; and now it became a joy to him, with liberal hand, "to learn the luxury of doing good." And in many quiet ways, all unknown except to himself and those whom he befriended, was his readily opened purse the means of bringing comfort, encouragement, and help to those who, he thought, needed it. In 1872 he removed to the pleasant and beautiful home of Ashwood, at Headingley, which became the scene of many a happy family gathering, when grandchildren grew up around him; as well as of meetings of sometimes large companies of his friends.

T. Harvey was a firmly attached member of the Society of Friends, and as his years advanced and his judgment matured, he became a much valued member of the various branches of its Church organization; the clearness of his views, the soundness of his judgment and the modest simplicity yet weight of his words in giving expression to them, gave him a place and an

influence very high in the estimation of his fellow members. For many years he was in the station of Elder, and was recorded a Minister in 1868. His addresses in this capacity were characterized by humility, gentleness and reverence, and especially by a clear and persistent testimony to the mediatorial grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the one sacrifice and atonement for sin, and the one way to the Father. Living as he did in a large meeting, he felt a deep interest in all the members, and especially in the young men, having himself in early life experienced some of the temptations and difficulties attendant on life in situations in large towns.

At various times he was engaged in Gospel service, away from home, sometimes residing for a time with his wife within a meeting to which they felt attracted, and visiting its members in their own homes. In the summer of 1867 he accompanied Isaac Robson in a visit to the Mennonites in Southern Russia, whose history and religious profession very much resemble those of the Society of Friends, and who have experienced great difficulties in the maintenance of their peace principles. The visit was well timed, and was received with much gratitude by these Christian people, who were at the time suffering much through the prevailing military system. Large numbers of them have since emigrated to the United States and Canada. With one of their leading Elders, Cornelius Jansen, Thomas Harvey formed a close and lifelong friendship.

T. Harvey was a diligent attender of the Yearly Meeting. On the last occasion when he was present there, in 1884, it was decided to send a deputation to visit the Friends in Canada, where some help was needed. Though he felt much hesitation, on the ground of his increasing years and failing strength, yet, being much pressed, he consented to be one of the four sent out, and they left the Mersey in the steamer "Oregon" on the 7th of Sixth Month. He greatly enjoyed a day's rest at Niagara, and a complete round of

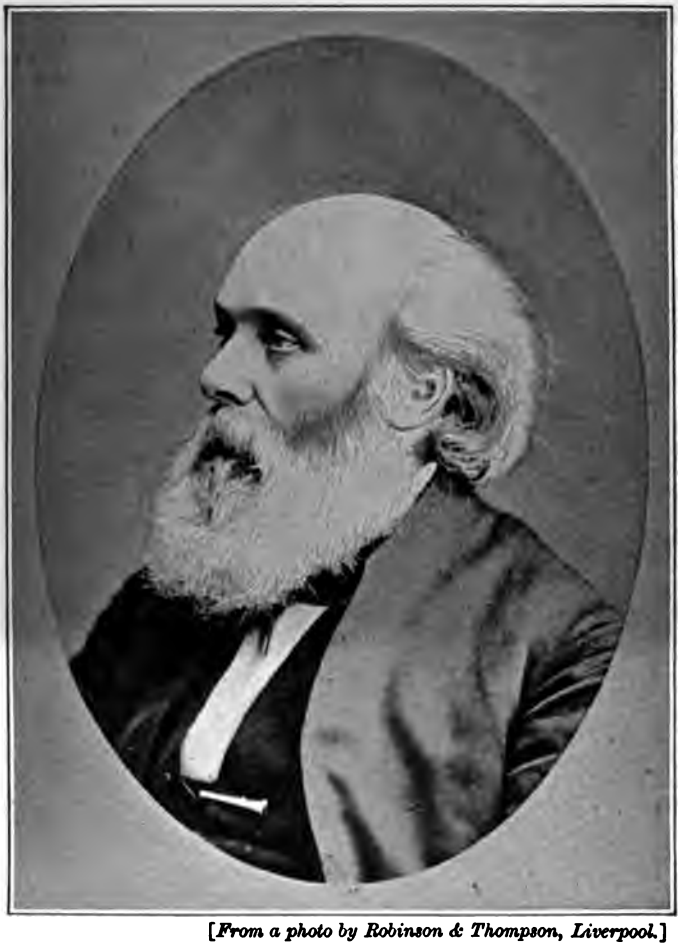
the various points of view from which the falls and the rapids are best seen. Soon after reaching Canada, however, his health began to fail, so that it was necessary for him to remain at intervals at some quiet resting place, whilst his companions prosecuted their service. Finally, a serious accident to J. B. Braithwaite, one of the party, brought so much added anxiety and strain upon him, that he completely broke down, and became alarmingly ill in Toronto. He recovered, however, so far as to be able in a few days to undertake the journey to New York by easy stages; and the comparative rest of a good voyage brought him to his home, looking altered and more feeble, yet fairly well; and, after a time of quietness and repose, he seemed to regain his usual health, and began to enter into his many interests.

The 19th of Twelfth Month was a bitterly cold day, and on going to town to have his photograph taken for some of his Canadian friends, he took a severe chill, which developed into pneumonia, under which he sank quietly away on the afternoon of the 25th.

His loss was deeply and widely felt, but especially in his own town and neighbourhood, where there were few public philanthropic associations and institutions which had not shared in his warm and liberal interest. And to no one outside his own family circle did it bring more heartfelt sorrow than to his much attached friend Canon Jackson, minister of St. James's Church, Leeds, with whom he had long been associated in many good works and mutual interests. In a sermon preached on the 28th of Twelfth Month the Canon said respecting his departed friend:—

"I can say of him, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' I do not remember anyone in the commercial circle in Leeds who was possessed of greater intellectual endowments, and who turned those endowments to greater advantage by diligent study than the dear friend of whom I speak. * * I have never known one more marked by uprightness, integrity, rectitude, truthfulness, conscientiousness—in all that marked his personal character, in his unselfishness, in his entire disinterestedness—I have never known anyone

to surpass him. He was so modest, gentle, lowly, unassuming, courteous, refined, and considerate, that it was a perfect pleasure to be in his society, even for a short time. He stated what he had to say with an almost childlike simplicity, yet bringing it home with the conviction that he was speaking the truth, that he was saying what he ought to say, and that he was not seeking to say a word more. I have seen hundreds die, but I declare I never saw a death so marked by peace as that of him I watched pass into eternity on Christmas afternoon. 'May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his.'"



[*From a photo by Robinson & Thompson, Liverpool.*]

JOHN GREEN HINE.

JOHN GREEN HINE.

"No poet's dream, no philosophical effort, no elevation of soul apart from Christ our Lord can raise us from death into life. It is all shut up in Him and Him only. *I am the resurrection and the life.* . . . . It is a new life to know the Lord, the beginning of a new existence."

J. TINDALL HARRIS.

"I felt I was in the presence of one who had drunk very deeply of the Spirit of his Master, and at the same time one who had had a great deal to contend with in himself and in his surroundings throughout his life, but who had 'overcome through the blood of the Lamb,' and was just awaiting the summons, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

So writes one who visited John G. Hine during his last illness.

John Hine loved the writings of Isaac Penington, and like him desired to "know no power to do or suffer anything for God except as it was given him in the life and power of Jesus." This made him very careful to avoid all constrained conversation on religious subjects, and never to force or intrude his advice or help upon those who were not prepared to receive it. But wherever a soul was discovered seeking after the Light, or hungering for true bread, he was at once drawn to that one in sympathy, and was often given a very clear perception of the needs of such. A Friend writes:—

"I can never forget the manner in which he spoke of these things, nor his deep reverence in the presence of God—the reverence of one who seemed to be always dwelling in that presence and spoke therefore of what he knew and of what his hands had handled of the good word of life—and at the same time the free-

dom and freshness and joy of a child at home in that presence, and who knew something of the perfect love that casts out fear. The title he chose for a little series of tracts, 'Loving words from Life,' is very expressive of what his words in conversation and letters were to those to whom he was made specially helpful; there was a fresh springing life in them which one felt came from a heavenly source, even from Him who is the one Source of Life. There was something about him that acted as a silent rebuke to pride and selfishness, without a word of reproof being spoken."

John G. Hine was brought up amongst the Campbellite Baptists, and joined with them in membership at the age of eighteen, only a year later becoming one of their preachers. After a while there was vouchsafed him a more spiritual insight into the things of the heavenly kingdom, and with some others of the congregation he longed to seek and to wait for the arising of the true Light. They met together in a room in a private house, and asked the Lord to be their Teacher and their Minister, waiting on Him that He might direct them by His Spirit. Then the ordinances of Baptism and the Supper were laid aside, as well as the ideas they had been wont to hold with regard to worship, and they engaged in exhortation and prayer only as they believed themselves to be led by the Spirit. Great was their surprise, when the writings of some of the early Friends came into their hands, to find a people to whom, as to themselves, it had been revealed that if Christ were to be exalted to the uttermost, He must be allowed, not in word only, but in deed, to be the Head of the Church, and to fill that place in *every* assembly met for the worship of God.*

At the age of twenty-eight John Hine joined the

* In an article in *The Friends' Examiner*, on the "Worship of God," John Hine remarks: "In the early constitution of the Church, before the excrescence of Priestism, or the introduction of the one-man system, many were engaged in the edifying of the body of Christ . . . . showing how utterly and entirely the Spirit of the early Church was opposed to the idea of one man *having the supreme rule and control of the assembly, be he pastor, prophet or priest.*"

Society of Friends. Some years earlier an elder brother and himself had been unable quite to agree with their father as to the manner in which he conducted some part of his business, which did not accord with their sense of strict integrity. They left his house for a time and had to work for their living, bearing much hardship, which must at times have pressed heavily on John Hine's sensitive temperament, inherited from a mother who trained her children to seek first the Kingdom of God. Some years elapsed before he took much part in public ministry, but there are many who meanwhile received through acquaintanceship with him, the awakening or quickening of spiritual life, and who remember his influence with gratitude to God. Seasons of long-continued depression at this period of his life enabled him afterwards still more fully to sympathize with others who were undergoing a similar trial. The privations he had himself experienced also made him glad to bear the burdens of others, and in doing this he was not always free from errors of judgment. In a letter he says :—

"We are as we are, and in some things cannot help ourselves, but by degrees we may turn all these disagreeables to good account by strengthening the good in their control. The very bitterness of life may be used in the formation of our character, and things that we think are obstacles will sometimes prove to have been permitted in furtherance of the good cause we have at heart. I have long since discovered that the Lord's leadings may take the form of our way being hedged up."

His marriage in 1848, to the eldest daughter of Edward C. May opened for him a fresh door of service amongst young Friends. Children too were often attracted by his tenderness. The utter absence of unkind words about others, however much their conduct had grieved him, was a marked feature in his character. It was a joy for him to give others pleasure, and he would much inconvenience himself in order to save them trouble or to do a kindness. Frequent were his visits to the poor in Spitalfields, whose love and confidence he often won. He endeavoured to start meetings for them on the lines of Friends. His sympathy for

them, and for the First-day School Teachers who laboured among them amidst serious discomfort, first originated the idea in his own mind of founding the Bedford Institute.

In 1873 John Hine was recorded as a minister. In reference to his visit to one Quarterly Meeting, a Friend writes :—

"He came as a true messenger of the Lord to me at that time, and the experiences of that week can never be forgotten, nor I believe can their effects ever be effaced. The First-day morning meeting was a wonderful time. Such communications cannot be taken down, and cannot be preserved in their freshness, but they are like oil on troubled waters, working their appointed work at the time. If coming fresh from the one Source of Life it is true of such offerings,—'my word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it.' In the course of his address he spoke of the way in which Christ trained and taught his disciples, gradually *unfolding* His truth to them as they were able to bear it. What wonderful patience He had with them! How He sometimes allowed them to be in situations that would bring to light their unbelief and weakness, in order that they might be humbled and come to know themselves and their own insufficiency. He spoke also of the meekness of Christ, of the *power* of His meekness and gentleness, a power, however, which the world was not prepared to recognize. . . . . The Fifth-day morning meeting was, for such a large gathering, a more heavenly meeting than any I remember. It did indeed seem as though Christ were in our midst, breaking bread and handing it to the disciples to hand to others. There was nothing in the ministry that seemed to me to mar the solemnity of the occasion. John Hine, W. R. and I. R. were the chief speakers, and there was a good time of solemn silence between their utterances."

"I want (continues the writer of the above notes) to live in the present, in the midst of the young generation, and to trust in the power and love of God as it may be displayed *now*, and to believe, firmly, and reverently and joyfully that His truth will and must prevail."

"It was," writes another Friend, "a rest and comfort to talk to him about our eternal interests, as he always seemed to understand the difficulties laid before him, and even to cheer us in reference to them, by letting us see that they were permitted in answer to our deepest longings for growth in holiness (if we would look on them in this light), and in reality might help us homeward as the will and understanding were submitted to the will of God."

In a letter John Hine remarked :—

"The Church is designed in God's eternal purpose, to show forth and make known in ages still to come both to angelic principalities and powers—and to fallen—the products of the manifold wisdom of God. None but Christ, and they who are supremely Christ's can possibly do this."

At the age of sixty-six, John Hine died at his residence at Tottenham on the 22nd of Third Month, 1884.

JOHN HODGKIN.

John Hodgkin was born at Pentonville, then a pleasant village in the country, in the last year of the eighteenth century (2nd of Third Month, 1800). His father and namesake was a classical tutor, who had a large circle of pupils, chiefly consisting of the daughters of wealthy Friends in the neighbourhood of London. John Hodgkin, Sen., and his wife Elizabeth (who was one of the family of Rickman of Lewes) had four or five children, but only two survived the years of infancy. These two were Thomas, the elder brother, and John.

The warm friendship which united these two brothers through life, and the unfeigned admiration felt by each for the gifts, unlike his own, which he recognized in the other, made a beautiful picture of family love.

Thomas Hodgkin, after a prolonged period of study at Edinburgh and Paris, became an eminent physician in London, teaching with much success both at Guy's Hospital and St. Thomas's, and making important contributions to medical science. His heart, however, was always in philanthropic work, especially in the championship of the weaker races of mankind, which, in his opinion, rarely or never received fair play from the more civilized nations by whom they were supplanted.

The Aborigines Protection Society was Dr. Hodgkin's child, and he devoted to its operations an amount of time and energy which would assuredly have brought him fortune as well as fame if he had devoted them to the exclusive practice of his profession. He was also, conjointly with Dr. Pritchard, the founder of the Ethnological Society, which was intended to deal with

inherited capacity. His "pupil-room" was always full, and at his busiest times he always reserved an hour for the study of some legal text book with his pupils.

In 1829 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Luke and Mariabella Howard, and took up his abode at Bruce Grove, Tottenham. He was a most devoted husband, and with his sweet wife in the midst of an affectionate family circle, and prospering in his profession, he seemed to be in possession of all that could be desired for happiness in this life.

Already, however, his heart was set on the more enduring happiness which God has promised to those who love Him. When quite a young man he had been much impressed by the proceedings at the Yearly Meeting on the appeal of Thomas Foster—proceedings which virtually decided the question whether a belief in the divinity of Christ formed an essential part of "our Christian profession" or not. It may seem strange that a controversial debate such as this should have exercised any useful influence on the career of a young disciple; but in his case, under the quietest training which was predominant in the Society at that day, there had probably been a good deal of vagueness in his views, though associated with real faith in Christ and love towards Him; and it was an advantage to be compelled to put the question to himself in a definite form, "What do I believe?" It was an advantage that even the negations of Unitarianism should oblige him to repeat the enquiry of the disciples, "Lord! to whom shall we go?" and to answer it as they did, "Thou hast the words of eternal life: and we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

During the years of John Hodgkin's early married life, the Society of Friends was much agitated by what was called the "Beacon" controversy, in the course of which some excellent and devout Friends, recoiling from the mysticism which in America had undermined, in many hearts, faith in the Christ of history, became dissatisfied with the writings of the founders of the Society,

and at last decided to leave its communion. John Hodgkin's sympathies, as well as those of his wife were strongly on the side of the "Evangelical" Friends; but he pretty early saw that it would not be his duty to follow the seceders from Quakerism, but rather to remain and work for what he felt to be the cause of truth within its borders.

A great and almost crushing sorrow, in which nothing but faith in God kept him from utter despair, preceded his dedication of himself to the ministry of the gospel. In the beginning of the year 1836, his young wife died after three or four days' illness, leaving him with four little motherless children to lament their life-long loss. She died with words, not of triumph, but of calm and trustful hope, upon her lips, and one of her last charges to her husband was "not to withhold anything in public or private that may seem to be required of thee for the good of our poor Society."

"Within a very few weeks after this event" (to use his own words) "my lips were first opened in our meetings for worship, and that not with the language of mourning and woe, but in these few words of the Apostle 'Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.'"

Occasionally in after years he alluded to the thoughts which accompanied this public confession of Christ before men. At his side sat the first Quaker member of Parliament, whom he had himself assisted in the proceedings necessary to establish his claim to sit in the House of Commons without taking the customary oaths. If John Hodgkin devoted himself to the duties of his profession, he felt that a distinguished career at the Bar, and possibly in Parliament, lay before him; but if he became a humble Quaker preacher, these ambitious hopes must be laid aside for ever. But in the light which had shone upon his beloved wife's death-bed he saw things clearly. The "reproach of Christ" was to him "greater riches than professional advancement": and the sacrifice once made—though a very real one,

for he had nourished high ambitions—was never regretted by him.

In the First Month, 1840, he was recorded as a Minister, and in the Ninth Month of that year he visited Friends in the Quarterly Meeting of Lincolnshire.

This was the first of a series of visits to most of the English Quarterly Meetings, to the South of France, to Ireland and eventually to America, which were paid at various times during his ministerial career. In the course of these journeys he generally held many public meetings, and often paid family visits throughout the meetings which he attended. This last was a most arduous engagement, especially for one of his sensitive and sympathetic temperament. He frequently, we believe, paid as many as fifteen or twenty visits a day; and as each one of these was a time of real wrestling of spirit to learn the precise message which was to be delivered to each recipient, the strain on the spiritual and even on the bodily energies was no slight one.

John Hodgkin, in his ministry, had a peculiar gift of (to use an old-fashioned phrase) "speaking to states present." He never premeditated a sermon, having an almost morbid dread of saying anything except "that which arose in the meeting." To one with his intellectual temperament and professional training; to a barrister accustomed to make himself master of his brief before opening his mouth in Court, this manner of speaking must have been a peculiarly painful ordeal; but he certainly was rewarded for his adhesion to what he deemed to be the line of his duty. To him more than to most preachers, even among Friends, was given a rare sympathy with the spiritual condition of his hearers; as one of them once said to the present writer:—"In that sermon John Hodgkin seemed to be turning over the leaves of a book and reading it, and that book was my heart."

He was often great in the exposition of a text, clear and forcible in his setting forth of some part of Christian doctrine; but by those who now, after the

lapse of more than fifteen years, look back to his long and abundant ministry, his power of sympathising with the hopes and fears, the doubts and temptations of individual members of the congregation will probably be felt to have been its most remarkable feature.

Allusion has been made to the crushing sorrow which so nearly coincided with his first dedication of himself to the public service of the heavenly Master. He was again to enjoy both the highest of family joys and the most painful of bereavements.

In 1843 he married Ann Backhouse, daughter of Jonathan and Hannah Chapman Backhouse, of Darlington. Her health, which was never very robust, began to fail in the second year after her marriage, and near the end of 1845 her death left John Hodgkin again a widower. In 1850 he married Elizabeth Haughton, daughter of Joshua and Eleanor Haughton, of Carlow, who still survives, and the remaining five-and-twenty years of his life were lighted by the joy of this tender and happy union.

One or two events connected with his professional life and ministerial career remain to be noticed. In the summer of 1843, shortly after his second marriage, he was attacked with severe illness, the result of overwork, and which seemed likely to assume the character of brain fever. His wife and his brother the Doctor were watching him from hour to hour with torturing anxiety. Ice was constantly applied to his shorn head, and the most powerful medicines had to be administered. Though he could not say much, he uttered words of hope and encouragement to his medical attendants. "Persevere with your remedies; I believe that this sickness is not unto death, but that my life will be given back to me to be used in my Master's service." So it proved, but he never wavered in his belief that the life thus restored, when others had almost despaired of it, was meant to be held by a somewhat different tenure from that which had gone before it. At the comparatively early age of forty-three he retired from the legal profession which he so dearly

which his success had been so gratifying, ıed to devote himself more exclusively than the preaching of the Gospel.

ıt three or four years after this event came the ish famine, which called forth the best energies both in Ireland and England. A new genera- now arisen which knows little of the efforts made nthropists in both countries to grapple with that e emergency. The united Parliament voted many ns of pounds to be expended on relief works; but the ificing zeal of Friends like Joseph and Samuel Jonathan Pim, William Forster, and his more son, James Hack Tuke and others, wrote the ıt page in the sad history of the relief of Irish dis- ın this work John Hodgkin took an inconspicuous unimportant part. He became greatly interested ndition of the fishermen at the Claddagh in the ılway, and spent time and money in the vain ur to introduce among them the better methods of which were in use among the fisherman of Cornwall. ın after this came his visit as a minister to the Friends of Ireland, which still further deepened his interest in that portion of our common country.

As a lawyer he could not fail to have his attention arrested by the unsatisfactory state of the tenure of Irish land, where the middleman was then flourishing, and where vast estates like those of the Martin family in Connemara were so deeply mortgaged, that the landlord could not if he would, perform any of the duties belonging to his position, and where, in fact, it was often scarcely possible to say who the beneficial owner of the land was.

To cut this Gordian knot Lord John Russell introduced his Encumbered Estates Act, which provided a special Court for the investigation of Irish titles, and for providing for the sale and transfer of Irish lands. A later generation has criticised somewhat sharply the policy of this Act, which it is alleged, while dealing with the legal mortgages caused by the necessities of the landlord, took no account of what may be called the moral mortgage

created by the uncompensated improvements of the tenant. Whatever may be the truth of this view, it was not likely to occur to any one lawyer in 1848, and certainly in all the discussions on the Encumbered Estates Bill it does not appear to have been mentioned.

Being persuaded that the main object of that Bill was a good one, and that it was in fact necessary to bring order out of the chaos of Irish land tenure, John Hodgkin advocated the measure by every means in his power, and made some valuable suggestions, based on his long professional experience, for its improvement in parts of detail. Both Lord John Russell and Sir John Romilly, who, as Attorney General, had especial charge of the Bill, recognized the value of the support which had thus been rendered, and when the Encumbered Estates Court (then called a Commission) was formed, the Prime Minister offered John Hodgkin a place among its members. Such a position, virtually equivalent to that of a judge, would have been highly gratifying to his professional ambition; and even stronger, perhaps, was the attraction to a man who still felt undiminished intellectual power, to mould the procedure of an entirely new court, so as to obtain the utmost possible efficiency out of the instrument which he had helped to fashion. But, after a few days of reflection and prayerful meditation, John Hodgkin came to the conclusion that it was not for a seat on the Judicial Bench that his life had been given back to him when he seemed at the gates of death, but that his primary business must still be to preach the Gospel. He wrote accordingly to the Prime Minister, declining his courteous offer.

In the year 1858 John Hodgkin left the house at Tottenham, which had been his home for nearly thirty years, and went to live at Lewes, which was his mother's native place, and where he had spent many happy holidays in childhood. The change was in many ways beneficial, especially as removing him from some of the routine work of the Society of Friends, which had absorbed too much of his time and strength; but it may

be doubted whether a very small meeting, largely composed of his own relations, was the best sphere for the exercise of his large "gift in the ministry."

In 1861 there came over him, with almost startling suddenness, a belief that it was his duty to pay a ministerial visit to Friends in America. It was in the early spring months of that eventful year when Abraham Lincoln had just been elected President, when one after another the Southern States were seceding from the Union, and when even the most hopeful observers were coming to the conclusion that civil war was inevitable, that this prospect of religious duty presented itself to his mind. It was indeed a formidable prospect to a man past middle life, with a constitutional dislike, almost horror, of the sea; with a devoted wife, and with young children growing up around him in his happy home, all of whom must be quitted for the society of those who, however near to him in the fellowship of the spirit, still were strangers in the flesh. But he made the sacrifice gladly, and was abundantly repaid. His visit, though short, was a memorable one. It was a time for deep heart-searching for Friends in America, tried as they were (to quote a Quaker phrase) even to a hair's breath, between the apparently adverse claims of two great principles—their "testimony against slavery," and their "testimony against war."

In those dark and difficult days the strong, earnest, sympathetic voice of such a minister as John Hodgkin was, we believe, peculiarly helpful. One sermon especially there was of his which the writer has often heard spoken of by American Friends. It was preached in a Meeting House at Baltimore after the Confederate troops had more than once approached very near the city, and when it seemed not impossible that they would capture it. With prophetic earnestness, and with an intense conviction that he had a real message to deliver from the Ruler of the universe, John Hodgkin exhorted his hearers to trust in the Lord and be of good courage, assuring them of his firm faith that however near the

tide of war might roll up once and again to their borders, it would not be permitted actually to overflow them. According to the calculation of statesmen this prediction seemed a perilous one, but as we all know it was literally fulfilled.

In 1863 he undertook a mission to Spain in company with several members of the Evangelical Alliance, in order to plead for the liberation of the Protestant Confessor Matamoros ; an embassy which was crowned with success, though the Bible-reading Christian was not suffered to remain on the sacred soil of Spain.

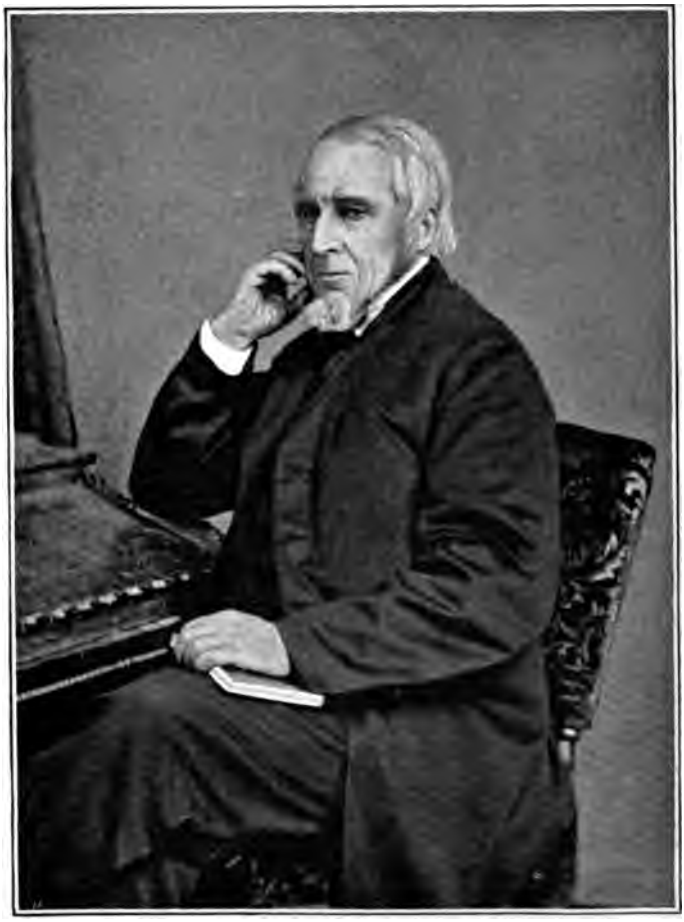
Of the remaining twelve years of John Hodgkin's life there is not much to record. In 1866 he lost the friend and companion of his boyhood, by the death of his brother, Dr. Hodgkin, at Jaffa, whither he had gone as travelling companion to Sir Moses Montefiore. A much loved daughter, full of bright promise, was taken from him in 1874; and though he bowed submissively to the stroke, the weight of years which he had borne with remarkable elasticity seemed then suddenly to fall upon him.

The last eight months of his life were passed in great feebleness of body. Though the nature of his illness did not admit of much expression of his feelings, he often alluded to his impending departure, and spoke of it with trustfulness and hope saying, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

He died on the 3rd of Seventh Month, 1875, and was buried at the family burial ground of Winchmore Hill, being thus in the Scripture phrase "gathered to his people." He had lived rather more than seventy-five years, and had been a recorded Minister among Friends for thirty-five years.

ELI AND SYBIL JONES.

On the 2nd of Second Month, 1890, there passed away from his home on the beautiful shores of China Lake, in the State of Maine, a veteran servant of God and his fellow men, Eli Jones. His parents, Abel and Susannah Jones, lived on a farm which had been redeemed from the primeval forest by the father's axe, and hard, steady work was the order of the household. The family were Friends, and traced back their descent to some of the first of that persuasion who settled in America. As Eli grew up, a great longing for books to read grew with him, and as these were scarce in his father's and neighbouring houses, he was thrown back much upon the Bible, and thus acquired that full acquaintance with its contents which became so serviceable to him all through life. He used to say that if, in his boyhood, he had been asked ten times a day what he most wished for, he would have answered every time, "books." He went to school at Providence, in Rhode Island, where his stay was short; but he made the best use of his opportunities by earnest, diligent application, and the wise influence of his parents, together with his home surroundings and occupation, developed in him a character remarkable for its strength, nobility, and sincerity. Very soon after leaving school he took a share in efforts for the good of his fellows, and was one to organize a Temperance Society, and to start a Public Library. He had begun to speak in the Friends' Meeting before he was fourteen, striving manfully to overcome an impediment in his speech; and it deeply impressed his young companions to see him thus facing a trying difficulty, that he might not flinch from duty.



[*From a photo by S. P. Newcombe, London.*]

ELI JONES.

In 1833 he was married to Sybil Jones, daughter of Ephraim and Susannah Jones, of Brunswick, Maine, parents who won the love and esteem not of their children only, but of all who knew them. Her mother, who in her old age was commonly called "Grandmother Jewel," lived to the age of ninety-four, and passed away only a few months before her daughter. When Sybil was quite a child they removed to Augusta, and there she experienced those deep religious impressions which led her into a life of whole-hearted dedication to the service of her Redeemer. A good Methodist minister who lived there was wont to speak very kindly with her of her spiritual welfare, and for a time she felt strongly attracted to that religious body; but other influences prevailed, and at length she came to value highly the spirituality and sincerity of the faith of her parents, and to the full conviction that to be a true Friend was to be a true Christian, a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. For the eight years which preceded her marriage she was engaged in teaching, and during this time attended a monthly meeting at which Lindley M. Hoag, then a young man, was present. He felt called to visit the women's meeting, and spoke so clearly of the then spiritual condition and future course of someone present, that S. Jones knew that the message was for her, and a powerful impression was made upon her.

She was possessed of much originality of thought and remarkable power of expression, and poetry and melody seemed inborn in her mental constitution; and in these early years she was much given to writing both in prose and verse; but she destroyed most of her compositions whilst still young, because she was so often pressed to read them in company.

It was at the age of twenty-five that Sybil Jones became the wife of Eli Jones, in a union which remained unsevered for forty years, and was rich in blessing to themselves, and fruitful in the highest good to those around them, and to many in distant lands; for they were united not by the bond of human love only,

but in sweet fellowship of spirit they became yoke-fellows in the service of a heavenly Master, whom each of them loved with the heart's truest devotion.

Their married life was begun on a farm at South China. Eli Jones was a hard-working man, not as a farmer only, but as shareholder and part manager of mills. His young wife, too, had her hands fully occupied, and was very careful in her household management, keeping accurate accounts of all expenditure. After a few years they removed a short distance, to a farm near the Friends' Meeting at Dirigo, which continued to be their home till 1886.

Eli and Sybil Jones were both ministers of the Gospel, each of them possessed of characteristic gifts and qualifications for their service. Both felt that their appointed place was to be message-bearers for the King of kings; and both of them fully believed in the wise and safe spiritual guidance by which their gracious Master shows His faithful servants when, where, and how they are to serve Him. In the ministry of Eli Jones there was conspicuous a soundness of sense, a clearness of perception, a singular fitness of adaptation, and a directness of appeal, combined with a minute acquaintance with the narrative and precept of Holy Scripture, which riveted the attention and reached both the minds and the hearts of his hearers. In Sybil Jones it was depth of feeling, yearning love, and the tenderest sympathy, all aided by the queenliness of her person, the sweetness of her countenance, and the musical and poetic rhythm of her language, which so often melted the hearts, and brought tears to the eyes, of those who heard her. But above all these things, it was as they sought to speak under the prompting and in the power of the Spirit, that their words of eloquence were made words of life to souls. Both Eli and Sybil Jones travelled extensively on Gospel errands, sometimes separately, more often together, through most parts of the United States where there were meetings of Friends; together crossing the Atlantic to Liberia, and twice

together visiting Europe, and on the second occasion extending their journey to Egypt, Syria, and Palestine.

From the time when, at the age of thirty-two, Sybil Jones first entered upon this evangelistic work, she suffered from delicate health; so much so, that there were occasions when friends and medical advisers insisted that her health was such as imperatively to demand rest and careful nursing, whilst she was feeling herself called out into fields of active service. Again and again the constraining of her Saviour's love prevailed over her conscious feebleness and the warnings and fears of her friends, and she entered upon the work, and went through with it, borne up and strengthened by an invisible but all-powerful hand, and returned from the accomplished task apparently the stronger for it.

The visit to the Negro Colony of Liberia was paid in 1851, occupying about three months. Their home was on ship-board all the time; and as the vessel anchored at one point after another along the coast, they landed and visited the people, and distributed tracts among them, and held meetings with young and old, finding much openness to receive their gospel messages. It was what they saw and felt in this visit that first awoke in the mind of Eli Jones that lively interest in missionary effort which was so conspicuous in him ever afterwards. Returning to America in the Third Month of the following year, they sailed for Liverpool, and entered upon extensive service in Ireland, England, and Scotland. Sybil Jones was in very feeble health, and the wretchedness and poverty which she witnessed amongst the people in the West of Ireland so affected her sensitive, sympathising heart, that for long intervals her husband proceeded in the work alone. After the London Yearly Meeting of 1853 they visited Norway, Germany, and Switzerland, having many meetings and very interesting service in and about Geneva, whence they proceeded to Nismes and Congenies, and spent the winter amongst the little body of Friends in that neighbourhood, holding many meetings also amongst the Protestant congregations.

As the spring drew on they returned by way of England to their American home.

They sailed for their second visit to Europe in 1867, and after some months spent in England and Scotland, they travelled by way of Paris and Marseilles, to Greece, and thence into Syria. The visit to Athens was one of the deepest interest, as they found opportunities of addressing school children, college students, prisoners, and missionaries. Everywhere deep impressions were made, and the warmest expressions of gratitude were offered to them. Landing at Beirut, they occupied some time in visiting the mission schools, and other useful agencies for seeking the elevation of the people. Sybil Jones was unable to bear the fatigue of mountain travelling, and remained in the lowlands whilst her husband and his much-beloved companion, Alfred Lloyd Fox, climbed the Lebanon, visited Damascus, and paused at many a place familiar in name to every well-versed reader of the Scriptures, such as was Eli Jones. The journey therefore was full of the deepest interest to the travellers. At Damascus, Eli Jones called on Abdel Kader, who in 1860 had, by his noble and fearless courage, rescued fifteen thousand Christians from massacre; and "from a full heart, in his own name, and in behalf of his country and fellow-professors, thanked him for his kind and humane interposition"—an acknowledgment which the exiled Arab Chief received very kindly.

From Beirut they sailed to Jaffa, whence a visit was paid to Jerusalem; but the continued illness of Sybil Jones induced them to hasten their departure from the East, and return to England. Here they remained for most of a year, spending two months in Devonshire and Cornwall, where they were rejoiced to find much of vital Quakerism. Then Sybil Jones went to Ireland, whilst her husband laboured in England, and early the following year, 1869, they turned their faces again towards the East. On the way they spent a week among the Friends in the south of France, and found their labours of sixteen years before bearing blessed fruit. Landing at

[*From a photo by J. W. P. Burnham, Portland, Maine.*]

SYBIL JONES.

Alexandria, they spent some time there and at Cairo, finding many who gladly listened to their gospel message. One of their companions writes :—

"The visit to Egypt was altogether of remarkable interest, there being, especially among the native Christians at Alexandria, an interesting and open field for the spread of spiritual Christianity, and an earnest longing in the minds of some after a closer acquaintance with the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and His appearing in the soul."

In the Fourth Month they reached Jerusalem, and at once began visiting schools and holding meetings there and in surrounding villages. No class of the inhabitants was neglected, and even the lepers shared in their loving ministrations. As the people gathered round them in places where, long before, the multitudes had hung on the words of their loved Master, it seemed as though new power rested upon them as their souls were stirred with deep longings for the welfare of the people of the Holy Land. At Ramallah, three hours from Jerusalem, they found a school for boys; and meeting with a young woman, "Miriam," who was willing to teach, with means placed at their disposal, they helped her to begin a school for girls, and thus commenced the mission work of Friends in Palestine. It was also during this journey that, at Beirut, they met with Theophilus Waldmeier, who was engaged in the British Syrian Schools. He was so deeply interested and impressed by them and their addresses, that he was led to enquire into their religious principles, and eventually to unite with the Society of Friends, and to undertake the management of their mission at Brumana, on Mount Lebanon.

In the Sixth Month, Eli and Sybil Jones left this deeply interesting field of labour, and, soon after reaching England, sailed for America.

Sybil Jones had been at work in the Southern States in 1860, and had but recently returned home, when the war between North and South broke out. Her mother's heart grieved for other mothers who would see their boys go out to the field of slaughter, little

thinking that her own first-born son, James Parnell Jones, would be amongst them ; and deep was the grief of both his parents, when, believing the President's call for troops to be a call of duty to him, he resolved to volunteer. After a time he came home wounded ; but soon returned to his post, with a presentiment that the time left to him was but short ; and not long afterwards was brought home a corpse, from an engagement near Washington. His mother's heart, wrung as it was with grief, instead of turning in upon itself, went forth with yearning love towards the young men and boys still suffering on the field or sick in the hospitals, and she entered on the blessed work of offering the comfort of her motherly sympathy, and the message of a Saviour's love to the wounded and dying in Philadelphia and Washington, where the record of her work shows that she talked with and preached to as many as thirty thousand soldiers, and brought hope and joy to many a sufferer. Whilst she was thus engaged, her husband also was hard at work amongst the freed men, going from hut to hut and distributing food, clothing, and beds, as agent for Friends in New England ; and whilst ministering to their outward wants, seeking their souls' welfare also. Thus did these faithful servants follow in the footsteps of their Lord and Master, as they " went about doing good."

After returning from the East in 1869, but a few years remained for Sybil Jones to continue the work she loved so well. She had with wonderful power preached the glad tidings of the gospel to many afar off, and had offered it with loving earnestness to Mahommedan women, and to the unhappy inmates of eastern harems ; and now again it was her joy to do this to those nearer her own home. And it was with no waning power, notwithstanding much physical weakness, that she entered into the work of the General Meetings, many of which were held by Friends of her Yearly Meeting about that time. " I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God," was the key-note of her pleadings,

and she often quoted the lines :—

> " Oh ! if one soul I've pleaded with,
> Meets me at God's right hand,
> My heaven will be two heavens
> In Immanuel's land.

But the enfeebled frame grew weaker and weaker, till she was compelled to cease from her loved employ, and on the 4th of Twelfth Month, 1873, the end came. A few hours before she died she exclaimed :—

> " Oh, well it is for ever,
> Oh, well for evermore !
> My nest hung in no forest,
> Of all this death-doomed shore."

And in taking her flight from this passing world, it was surely to that better country where her eyes now see the King in His beauty, and behold the land that was very far off.

Unspeakable was the loss to the church, and to her husband, to whom sixteen years of life and service yet remained. Well might he write : " Oh, we should have liked to keep her longer, the dear one ! But He who seeth to the end knew when to close the strife."

Eli Jones stood very high in the esteem of his fellow citizens, as well as of his fellow professors. From quite early life he took a foremost place in advocating Temperance Reform, and the passing and making effective of the Maine Law. In 1854 he was elected by the town of China a member of the State Legislature, by which he was appointed to a prominent place on the Temperance Committee. When, at the appointed time, the Governor called upon the united House to rise and take the oath of office, Eli Jones alone kept his seat ; and afterwards stood up alone to take the affirmation. During the session, the appointment of a Major General of Militia came forward. Almost in jest, and really with a view to get a speech from him, he was unanimously voted to the vacant post. This wholly unexpected turn of affairs perplexed him much. The news had spread that the Quaker was to speak respecting his appointment, and

the House was crowded. It was after a sleepless night that he addressed it in a speech combining sturdy faithfulness to his opinions and peace principles with not a little humour, in which he declined and surrendered to the House the trust and honour put upon him.

For a few years after the death of his wife, Eli Jones remained mostly near home, his farm work claiming the time not otherwise occupied. He was welcomed at all neighbouring meetings, and the sight of his little black horse approaching, and the words "Uncle Eli is coming," made those who were gathering at any of them happy, whether his expected theme was peace, temperance, or salvation. He made quite a collection of geological specimens, and took great pleasure in the cultivation of both forest and fruit trees, of which he had a great variety in his grounds, to the delight of boy visitors, to whom a feast on his apples, pears, or grapes was something to be remembered.

Twice more, in 1876 and 1882, he visited Europe and the East, the special attraction being the Friends' Missions at Brumana and Ramallah. He had been so successful in rousing much interest among Friends in Britain and in New England in these undertakings that considerable sums of money were entrusted to him for the forwarding of the work, and he had the great satisfaction of witnessing the establishment of a Friends' Meeting, a Boys' Training Home, and later a Girls' Training Home on Mount Lebanon, and seeing the mission there greatly prospering.

Whilst his appearance grew more and more venerable as years advanced beyond four-score, he yet retained his mental vigour, and within a few days of his final illness was still heard proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. An attack of pneumonia proved too much for his waning strength; and having served his generation well and faithfully according to the will of God, he passed away quietly and in perfect peace on the 2nd of Second Month, 1890, aged eighty-three.

[*From a photo by P. Vuccino.*]

RACHEL METCALFE.

RACHEL METCALFE.

RACHEL METCALFE was the first missionary sent out by the Friends' Foreign Mission Association. She was the eldest daughter of John and Mary Metcalfe, of Macclesfield, and was educated at Ackworth School. On losing her mother in early life, the management of her father's house, and the care of her younger sisters and brother devolved on her. When he died in 1847 the family was scattered, and she became a useful inmate in the families of two Friends successively, before commencing a small business on her own account. She was always energetic in the discharge of her duties, whether in teaching children or superintending a work-room, and was indefatigable in acquiring the knowledge of any branch of study on which she had set her heart. When quite a young woman she came under very serious religious impressions, and her heart was soon afterwards drawn to foreign mission work. The history of her life during the next thirty years is thus given by herself to one of the Monthly Meetings of native converts in India :—

"It was in 1856 that I received a direct call to India from the Lord. But why *India?* It filled me with dismay. To the North-American Indians or to Africa, among people I was interested in and knew something about, I would have rejoiced to go ; but to India, with its idolatrous, priest-ridden people !—'Oh why, Lord ?' I pleaded, but only with this response, 'Not yet, but in ten years.' Time passed on. I left my situation and entered into business, and almost began to think that the Lord might have other work for me, and that I could serve Him as well in England, in training little ones for His service. Perhaps, I thought, my idea has only been a fancy, a temptation, and I have not really

been called, but it was my presumption. Then the call came again, and the sweet assurance was given, 'I will be with thee,'—a promise which has never failed me from that day to this. From that time I had no more doubts, no more fears; I was simply waiting for the way to open. Yet I often pleaded not to go alone; but this was not granted, and though I knew my going was to be for life, at last I was able to yield my will, and say, 'Do with me as Thou wilt.'

"A few months after this a letter appeared in the *British Friend* from Mrs. Leupolt, of Benares, wishing for some one who understood sewing-machines to undertake her industrial work. I wrote, offering to take the situation; but Mrs. Leupolt declined. She did not wish to pay a salary, but said if I came, Friends must send me, support me, and take me back to England if I fell ill. In this way the Lord's purpose was made known to Friends, for I had not told anyone that I must go to India. I was not rich enough to go without help, and at that time no one had ever been sent out by Friends as a missionary. Correspondence followed with Russell Jeffrey, who had lately returned from a visit to India, and with others; and finally it was decided I should go. A few Friends, about forty, promised to help me in India, and to pay part of my passage out. The outfit, house requisites, and everything else I gladly undertook, for was it not for the Lord? So trusting Him, I left England Sixth Month 10th, 1866, with only a few rupees, working the way out on board ship as nurse in a European family, and not knowing what arrangements would be made for me in India, except that I was to go to Benares. Mr. and Mrs. Leupolt received me kindly, and provided me with two rooms at the Normal School at Sigra. I began work at once, and continued there till Tenth Month, 1869, loving my work, loving the girls and women, and glad to do anything for them, and thankful to Friends at home for providing me with what was needful for my maintenance.

"Then my heart was made glad, for Elkanah and Irena Beard, from America, came to join me. We took a house at Pahlad Ghat, among the natives in the worst part of the town. It was on the edge of the Ganges, where the unspeakable evils of heathenism were a constant source of suffering to both body and mind. A month or two aftewards I opened a school for girls and little boys, and soon had more than fifty girls and between twenty and thirty boys. I had also a class of widows who earned a trifle by sewing, while I read to them. In the afternoons Irena Beard and I visited various houses. In some of these would be gathered twenty or thirty women, some of whom learned to read and work, while others only listened.

"Other Missions were at work in Benares. Our minds turned towards the central Provinces as the place for the Friends' Mission. We desired to be guided by the Lord in all things, and

sought counsel of Him, and by Christmas Day, 1870, we were settled in Jabalpur. Very soon two schools were opened, one in the city which Irena Beard undertook, while mine was in the Sudder Bazaar. Elkanah Beard was daily engaged in conversing with the native gentlemen who visited him. His power was wonderful. These visits would often become most solemn times, and the visitors be in tears. A few months changed all this. In consequence of serious illness E. and I. Beard were obliged to go to Mussoorie, and I was left with the two schools and the two houses on my hands. But the Lord knew all things; and though the landlady would not help me, a gentleman was sent who took my house the day after I left it, for the remainder of my tenancy. Thus not a rupee of the rent was lost to the Mission. How good and restful it is to trust in the Lord!

"About Second Month, 1873, Charles Gayford came out, and through his influence an English meeting was opened. In the autumn I took a needful change; but it did not benefit me as usual, and rheumatism, which had gradually been coming on since 1870, greatly increased its hold on me, and walking became more and more difficult; and after an attack of small-pox I was ordered by the doctors to have total rest for twelve months. I went to Agra and passed a time of much suffering, being unable to move my hand without help. Yet it was the Lord's good pleasure, after teaching me many lessons, gradually to restore me to comparative health, though the power of walking, which left me entirely early in 1875, has never returned.

"During my time of suffering in Agra, C. Gayford was seeking a more suitable centre for the Friends' Mission, and on reaching Hoshangabad wrote to say that he had found a home. Work was commenced; but his house being burnt down, on his marriage he took a house in Sohagpur, and his wife soon began a girls' school there, and on my return to duty in Tenth Month, 1875, I took charge of it. I removed to Hoshangabad in 1876, where Mission work increased. A boys' school was started; zenanas opened, though slowly; and converts were received; yet it was some time before I found my sphere of work. In 1878 a suitable house was taken in the Jumerati Bazaar, and the girls' school established there, the schoolroom likewise serving for meetings for worship. Our first Monthly Meeting for Church affairs was held Eighth Month 28th, 1878, and on Eleventh Month 18th, the first marriage after the manner of Friends was consummated.

"The work in Hoshangabad continued to progress, and time would fail to say all that could be said on the various branches of it. This is not the place to say anything about our converts. We have had bright hopes and bitter disappointments, and the lesson to be learnt from all is to distinguish between saying 'I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and putting on Christ. Words

are worthless, indeed are condemnatory, if followed by nothing else. It is putting on Christ, being in Him, walking with Him, loving Him day by day, that only can show the sincerity of our faith. I earnestly desire that individual workers may be stimulated to exert themselves unceasingly, to sacrifice self and ease, and to consecrate time, money, every faculty, *all* to the Lord, Who will give the reward in present peace, and a glorious looking forward to the time when He will come and reign."

Rachel Metcalfe's room, where all knew she must always be found, was the one place to which missionaries and natives alike continually resorted with the certainty of finding sympathy and help. H. S. Newman, when visiting India in 1880, referred to the little weekly prayer meeting of missionaries and converts that was regularly held there, as one of the most striking and encouraging features of the Mission.

Rachel Metcalfe's Orphanage work is best described in the *Sketch of the Orphan Home, Hoshangabad*, which she published in 1888.

"This orphan work," she writes, "was commenced in 1881, in much weakness, and not knowing what it would lead to. I was but in feeble health, unable to walk, and with hands crippled with rheumatism, so that when the subject was first mooted, it was thought unwise for me to take such a charge. But the importunity of the old man who brought the first girl was so strong, and his desire so great that she should be under Christian care, that it seemed wrong to hold back; and S. Baker promising to obtain the needful supplies if I would undertake the charge, in great weakness and looking to the Lord for help I consented. It was really a hard day's work for me to get the girl settled in. She refused to be comforted. Neither food, sweetmeats, toys, nor new clothes would satisfy her. At last, when fairly worn out and really hungry, she quieted down, and finding herself quite safe after a good night's rest, we had little further trouble. No other child ever took so long to settle in, for others found companions ready to play with them, and comfort them by telling them of the good things they enjoyed, so that they very soon got over their trouble. Two years later this first girl was admitted into membership with us on the confession of her faith in Christ, and shortly after was married to a young Christian connected with the Mission.

"The next little girl was truly the most repulsive child I ever saw. No wonder many even of the native Christians said, 'Why take such a child? She will never be any good.' She had scarcely a rag on her; festering sores on her head and feet; only

one eye and the other a running sore. The poor thing was only half-witted, and in many of her habits was more like an animal than a child. She would get into violent passions, tear all her clothing off, and fairly foam at the mouth. It took much time and patient love to overcome these passions, but we now have the reward in a steady, quiet, affectionate girl. Another poor little starveling of five years old was wandering about and picking up whatever she could find to eat on the roads or in the hedges, till one day she was found and brought to us by one of our old servants. Though suffering from dropsy from the first, she was a bright little thing, and soon endeared herself to all by her merry prattling ways. She was the first taken from our little band, but she had loved to hear me sing 'Happy Land,' and would often call me to sit beside her and talk to her.

"Since 1881, twenty-eight girls have been under my care; of these five have died, one married, and eight have left from various causes. With thankfulness I can look back to the great improvement manifest in them all. Besides the usual branches of a plain education they are taught to do their own household work, to cook, grind corn, and clean. No servants are kept for them, our object being not to take these poor little waifs out of their natural sphere, but to train them to fill that sphere usefully. Therefore English ways and customs in food and clothing are discountenanced, as tending to lead them into habits of extravagance and debt."

The difficulties through which Rachel Metcalfe continued working are touchingly referred to in one of her last letters:—

"It is so seldom that I say anything about my ailments, that I do not suppose anyone realizes how utterly helpless I am; and of late my arms and shoulders have been worse. I cannot dress myself. It is with the greatest difficulty I wash my face and hands. Nevertheless I contrive to keep myself pretty fully occupied, looking after the sewing school, fixing work, writing, &c. But everything must be brought to me and put within my reach. I am often left in difficulties because an article I need is just an inch beyond, and I cannot stretch forward for it. I have to be lifted from my chair* to my bed, and I have to pay higher wages to my ayah, because she must stay with me at night. But I take my needs to the Lord. How we can trust him! And here I would raise a note of praise for all His loving care."

Though thus conscious of increasing infirmity, no serious issue was apprehended, and during the absence

* The chair in which Rachel Metcalfe sits, as seen in the portrait, was a kind gift sent out to her by Isaac Brown, of Kendal.

of some of the Mission workers Rachel Metcalfe moved to the Mission Compound. Of her stay there A. L. Evens writes :—

"I am so glad she was here all those last weeks, instead of alone. We had many talks together over the children and their future, and over present matters connected with the mission, which have been a great help to me since her death. We shall feel very much lost without her. We were always running to her for advice and help and all sorts of things, for she always liked to hear all kinds of little things. She said one day when we were talking about the Mission generally, 'My work was to be a plank on which others could walk over and set to work. I have not been able to do all I hoped, but I have gone on as the way was made plain, and others have followed, which was one of my desires.'"

Greatly would she have rejoiced in the band of six new missionaries who went out in the autumn of 1889 to open new stations and strengthen old ones, and in the further reinforcements to follow, if the Lord permit, in 1890 and 1891.

Rachel Metcalfe died Sixth Month 12th, 1889. The text for the day in her own Hindi Text Book was, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The funeral took place next day. A meeting in Hindi was first held at the Orphanage, and attended by most of the European residents. The children sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus" as the body was laid in the grave beside those of the little orphan girls whom she had loved so well. But her work is not ended. The Bhopal Mission, for which she had hoped and prayed, has been already entered on. Girls whom she trained with patient love are beginning to take useful places in the neighbouring towns to which she had longed to see the Mission spread; and in other ways also it is manifest that, as one of her fellow-workers wrote, "her work is not over, but she being dead yet speaketh."

[*From a photo by W. S. Bradshaw & Sons, London.*]

MARY NICHOLSON.

MARY NICHOLSON.

A COMFORTABLE old-fashioned house in a quiet street, in the sea-port town of Whitehaven, was the home of Mary Nicholson from early childhood till the close of her earthly life. The name of Howgill Street still calls up in many hearts memories of happy intercourse, of tender sympathizing love, of pleasure in having the best part of one's nature called forth, of enjoyment of some of the humorous aspects of common life, and of encouragement and cheer in the onward path.

Mary Nicholson's father was the captain of a merchant ship, and her mother dying in 1800, when the little girl was about three years old, she was adopted by three energetic and kindly maiden aunts. Much cannot be told of her childhood : she received an excellent education, partly in her own town, and partly at a boarding school at Hammersmith, and grew up into young womanhood surrounded by a pleasant circle of relatives and associates. Yet there were sorrows of which she seldom spoke ; and there was that in her through life, notwithstanding her enjoyment in the love of kindred and friends, which enabled her to understand the words of the poet, Keble :—

> "Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart."

a kind of individual solitude, which is one of our Heavenly Father's ways of calling us to Himself, and which made Mary Nicholson's sympathy with sensitive natures like "deep calling unto deep."

When I first recollect the household in Howgill Street, about the third decade of the century, my cousin Mary Nicholson was already in middle life, and her two surviving aunts quite aged. There were besides, a young nephew and niece whom she lovingly cared for, and whose circumstances were somewhat similar to her own. At that time the house commanded a pleasant view of the wooded slopes surrounding the residence of the Earl of Lonsdale. This was afterwards shut out by the erection of a large and unsightly building; and it was an instance of my cousin's power to make the best of everything, that, after the spoiling of this pleasant picture, a fine growth of Irish ivy which adorned the rear of the dwelling was brought to view and enjoyed.

Exactly when Mary Nicholson began to realize the forgiving love of her Heavenly Father, whether it came to her suddenly, or was like the dawn, growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, I do not know. I can never recollect her but as one "walking in the light as He is in the light," realizing a blessed fellowship with other souls, and knowing the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse from all sin. The beautiful verses by A. L. Waring, commencing:

> "Father I know that all my life
> Is portioned out for me,"

always seemed exactly to describe her. As she grew up she became interested in various benevolent works; but when called to the deeper exercises which prepared her for the public ministry of the Word, the conflict with her native retiringness of disposition was severe. I remember her saying how she felt that naturally she would rather scour a floor or do the humblest work than be made prominent in any way. The grace of God was sufficient for her even in this; and for thirty years she was a recorded minister, delighting to tell of the tender and compassionate love that filled her own heart, and to bring others to trust in the Saviour she had found so faithful. Hers was a sweet and precious gift, though not in many words; she was truly a daughter of conso-

lation, both in her public ministry, by the bed side of the sick, and in the home of the bereaved and afflicted. She held herself ready for any call, to high or low, rich or poor, wherever the touch of sorrow rested, herself always in the background, Christ and his love shown to be the unfailing refuge.

One after another, her aged aunts passed away. As she was watching by the bed-side of one of them, her young nephew, who was just grown to early manhood, looked in upon her, and said he was going to a favourite place at a little distance to bathe. A loving nod of approval, and he was gone. Before the day was over the sad tidings reached her that he had been drowned. It was a deep sorrow to my cousin, between whom and her nephew a warm friendship existed; but she and his young sister had the comfort of knowing that his heart was given to God.

In the year 1846 Mary Nicholson accompanied her friend Priscilla Green on a visit to Friends in Ireland. The latter was seriously ill when they reached Cork, and had to remain some time in that city. The Friend, at whose house she was kindly cared for, writes:—

"Dear M. Nicholson continued the loving and watchful friend for the first month, and then had to return to Whitehaven on account of the speedy decline of her aged aunt, M. Nicholson. She was frequently largely engaged in the ministry while attending our meeting, to the edification of Friends; and she visited them in their families to their satisfaction and comfort. She remarked to me that before leaving England she had felt much impressed with the belief that she had an especial service to accomplish in Cork meeting, but did not know how it would be performed, until this unexpected detention afforded the opportunity."

There were now but two left of the group in Howgill Street, Mary Nicholson and her gentle and amiable niece Mary Sanderson Nicholson. They were very closely attached, and many a journey they made together to the Yearly Meeting, and to pay welcome visits, where the social and religious elements were beautifully blended. But the dear young companion was

also called away, and truly as she was mourned, her aunt, I am sure, felt thankful that she was safely gathered ; as, from deafness and other causes she would have been less fitted than many to endure the turmoil of life alone. For a time another beloved cousin resided in the old home in happy companionship, but this came to an end through her marriage in 1851. Acutely as my cousin at times felt the sense of loneliness, it was not permitted too much to sadden her spirit. Her house was the resort of many from her own locality and from a distance. Within her Quarterly Meeting many felt that she was their best and dearest friend, and could echo the words of one of the most attached,—" There *could be but one* Mary Nicholson. There was about her, even down to her dress and hand-writing, a certain unique and indescribable charm, which combined with more important things to attract the confidence and love of young people, and of persons of varied disposition and character. I was greatly struck with this many-sidedness when she asked me to accompany her on one of her frequent visits to one of the remote parts of our Quarterly Meeting. I was not surprised at the warm welcome she received, but I did wonder as I listened to her conversation, exactly adapted to the circumstances of those she visited, so different from her own, showing the versatile mind and the

> " Heart at leisure from itself,
> To soothe and sympathize."

There seemed to be hardly any phase of feeling she did not understand. A young friend who spoke to her about some difficulties experienced in our meetings for worship, was struck by her reply :—" My dear, I have sometimes felt on sitting down in meeting, an absence of all good." Oh ! thought she, if thou hast felt in that way, I may well take courage, for perhaps no one enjoyed and appreciated our meetings more than she did. Whilst turning away from all irrelevant and useless dwelling on the past, she delighted in coming on the tracks of pilgrims gone before. She treasured an ancient Bible that

had belonged to one of her ancestors named Lancaster, and would playfully tell how this same Friend had at one time shown her zeal by pelting George Fox with sticks and stones, as related in his own journal, but was afterwards happily "convinced."

I remember a little scene that took place at the breakfast table one morning, when she and a dear lady friend were on a visit in Ireland, and a little boy of three or four was gleefully describing a lovely park to which he wished to introduce his friends. "Yes, dear," replied the lady, whose courtesy was exquisite, but who was not much accustomed to children, "we should like to go if there should be an opening." A perplexed look came on the sweet little face, and then he said, "Oh, there is an opening—there is a gate." My cousin sat by enjoying it thoroughly.

It was one of Mary Nicholson's peculiarities, to be somewhat reticent as to her plans until the time was nearly come for their accomplishment; and so it came like a thunderbolt on some of our hearts when, in the year 1856, she announced her prospect of going to America with Priscilla Green on a religious visit. The letters from America were deeply interesting, giving brief glimpses of varied experiences. In Philadelphia, amid abounding love and kindness, "some things were conflicting." In connection with what she terms the "horrid system" of slavery, she was touched by a young coloured girl whose mother was a slave, begging her to take her home with her as a servant: "Then I shall be safe," she said. In New England she enjoyed the "intelligent, agreeable people living on the farms"; and visits to the homes of Eli and Sybil Jones and of the poet Whittier were of no common interest. In the neighbourhood of Boston the martyrs of our faith were remembered with a thrill of deep feeling. She was painfully struck with the too laborious lives of the women in the West, and her sympathies went forth to them warmly. Many meetings were held with young Friends, with Hicksites, and with the public. She speaks of her

friend and fellow traveller being enabled powerfully to proclaim the Gospel, and many testimonies have been borne to the great value of her own ministrations, and the comfort and help derived from them.

A few days after their return she wrote :—

"Oh the mercy, the preservations, the upholdings there have been by sea and land! Praise may well be the anthem, with the deepest feeling of humiliation in the sense of the unprofitable and unworthy servant."

During the remaining years of her life our beloved Mary Nicholson continued to walk with God, rejoicing in the sense of her Saviour's presence, and in conveying the message of His love to others by her public ministry, in her social intercourse, and by letter. Her last illness was short. She said she was not anxious about its termination, as she had a blessed hope and trust in her Redeemer, and felt underneath her the everlasting arms. "Through all, the Lord is my help and my stronghold." In her own sweet pleasant manner she said, "Sometimes if I don't feel His presence so near, the thought comforts me that Jesus was asleep on a pillow though near to help, and I believe He is not far away from my pillow." On one of the last days she said to the doctor, "Luke was a physician and loved his Lord; I hope this dear doctor loves his Saviour." Her faithful servant, who had lived nearly half a century in Howgill Street, said to her, "In a little while all will be well." "Yes," she replied, "in a little while, when it is said 'It is enough.'"

A few words found in writing after she was gone seemed to be the expression of her parting thoughts and the summing up of her life :—

"Dear love to all my dear relatives and friends. May we, through mercy, be permitted all to meet and join in one eternal song of praise and glory to Him who is Lord of all. The bitter and the sweet have been mingled in the cup of life, but all in mercy: Christ is all!"

A few brief extracts from her letters may be given, though it seems like taking gems from their golden setting

to remove them from their context. She writes to a friend in 1864:—

"This is thy meridian day, surrounded by innumerable mercies, yet not without pressure of mind and body; but it may cheer thee to remember that the burden of the day may be realized as a part of the discipline which the dear Redeemer puts upon His children for their refinement. His grace will be sufficient in all the weakness and conflict to which poor humanity is subject. There may be realized low moments, almost as if God had forgotten to be gracious, but with the pious of old, and of all generations, the brief passage may be laid hold of 'This is my infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.'"

To friends under bereavement she writes:—

"It is sweet to feel, beyond a doubt, that there is One dealing with you as dear children, whose designs are all-merciful from beginning to end, though many a hard lesson has to be learned, even in a Heaven-bound journey, that all true rest and hope may be in Him who can sweeten every bitter cup. The moment is yet in store when every bereavement will be realized to be in perfect love and unfathomable mercy. . . . Tenderly do I sympathize with those of keen sensibilities, whose very nature it is to feel more acutely than some others; but then what a solace that there is One who knows the tender fibres of every heart, and can shelter, or cause the passing strong current not to hurt by the way! . . There may be known by these some dark shadowy spots to pass through, but faith in Him who is the Christian's hope, in different stages of life will be 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' And as the elders of old, through this same precious faith were said 'to obtain a good report,' may there be at the present day, among many gifted ones in the vigour of their day, an earnest seeking to hold fast the profession of their faith in Him Who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever; Who can give victory over all that would keep the never-dying soul in bondage."

To friends absent from home seeking health she concludes a cheerful letter:—

"How gladly would I mingle the next hour with you! but let us all try to take comfort even in our somewhat chastened lot or condition, knowing well that this is but a pathway with ups and downs in it: but then onward! onward! through all, is the watchword, making the best of everything here, looking through all to the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Much further on in life she writes:—

"There is great difference of times with us all, especially with us who often feel that as eventide is approached the scripture language is applicable, 'the grasshopper shall be a burden.' I have often felt very glad that such a brief description of feeling was left on record. For what others have gone through we may, in our turn, expect to share in. And I can hardly tell thee what interest I once felt, while looking at some pages in our oldest Bible, to find a word or two written in pencil, near that passage, by one of our ancient grandmothers; as if she too had been no stranger to human weakness. However, this may well be our solace, that the blessed Fountain of Hope and of Help will never change."

In another letter she says :—

"Whitehaven, and our circle in it, seem changed and changing, but then if found in one's right allotment here, and when time on earth shall be closing, what an unspeakable and unmerited mercy it will be! I thought the language of the Psalmist was sent home to my spirit a few days ago with fresh feeling, after he had said he had seen an end of all perfection—then 'but Thy commandment is exceeding broad'! There seemed such an expanse of that mercy which is unlimited; and He can anywhere 'command His loving kindness' to His dependent trusting ones, in what may be termed the 'day-time,' and give them hope in the 'night season.'"

[*From a photo by W. McLeish, Darlington & Durham.*]

JOSEPH PEASE.

[From a photo by W. McLeish, Darlington & Durham.]

JOSEPH PEASE.

JOSEPH PEASE.

Joseph Pease, the first Friend who had a seat in the House of Commons, second son of Edward and Rachael Pease, was born in Darlington on the 22nd of Sixth Month, 1799.

The religious impressions made under the influence of his pious parents and teachers seem never to have been effaced. He was a pupil of Josiah Forster, from whose seminary he was transferred to the office of his father and uncle at Darlington. At that time their woollen manufactory was by far the largest business in that place. The partners in the firm, when the young apprentice entered its service, were his father Edward Pease, and his uncle Joseph Pease. Both were esteemed and upright citizens; but the sanguine temperament and far-seeing commercial enterprize of Edward Pease were greatly in advance of his brother's; and very early in life the qualities of the father were manifested in a marked degree by his son, who, as their new junior clerk, soon became an apt business pupil. An important part of his youthful training, which bore fruit in later years, was his somewhat severe discipline as a correspondent. Method, punctuality, neatness, and precision were inculcated, and these lessons were gratefully remembered in after life.

The embryo of the railway system of the world is found in the proposal to construct a canal or railway between Stockton and Darlington, which came prominently forward in 1810; and for six eventful years the subject was discussed in various forms. Gradually, but surely, the sagacious judgment of Edward Pease

gravitated in favour of railway versus canal. His son Joseph, then in his nineteenth year, composed a draft of the prospectus of the first public railway company ever formed; and on the basis of that prospectus, slightly amended, the Company eventually came into existence.

In 1819 the Bill then before Parliament was defeated by a combination headed by the Duke of Cleveland. In 1820 the death of George the Third delayed the progress of the measure; but in 1823 the sanction of the legislature was obtained. George Stevenson was the engineer from the first; and on the 27th of Ninth Month, 1825, the railway was opened for traffic.

In 1826 Joseph Pease was united in marriage to Emma, the youngest daughter of Joseph and Jane Gurney, of Norwich. This union was blessed in no ordinary degree. As heirs together of the grace of life, they were strengthened to sustain one another in seeking first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and also in their prayerful endeavour to train in the nurture and admonition of the Lord the eight sons and four daughters entrusted to their care.

Joseph Pease attached an especial value to week-day meetings, as occasions for the renewal of spiritual strength to meet the pressure of daily duties. Neither business nor other engagements were allowed to interfere with the daily careful instruction of his family in Holy Scripture. The morning reading was made a time of great interest, each member of the family present, whilst in early life, being provided with a Bible; and the opportunity was embraced for the serious and intelligent inculcation of Scripture truth.

More than half-a-century has passed away since the stirring events of parliamentary reform passed, like a wave, over the land. Long had this reform been delayed. The pulse of the nation was beating high with expectancy when, on the passing of the Reform Bill, prior to which the whole of the working and many of the middle classes of the country were entirely excluded from any share of political power, South Durham had

the opportunity, for the first time, of electing two representatives. Joseph Pease became the popular choice of a large proportion of the constituency, and an influential deputation waited upon him with a well-signed requisition to offer himself as a candidate.

A beautiful trait in his character now presents itself. While inclined to accept the invitation, he must first consult his parents. His mother, actuated by a desire to secure, above everything else, that her son should live "unspotted from the world," was jealous of every attraction which pointed in the direction of political station. His father, however, queried, "Was the invitation an expression of the free and spontaneous will of the electors? If so, he could not discourage its acceptance." And it was accepted. After Joseph Pease had addressed the constituency in various places, a circular was issued, in which are the words: "If I am the man of your choice, it is well. With the blessing of Heaven I will do my duty as a man and a Christian, the free and unbought representative of a free and unsold people." There were three candidates, and he was returned at the head of the poll.

It was a time of deep thoughtfulness with him and with his friends. His position was unique, and many opinions found utterance respecting it. This was very present with him on the day of his election, as, in the morning, he remarked very seriously, "Some may say, 'righteous over little,' and some may say, 'righteous over much,' but they only who are on *the true foundation* will be able to stand." This grave utterance was wonderfully in contrast with the din and bustle of that memorable day.

On his entering the House of Commons on the 8th of Second Month, 1833, as Member for South Durham, in the garb and with the speech of a Friend, in the presence of the Speaker the customary oath was tendered and declined. A committee was appointed, on the motion of Lord Althorp, and in less than a fortnight after the other members had taken their seats Joseph

Pease figured as one of the speakers in the reported debates. He represented South Durham in Parliament from 1832 to 1841, during which period the evidence of his consistency as a member of the Society of Friends, alike in the discharge of his parliamentary duties, and of the claims of social, civil, and religious life, was marked and manifest. With leave of the Speaker for absence from the House, he took his seat as Clerk of Durham Quarterly Meeting, although, in those days, his so doing involved, for its accomplishment, a day and night's journey from Middlesex to Durham.

In 1846 Joseph Pease was appointed to the station of Overseer, and in 1855 to that of Elder. During that period the cares of business and of a rising family occupied much of his time, but he carefully attended to the duties these positions in the Church brought upon him, while his watchfulness over the flock was very striking. These services, it is believed, were preparing the way for his entrance on the work of the ministry, and for the last eight years of his life he was a recorded Minister. The love of God in Christ Jesus, the preciousness of His atoning sacrifice and mediation, the necessity of the new birth, and of the transforming and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, together with continued watchfulness and prayer, were themes on which he was often led to dwell. As a member of a Yearly Meeting's Committee he visited Friends in England and Scotland, and was at nearly all the meetings of Friends in Ireland. The anointing oil of his God was upon him for the service, and he was thus made acceptable to his brethren.

From the death of Joseph Sturge, in 1860, Joseph Pease was the active and vigilant President of the Peace Society. The British and Foreign Bible Society found in him a warm friend and advocate; and in the operations of the British and Foreign School Society, and of kindred institutions for the advancement of Christian truth, and for the improvement of the masses through the generous distribution of books and printed matter

his practical interest was deep and of wide embrace. Nor was he unmindful of his workpeople, for whom he was careful to provide Christian visitation and instruction.

Thousands have partaken of a life-long benefit from the wise and generous provision made for education in the schools which Joseph Pease established and maintained in the extensive mining and colliery districts in which he was so largely interested ; and probably no other man has done so much as he in opening up the resources and mineral wealth of South Durham. As Treasurer of the first railway in the world, he occupied a gravely responsible position, in which his indomitable courage was often put to the test. Neither resolution nor deliberation was wanting, as with far-reaching foresight, clear perception, and sound judgment he saw both what to do and when to do it.

There was a close affinity between his religious and his social life. One well acquainted with him records thus in 1872 :—

"For more than half of Joseph Pease's life-time I have known him well ; few not of his own kin have seen more of him in private than it was my privilege for many years to do. While others were admiring his public career, and the master mind which proved a match for arduous duties undertaken or imposed, ever accompanied by a suavity, urbanity, and a keenly-penetrating consideration for all, it was my privilege still more to mark the characteristics which permeated the family circle, and to watch the traces of an inner life beyond the ken of ordinary observation."

The sudden and irreparable loss of his beloved wife in 1860 was keenly felt. His sight, which was then failing, suffered from this great grief ; yet even after he had become totally blind he continued his visits to the poor and afflicted, and attended neighbouring meetings. His patient and even cheerful submission to this deprivation, so severe to one of his active habits, was deeply instructive, and was honouring to his God.

Towards the end of 1869 Joseph Pease suffered from greatly-increased infirmity. But, while earthly

things were gradually fading from his view, his mind continued anchored in the hope set before him in the Gospel. At one time he prayed :—

"Oh, righteous God ! I desire to give Thee thanks for the hope I have in Thy mercy in Jesus Christ. O Lord, I remember my children before Thee ! Bless them and the olive plants round about their tables. We bless Thee, O God our Father ! We bless Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ ! Make us Thine now and for evermore."

As he neared his heavenly home his mind increasingly dwelt on the glorious company gathering there.

Three days before his death a friend called upon him, and offered prayer at his bedside. After it was finished he added, "We thank Thee, O God, for mercies unmerited and eternal." After this, increasing weakness permitted of but little expression.

On the morning of the 8th of Second Month, 1872, it was evident that life was fast ebbing away. His family were gathered around him, and were recognized; he seemed conscious of the near approach of dissolution, and was thought to repeat more than once, "My redemption draweth nigh."

The beautiful repose in which, having served his generation by the will of God, he fell asleep in Jesus, will be to those who watched beside his dying bed a precious and a hallowed memory.

He died on the 8th of Second Month, 1872, aged nearly seventy-three years.

The following lines were written on the day of Joseph Pease's death :—

IN MEMORIAM.

A Prince has from earth departed ;
  A Chief has gone home at last ;
The noble, the earnest-hearted,
  Lives now in the mighty past.
Calmly, with reverent meekness,
  He waited the coming stroke ;
For the peace of God made sweet the rod,
  And His love made light the yoke.

But the place is filled with shadows
  Of years that are gone by;
When, a boy, in the daisied meadows
  He chased the butterfly.
They hustle and crowd around us,
  Each having some tale to tell;
And each phantom face still wears the grace
  He wore in life so well.

Here, the *youth's* bright face is shining;
  Here, care has marked deeper lines;
Here, vigour and hope entwining
  In the *merchant* shadow shines.
Here the ardent *politician*
  Makes the walls of St. Stephen's ring :—
"Give the slave release! Give the nations peace!
  And let our God be King!"

Then a group—how full of beauty!
  Comes clustering round the hearth;
Love mingles with filial duty,
  Reverence with harmless mirth.
The father and mother blending
  In loving and patient care,
Saying, "Those Thou hast given, O God in heaven,
  Are Thine, and they all are there."

Oh, liege and loyal townsman,
  Well known is thy earnest face;
Thy cheerful heart and liberal hand,
  Thy kindness done with grace.
And a form that we hold still dearer
  Shines out with a hallowed light,
With a loving word to those who erred,
  And a prayer to lead them right.

Joyous in sunny weather,
  Cheery when clouds were near;
A giant in strength, when the storm at length
  Darkened the atmosphere;
With a voice like a trumpet ringing,
  A clear light in his eye,
"In the thick of the fight, God shield the right!"
  Was ever his battle cry.

They crowd, they are past all counting;
  And our eyes are turned away
To a quiet room in a silent house,
  Where rests the mortal clay.

[*From a photo by W. Kurtz, New York.*]

STANLEY PUMPHREY.

STANLEY PUMPHREY.

"Scarcely have I asked in prayer
That which others may not share;
I have kept my fealty good
To the human brotherhood."

WHITTIER.

"I trust that you will be faithful followers of a crucified Redeemer."

It was an aged woman Friend, a minister, who spoke these words to Stanley Pumphrey and another very young man, as she took them by the hand.

Many years afterwards Stanley Pumphrey referred to this when speaking in the Women's Yearly Meeting on the influence of woman. "Since that hour," he said, "notwithstanding innumerable haltings and failures, this has been the aim of my life."

It was in the city of Worcester that he was born in 1837. An infant at his mother's knee, he asked, whilst pointing to a picture of the Lord Jesus Christ, "what is that?" and when told of the Lord's love to little children, with a beaming look he reverently whispered, "Jesus *my* Saviour." When rather older, left alone one evening at bed-time, he was overheard to say, as if in prayer, "I know what it is Thou wants; my will." Thus was the circle of Christian truth revealed to a babe.

To his mother he probably owed his deep interest in Foreign Missions, as well as his love for the beautiful in nature and art. Her death when he was about eight years old deeply impressed him, and he became still more susceptible to the influences of the Holy Spirit. One day when away on a visit, the high-spirited little

boy was missing, and after search had been made indoors and out, he was found in a bed-room reading a Bible, quite unaware of how rapidly the time had passed. "The Book which was the joy of my childhood," he once said, "became not less the joy of my youth, and no time was to me more precious than the half-hour which I devoted every morning to its contents and to prayer." As a school boy he gave a lecture on Temperance, and the arguments he used were so convincing to his playmates, that all but one of them signed the pledge. When afterwards at school at York, the ministry of the late James Backhouse was much blessed to him.

Before the age of twenty, he writes :—

"We need faithful and earnest labourers who shall go forth to the conflict in the assured conviction that with God there is no restraint to save by many or by few. In this field I believe that, unworthy as I am, I shall be called to labour. Even now already I have felt the call, but I have shrunk back in fear."

Nearly a year later, in allusion to the first occasion on which he spoke as a minister, he says :—

"Emotions, such as the Holy Spirit raises, beggar all description. My whole soul was filled with the love of Christ and with confidence in Him. . . . Then came a calm, and in the midst of that an emotion strong and powerful, such as the Scripture alludes to when it says, 'The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him and he prophesied,' and I felt that I might not refuse to utter the words then brought before me, 'The love of Christ constraineth us &c.'"

Whilst Stanley Pumphrey was in a situation in Dublin, Benjamin Seebohm was engaged in paying family visits there, and had an interview with him. As they sat quietly together, the veteran delivered to the young disciple a message, as both believed, under the direct prompting of the Spirit of God. In the course of it Benjamin Seebohm said :—

"I believe that out of these deep spiritual baptisms thou shalt be called to minister more abundantly, and to shine more brightly as a light in the world. If it should be so, thou wilt know that the glory is the Lord's alone. All that is of the flesh must be brought low before Him. Thou must learn to lean less on thy

own natural powers, and trust in the direction and help of the Good Spirit.* The higher we ascend the ladder of Christian experience, the more deeply are we humbled before God. . . . Thy eye must be unto the Lord, fulfilling every secret intimation of the Divine will."

In 1863 Stanley Pumphrey married Ellen Horsnail, whose death five years later was an exceeding sorrow to him. During the Yearly Meeting of 1874 Deborah Thomas, of Baltimore, when paying a visit to the Men's Meeting, remarked in the course of her service :—

"There are those in this meeting between whom and their service for Christ the great ocean rolls. Do not be long about it, for I believe *God will give time to do it in, and not much more.*"

Deeply did these prophetic words sink into the heart of one young man in that vast company, who could not hide his emotion, and that man was Stanley Pumphrey.

In the autumn of the following year he sailed for America. For eight years previously he had believed that the Lord was preparing him for this service. Very arduous were his labours there. In a letter he alludes to twenty-nine meetings in eleven days ; " You may think it too much, but the people are hungry and the Lord calls."

It has been said of his ministry, that whilst earnest for the conversion of sinners, his especial line of service was the strengthening of the Church by the building up of her members. How *can* a Church otherwise go forth to the crusade against sin ? He preached redemption through Christ, and that holiness of life which is the outcome of a true change of heart. In one of his letters he remarks :—

"When we believe we are called to speak, it is best to do it in simplicity, and leave the result with God. Sometimes when there is the most feeling of emptiness and desertion, the Lord is really the most present, and the most good is done."

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* These words recall George Herbert's quaint, beautiful lines :—

"I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs from many a tree,
But THOU wast up by break of day
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee."

"I had been waiting to make myself worthy, and oh what a weary waiting time it was," were the words addressed to him by one to whom his message of a present reconciliation through Christ had been greatly blessed.

Whilst at home for a few months in 1877, Stanley Pumphrey married Sarah, eldest daughter of Jonathan Grubb. At the Yearly Meeting of 1880, when returning his certificate, he very feelingly alluded to the joy that the Lord had given him in the fulfilment of the service. Within a year from that time, at the age of forty-three he entered on the "*perfect* service in our Master's presence, to which he had always looked forward as one of the brightest joys of Heaven."

THOMAS PUMPHREY.

THOMAS PUMPHREY was the son of Stanley and Ann Pumphrey, of Worcester, and was born there on the 10th of Sixth Month, 1802. He was greatly blessed in his parents, who were exemplary Friends, and though he was only three and a half years old when his mother died, he cherished the remembrance of her with loving veneration as long as he lived, and never once failed to remember the anniversary of her death. It was when, at eight years of age, he had read the account of her given in *Piety Promoted* that he was first made sensible of lasting religious impressions.

When ten years old he went to Ackworth School, and there was conspicuous for his conscientious conduct, his unblemished character, and for the good influence he exerted over his chosen companions. It is his connection with the School in after years as its superintendent which imparts a special interest to his useful life. The Ackworth of the days when he was a schoolboy there, from 1812 to 1815, differed greatly from the Ackworth of to-day, which owes much to him for the initiation of some of the structural alterations, improved sanitary arrangements, disciplinary reform, and higher educational provision, which have made the School so much happier a place to live in, and raised it so much higher as an institution for the successful training of its youthful inmates. In 1812 the rooms in the School wore a cold and cheerless aspect, and after dark were gloomy in the extreme. An oil lamp here and there lent a miserable light; in the long passages one or two dim yellow flames just made darkness visible, and boys at

the distant end of the play-shed could only just be seen in ghostlike outline. Reading and writing were difficult even to young eyes, and mental cultivation suffered accordingly. The subjects taught comprised the three R's, with English grammar and a little geography. The Scriptures were publicly read only on First Day evenings, and there were no regular Scripture lessons. Lectures, essay writing, natural history and juvenile associations were things unknown; and the softening tendencies of home life was little felt in the entire absence of vacations. In spite, however, of these and other disadvantages, there were influences at work which favoured the development of valuable characters, and these were not lost upon Thomas Pumphrey.

He left Ackworth in 1815, and after spending some time at Joel Lean's School, at Falmouth, was employed in his father's business, which was that of a glover, at that time the principal trade of Worcester. The home influences by which he was now surrounded, in the high Christian character of his excellent father, and the bright example of an older brother Samuel, were much blessed to him, and as he grew up to manhood he grew also in love and devotedness to his Saviour. He first spoke as a minister when nearly twenty-one years old, and was recorded as such by his Monthly Meeting in 1826.

Before Thomas Pumphrey could become a tradesman in Worcester it was needful for him to become a freeman of the city. In order to this he must sign a document, one clause of which involved his undertaking to keep "a lawful weapon for the defence of the city." His Christianity did not permit of this, and he feared that he would therefore be unable to take up his freedom. Much given to prayer, he took this difficulty to his Lord, and begged earnestly for help; and his prayer was answered; for when the appointed officer, in reading the declaration, came to that sentence, he at once said, "It is no use reading this to *you*; I will strike it out." Thus the way was made for him where he had seen no way.

In 1826 Thomas Pumphrey was married to Rachel, daughter of George Richardson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a union in which both were greatly blessed. Rachel Pumphrey was well prepared to sympathise with her husband in his religious exercises; whilst with his more buoyant and hopeful temperament he was able to cheer and encourage her in times of anxiety and depression.

T. Pumphrey's first undertaking in business was as successor to his father in the glove trade. The changes inevitable in such an industry soon made it advisable for him to turn to other business, but this also failed to answer his expectations, and a discouraging stock-taking in 1833 prepared the way for a change of occupation, momentous in its results to himself and to the large number of young people whom it brought under his influence.

As a minister of the Gospel he had several times visited Friends and their meetings in other parts of England, and in the spring of 1834 he had in this way been at Ackworth, and had thus come into intimate acquaintance with the school there, its superintendent, officers, and scholars. The institution had been for a number of years under the direction of Robert Whittaker, but his advanced age and failing strength now rendered it quite needful that a successor should be found. It had been hoped that Henry Brady would take the post, for which he possessed excellent qualifications; but these hopes were put aside by his death, and from the time when this occurred, T. Pumphrey's mind had often turned to the school, in a growing conviction that the path of duty was leading him thither. This feeling was so much confirmed, as the result of his visit to the school, that he offered himself and was accepted by the Committee as successor to R. Whittaker; and taking with him his wife and three children, he entered upon his new and onerous duties in the Twelfth Month, 1834. A happy change had come over the school since T. Pumphrey's schooldays. In 1816 Joseph John Gurney attended the General Meeting, and found sad ignorance

iptures prevailing among the children. It had practice to give to each scholar a Bible on he school. He proposed that this should be heir first coming; and this being agreed to, d then present at once received a Bible, agree- read it in preparation for an examination at the of the year. In his autobiography J. J. Gurney :—

"Well thumbed were those ies at the year's end. The en took their Bibles to bed h them, read them by the morning light, pored over them at leisure hours during the nd especially on First-days. The teachers rendered them best assistance; knowledge of the subject increased, and it good; and when I visited them at the close of twelve us the whole aspect of affairs was changed."

And in process of time the school became as ed for extent of Scriptural knowledge as it had been by ignorance.

t was no light or easy task that T. Pumphrey had aken. A commercial life such as his had been hither- d provided but little training for the director of an educational establishment. Happily he came to it with the feelings of a father whose heart was warm with parental love. But he had much to learn, and many things had to be learned by mistakes and failures, and at times through much discouragement. He possessed, however, a self-reliance, a promptness of decision, and a strength of will which, under the controlling power of divine grace, were very helpful to himself and to the school; and his readiness of perception, his quick suggestiveness, and soundness of judgment soon gained for him a large measure of the confidence of the officers of the institution in every position; whilst his earnest Christian character, and his somewhat unique gifts as a minister of the Gospel added greatly to his influence for good over the whole family.

The old "days of darkness," however, continued until 1838, when, in reply to a suggestion made to him by George Richardson, of Newcastle, that gas works should be provided, J. J. Gurney said: "It must be

done; I will give £50, and Sam (his brother Samuel, then Treasurer to the School) shall give £50. And forthwith the works were erected, and cheerful light took the place of the former gloom, and with this was inaugurated a series of improvements and alterations which have made the Ackworth School of to-day the bright and healthy and happy place that it is. The range of studies and methods of teaching as well as the spirit in which the discipline of the School was conducted received careful attention, and were by degrees changed greatly for the better, the mental developments of the scholars being also promoted by the formation and encouragement of various juvenile associations, and by the introduction of lectures, principally on scientific subjects. In the suggestion and working out of these various means of advancement T. Pumphrey was a leading spirit, and himself delivered numerous lectures on Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Optics and other subjects. He possessed considerable poetic taste and not a little facility in rhyming, and some of his contributions of this kind to Juvenile Essay Societies were both amusing and instructive.

But it was in the depth and earnestness of his Christian character, and in the remarkable adaptation of his preaching to the sphere in which he moved, that his influence was most conspicuous. He often selected somewhat unusual texts and themes to speak upon in meetings, or in the First-day Evening Readings, and the way in which he brought his thoughts home to the minds of his youthful audience, the happy readiness with which he could lay hold of a passing incident, such as the flight of a swallow into the meeting house on a warm summer's day, and turn it into a channel of clear spiritual teaching, combined with the deep feeling which frequently caused the tears to course down his face as he spoke, all helped to reach the hearts of young and old, and to leave abiding impressions there: and his fervency in prayer gave evidence of the depth of his desires for the highest welfare of all around him.

t it was thus manifest that not a little of heavenly " was committed to the trust of Thomas Pum- t it was received into an "earthen vessel" was made apparent. Being a man of strong mind, will, and of prompt decision, it was not always conclusions met with the willing acceptance of with whom he had to deal, and there were some eraments which could never attain to nearness and athy with him; whilst at times, especially amid difficulties of the early days of his administration at orth, something of hastiness and undue severity ered with complete success. He was well aware of e defects, and deeply regretted them, writing himself eference to them :—

"Observers see—for we are all too quick to see—that which ; but they see and know but little of the unutterable ation, the bitter weeping in secret, the earnest, and at times despairing cry, 'Lord, save me! I perish!'"

As a parent there was much brightness in Thomas mphrey's character. The buoyancy and playfulness ot his temperament found full scope, whilst yet he was patient, judicious, and kind. As his children grew older he still exercised a powerful influence over them. His ready sympathy and his Christian experience and wisdom secured both their confidence and love, rendering him in their estimation not only a loving father, but a wise counsellor, companion, and friend. His beloved wife Rachael Pumphrey died early in 1842, and this sore bereavement came upon him at a time of great anxiety, occasioned by much sickness in the school. Near the end of 1845 he married Isabel Unthank, of North Shields, who continued to be his loving and devoted companion to the end of his life.

In 1859 Thomas Pumphrey's health began seriously to give way; and, a lengthened period of relaxation in the autumn of 1860 failing to bring the desired restoration, in 1861 he requested of the Committee of Ackworth School to be released from his post there, and finally quitted the institution early in 1862.

After a short stay at Ilkley, he took up his residence in a cottage at the bottom of the school garden for the few weeks that remained to him. Late in the Seventh Month he became very ill, and was soon made aware that his end was drawing very near. The peacefulness and joyfulness of his spirit, and the unshaken calmness with which for the last few hours he watched the approach of death were very striking. The anchor of his faith in Christ held firmly. "The lamp is loth to go out; I thought I was gone," he said. "Gently descending," and "Nearing the haven," and "Very near," fell from his lips just before his redeemed and purified spirit passed away to its heavenly inheritance, on the 31st of Seventh Month, 1862.

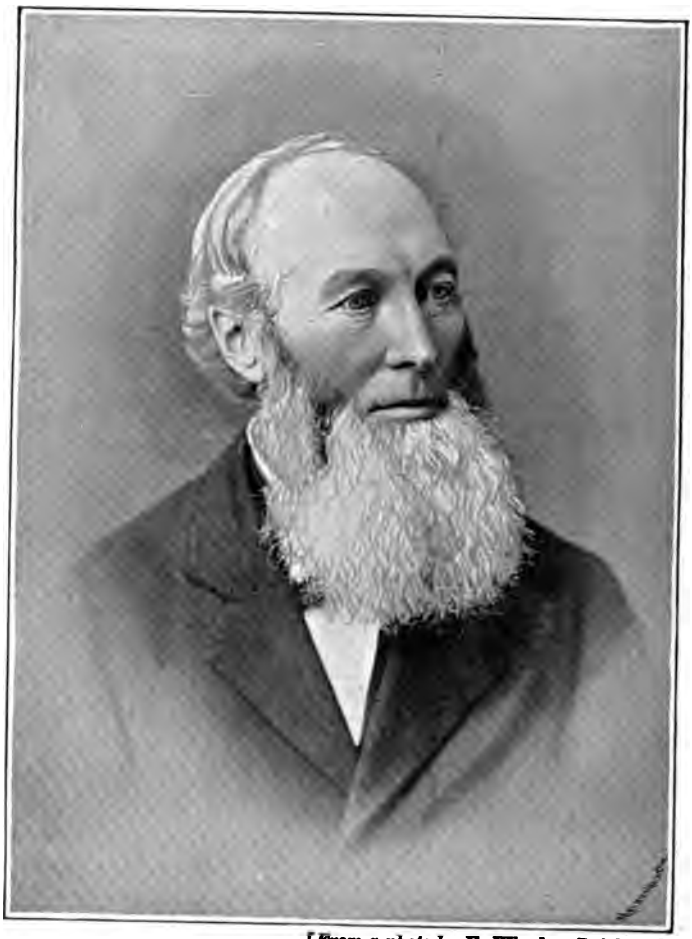
THOMAS PUPLETT.

Not many who have been engaged in the work of education in the Society of Friends during the past fifty years are remembered among those who came under their influence with more unalloyed esteem and affection than Thomas Puplett. He was a man of singularly blameless life, of conspicuous faithfulness to duty, and of a deep humility, in which he always retained an estimate of himself far below that in which he was held by those who knew him.

He was born in 1824, at Layer Breton, in Essex, the youngest of a family of four children ; and, losing his father when four years old, was left to the loving care of his mother, whom he always treated with most dutiful affection. His childhood's home was amid country scenes and surroundings, which retained their charm for him all through life ; and, as he grew into boyhood, his docility, kindliness, and tenderness of spirit marked him as one of whom it could be said that he feared the Lord from his youth.

When ten years old he went to school at Ackworth. He was a "quiet boy," and his gentleness of spirit and deep conscientiousness exercised a restraining influence on his chosen companions, some of whom were more exuberant and fiery in temperament. He was, however, vigorous and diligent in his studies, and his conduct as a schoolboy and all through life was marked and regulated by high principle.

As his schooldays drew towards a close he became more and more inclined to become a teacher ; but with his habitual quietness and self-distrust he said nothing



[*From a photo by E. Wheeler, Brighton.*]

THOMAS PUPLETT.

about it to any one. The superintendent and masters, however, had marked his uniform good conduct, his systematic and orderly habits, and the reliability of his character ; and, wishing to retain him as an apprentice, found him fully prepared for their proposal, and he thus commenced his life work, which came to be, as years passed on, more and more his loved employment, as an educator of the young. Henceforth Ackworth became a true home to him, and continued to be so for nearly forty years, except for a break of three years spent at York, an interval which was, no doubt, of use to him in changing for a time the sphere and the atmosphere of his work, but during which it was sometimes very manifest to those associated with him that he was ill at ease, not feeling at home, and longing for a home which was not there. During the term of his apprenticeship Thomas Puplett was exemplary among his fellow workers by his faithful and diligent attention to duty. One who was a scholar at Ackworth at the time writes :—

"Though nearly fifty years have passed since those days, and I was then but a little fellow, I have a vivid recollection of the impression made upon me by what, though so young, I could not but see was the earnest conscientiousness and faithfulness to duty with which Thomas Puplett went about his work ; and if anything of the same kind has marked my own course, I am in no small degree indebted to him for the influence of his conspicuously good example during those early years."

His disposition was gentle almost to timidity, and those who observed him during the early years of his work might have been ready to fear that he would never develop a strength of will and firmness of disposition so helpful to a teacher of boys ; but as years passed on his character gathered strength which, always associated with kindliness of manner, enabled him to exercise a most valuable influence over one generation after another of Ackworth schoolboys, and gave him a high place in their affectionate esteem. One who was long associated with him writes of him when he had his own class in a room all to himself :—

"All here was under his sole control. He threw all his he into the work of the class, and the members of it were unceasin under his own observation. How often was he adding the l touch of order and cleanliness to an already orderly room! made it his habitual place of resort. Here he spent hours, ea and late, in quiet study and reflection; and here his Christi character was maturing. To the stranger the room seemed a h of peace, rather than the resort of schoolboys."

The character of his work was somewhat alter during the many years when he held the post "Master on Duty," and had the oversight of the 1 boys at all hours not devoted to lessons. This was light task to one who himself so loved order a decorum, and wished to maintain them everywhere; b his "level" system of discipline, and the strict justice a impartiality of his management won the respect even turbulent and wayward scholars. He studied the charact of his boys individually, and whilst, if occasion needed he could assume an air and tone of authority that con manded submission, his power lay in the exercise loving sympathy and kindly influence. He might oft be found with his arm around one of his youthf charge, pleading with him in earnest tenderness f what was good and true; or it might be offering qui encouragement to one whom he knew to be striving t walk in the path of duty.

It required much encouragement on the part of th Committee of the School and of some of his person friends to induce Thomas Puplett to undertake, durin his later years at Ackworth, the teaching of the seni class of boys, his ability for which he himself great mistrusted. Yet, having undertaken it, his painstakin diligence and the whole heartedness with which h threw his energies into the work, won for him a larg measure of success; and this, together with the dept and reality of his Christianity, gave him an influence f good over his pupils that was of the highest value, an secured for him the personal affection of many of then which he in full measure reciprocated.

In 1877 failing health compelled him to retire from hi

post at Ackworth. He keenly felt the withdrawal from the many associations and interests which during his long continuance there had wound themselves closely round his heart. He writes, in the Fifth Month :—

"Much as I knew I loved Ackworth, I really knew not until now how deeply sunk and widespread were the fibres of my affections in her rich and varied soil. The days of parting were days of *deep, deep* feeling." And again: "My thoughts often take flight to Ackworth; and the flowers remind me of the beds and plants I used to cultivate in my schoolroom—tender plants, opening, I hope, to a diviner sun than bids the flowers to bloom; destined, many of them, I trust, to grow up as fruit-bearing trees to the Lord's praise."

He repeatedly visited the School after having left it, and the cordiality of the boys' welcome when he appeared on the playground, especially on the first occasion, when most of them knew him, was almost too much for him.

Thomas Puplett had taken a leading part in meetings, held fortnightly by the adult members of Ackworth Meeting, for the reading and study of the Scriptures. At these times his thorough acquaintance with the Bible, and his excellent gift in its exposition, were of great value. In cottage meetings held in the village his comments on what was read had sometimes assumed the form of persuasive preaching; but it was not until about the time of his leaving the School that he ventured to speak in the meetings for worship, having probably been unduly held back by diffidence and self-depreciation. After these had been overcome, however, his gift as a preacher of the Gospel grew rapidly, and its exercise met with the warm appreciation of his friends, who recorded him as a minister in 1879.

During eleven out of the twelve years that remained to him after his retirement from school life, he spent the winter months at Southport, his service in the meeting there being highly valued. The summers he occupied in lengthened visits among his relatives in Essex, occasionally spending a few weeks for Gospel labour in the Isle of Wight, at St. Ives, Leiston, Cambridge, and

other places. During all this time his health was greatly enfeebled, and those who knew how much it was so, were often surprised and instructed by his uniform cheerfulness, which did not leave him when, in addition to his other infirmities, a painful rheumatic affection greatly impaired his power of locomotion. His thoughts often wandered back to his old vocation, and in Ninth Month, 1886, he wrote :—

"Teaching has now for more than nine years ceased to be my life's occupation; but my estimate of the teacher's calling does not lessen; it rather increases and intensifies, especially when considered with the highest interests of the young; and could my voice sound forth to all the Christian teachers of the land, I should be disposed to bid all, or, rather, affectionately to encourage all, increasingly to regard their high vocation as

"'A work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom they wait.'"

In 1888 Thomas Puplett's weakness increased greatly, and he was unable to pay any of his wonted visits away from Essex. He writes :—

"Old scenes, people, places, and labours have been more than usually present in thought with me of late, but, as often before, my thoughts have had to come back into narrower compass, and I have to realize that waiting and inaction are now my portion, and that 'day by day' is now my most appropriate motto; but my thoughts can and do at times spread themselves abroad in the wide range of my Heavenly Father's love, a region comprehending the past, present, and future—a region too wide adequately to investigate, its wonders too great to understand, its mercies too numerous to tell."

For the last two months he was confined to his room, his patience and meekness, and his thoughtfulness for others conspicuous to the end. To a friend he said, "I have an unwavering trust"; another he assured that his hope was in Christ. And in lively hope of "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," he peacefully departed, on the 18th of Third Month, 1889, aged nearly sixty-five.

[*From a photo by Gandy, London.*]

ISAAC ROBSON.

ISAAC ROBSON.

"In a service which THY will appoints
There are no bonds for me."

A.L.W.

"HE who really and truly believes in the Lord Jesus will be saved, whether he have any experience at all to relate or not." These words of Dr. Boardman, the writer remembers hearing Isaac Robson read from a slip of paper in his pocket-book, in a social hour of religious fellowship long ago. The development of his own spiritual life was gradual, and he could look back to no definite period of conversion. We are told that as a school-boy he was upright in conduct, and kindhearted, as well as fond of play; and that as a young man he was conscientiously diligent in business, and a good example to his fellow-shopmen, who much respected him. From early childhood he had been conscious of the love of God, and yielding to the gracious visitations of the Holy Spirit, he grew in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Even when most closely occupied with business he was a regular attender of meetings for worship and discipline, and sought in many ways to encourage the attendance of his friends, to whom he would sometimes quote the old saying, that when things were in their right places the best would be uppermost. Under the constraining love of Christ he was led to speak as a minister of the Gospel.

"I liked Isaac Robson's sermons very much," were the words of a young friend, "particularly because he often spoke to young people." Deep was his interest in their welfare, and faithful his service amongst them. The writer recalls his labours of love in one county which he visited in 1862, as a member of the Yearly Meeting's Committee for Visiting Meetings, and the unction which attended his ministry. When addressing the young and alluding to worship, he spoke of how difficult they might find it to control wandering thoughts —even impossible in their own strength; and yet when enabled to draw near to Jesus, they might sometimes feel His immediate presence. If they had but little outward religious teaching they could go to Christ Himself, and be taught and disciplined in His school; and might afterwards have to tell to others what they had thus learned.

At another time, after quoting the Psalmist's words, "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the Truth," he spoke of the importance of upholding the freedom of the gospel ministry, Christ's headship in His Church, and the spirituality of the Gospel dispensation.

In a pamphlet entitled, "Thoughts on Christian Worship," Isaac Robson, after alluding to our Saviour's conversation with the woman of Samaria, goes on to say:—

"'In spirit and in truth';—language that we are apt to apply far too exclusively to *public* worship. . . . The spirit of man is to be brought into true subjection and obedience; and the *distinct act* of worship, whether it be the first ejaculation of the returning prodigal, or the thanksgiving of the experienced Christian; whether it be in public or in private; whether it be uttered in words, or silently conceived in the heart, is but the natural or spontaneous expression of a spirit thus, for the time at least, subjected. The true worship in short is that of the inner man; and wherever it exists, it will be evinced in conduct as well as in words. The Christian worshipper, conscious that the root of evil is within, will seek to have his very thoughts brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. His daily life is a life of worship. In his outward engagements and pursuits he has the

fear of God before his eyes, and his desire is to make His law the rule of his actions. Weak and faltering though he be, again and again though he have occasion to repair to the fountain set open for sin and for uncleanness, the love of his Heavenly Father is so implanted in him, that the language of his inmost soul is *Thy will be done*, than which there can be no fitter or more comprehensive expression of real worship."

Efforts on behalf of Peace, Temperance, Bible distribution, and Education had Isaac Robson's warm sympathy or active aid. The Friends on the Continent, the Vaudois Churches, the Protestant congregations in Italy, the Mennonites in South Russia were visited, and nearly all the Yearly Meetings in America attended by him. It is believed that the blessing of the Lord rested on his service at home and abroad ; and that "he was, indeed, a father in the Truth to many."*

"Perhaps there are some present," were his words in a meeting he visited, "who are saying in their hearts, 'I would gladly touch the hem of Christ's garment if I knew where to find Him'; but He was not far off ; we need not ascend into the heights, nor descend into the depths, to find Him. The WORD is very nigh thee, in thy heart. Where conviction for sin is, there is Christ."

At another meeting, after quoting Christ's words, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me," Isaac Robson referred to "the comfort, as well as the instruction, we deprive ourselves of by not following Jesus more closely," and added :—

"There are those who can testify that His yoke is easy ; but still it is a yoke, putting a limit to our desires. Wisdom's ways are, and always will be, ways of pleasantness. Christ will give strength to follow wherever He leads, though the way may seem impossible to us. May those present know Him to be their Teacher, their Leader, the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls."

He was deeply attached to the principles of the Society of Friends, and in a letter remarks :—

"One can hardly help fearing that the activity and restlessness which characterize the age may lead some Friends to expect from change of arrangement, that which can only be brought about by a deepening in religious experience, and by individual submission to the yoke of Christ. It is this, which would prepare

* Minute of York Quarterly Meeting.

not only for the reception of spiritual gifts, but for their unreserved exercise when called into service of any kind, whether among our own members or in the highways and hedges, under the direction and blessing of Him who alone can prosper our efforts."

Isaac Robson died at his residence, Dalton, Huddersfield, at the age of eighty-four, on the 25th of Fifth Month, 1885. Four days later his beloved wife, the companion of fifty-four years, peacefully passed away in sleep.

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BENJAMIN SEEBOHM.

"Yea I know," cried the true man of old. And whoso'er wills it may know.
"My Redeemer existeth!" I seek for a sign of His presence, and lo!
As He spake to the light and it was, so He speaks to my soul, and I know!"

SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN.

A LASTING impression was made on the mind of Benjamin Seebohm when, as a shy boy seated in a snug corner, he heard his father quote to some literary visitors a passage from the writings of an old German divine, which took hold of his mind after this manner:—*There is such a thing as truth; and if there is, there cannot be any good out of it.*

At the age of nine he lost his mother, who died of a nervous fever soon after the birth of her ninth child, a victim of the French invasion of Germany in the winter of 1806-7. Her last slowly whispered words to her husband were, "Louis, take especial care of Ben." Was she thinking only of the lameness of the little lad, or had she some faint glimpse of the path of service for his Lord which lay before him?

Benjamin Seebohm tells us that he was far from what would be called "a good boy," yet even when unblamed by those around him, secretly and with tears he would mourn over thoughts words and deeds which the Spirit of Christ showed him were of a sinful kind. The children in some measure shared their father's overwhelming sorrow, and when one day Benjamin was left behind by his active play-fellows as they climbed a wooded hill behind Friedensthal, where the family

lived, a crushing sense of desolation came over the sensitive motherless boy. But suddenly, in the midst of his despair, a complete change took place in his feelings; his heart was greatly comforted by a consciousness of the love and guardianship of God, in whom he was enabled to place his trust; and the holy influence of that hour never altogether passed away.

The beginning of his seventeenth year was a memorable epoch in his life. On a bright, sunny day in the midst of a hard winter he was eagerly employed in sleighing with other boys, when he saw his uncle Diedrich coming through the wood from Pyrmont. He told his nephew of a letter from an American Friend who was going to pay a religious visit to the Friends of that neighbourhood. The boy's keen interest was awakened by this strange news, and that very evening he went to his uncle's house to ask more about the whole matter. His uncle, after speaking to him of the nature of a Divine call to the ministry, alluded to "the awakening, convicting, regenerating and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, in taking of the things of Christ and showing them to us." What he said much struck the young hearer, for it closely corresponded with feelings to which for many years his heart had been no stranger, but the source of which he had not known. This memorable evening was soon followed by another, when some pathetic verses sung by one of his sisters had vividly brought back memories of the much-loved mother, and he left the fire-side for the garden, where the glistening snow gave back the clear, bright light of the moon. The loneliness and the coldness seemed as emblems of the desolateness of his heart; and whilst he wept, his thoughts turned to the expected visit of the minister from America, with whom he feared he should have no opportunity of becoming acquainted. In that hour of sore sorrow he poured out his soul in a prayer which was at once answered by the remarkable consciousness given him of God's presence and love. In after years he described this heavenly visitation, as

"a time of entering into covenant with Him who has ever proved Himself to be a covenant-keeping God." On the following morning he learnt that Stephen Grellet had arrived at Pyrmont, and he was asked to act as interpreter for the strange minister, whose kindly heart was at once attracted to the thoughtful, intelligent youth. Stephen Grellet visited the families of Friends, and when at the home of the Seebohms addressed every member of the family in turn, with an unction, a tenderness, a love which seemed to come home to each heart.

"His words to me," B. Seebohm adds, "were very striking, almost prophetic. My soul bowed before the message of peace through Jesus Christ. I was much affected, and looking down I found the floor was wet with tears; nor did the impression become less permanent by the unsuppressed emotion."

Some months later he was the interpreter for Elizabeth Coggeshall, of New York, and Sarah Hustler, of Undercliffe, near Bradford, and his acquaintance with the latter led to an invitation to England, where he settled for life. Before going to Undercliffe, a few days were spent in London, where the German lad, in his blue coat with brass buttons, was introduced to Elizabeth Fry, who on taking leave of him earnestly said, "My son, if thou set thyself to seek the Lord, prepare thy heart for temptation." On his seventeenth birthday he writes:—

"May it please the Almighty so to strengthen me, that henceforth I may live to His glory only, and be found doing His bidding."

He now made it a daily habit to spend some time alone in his chamber to read the Scriptures, and wait upon God in meditation and prayer, a practice which was greatly blessed to him. He also acquainted himself with the writings of the early Friends, and the history of the Society.

A private religious interview with William Forster is thus described by Benjamin Seebohm:—

"After a short pause he addressed me in a very remarkable manner. The secrets of my heart seemed to be laid open before him; and some things he said were so unusual, and so strikingly

in accord with my inmost feelings, that the impression never left me."

In the declining years of life Benjamin Seebohm edited the "Memoirs of William Forster," as he had previously the "Journal of Stephen Grellet."

At the age of twenty-three he first spoke as a minister of the Gospel in the Friends' Meeting at Bradford, where he had settled in business. Even in childhood a vague, indefinite feeling had sometimes rested on his mind, that if faithful to the Lord's guidance, he must one day become a preacher, but he banished the idea as being wholly improbable. His first public advocacy of the cause of Christ brought over his soul an almost overwhelming tide of joy. Seeking to live under the government of Christ he soon found that a wide field of service lay before him. His powerful ministry was often of a very striking character; and, keeping close to the direction of his Lord, he was gifted with a spiritual discernment which often enabled him to minister with remarkable clearness to the religious state of those who were personally unknown to him. His family visits formed a very important part of his service, and many persons engaged in active religious service have ascribed the change in the course of their lives to some earnest and loving words spoken in such domestic ministry. He visited all, or nearly all, the meetings of Friends in the United Kingdom. Five years, from 1846 to 185[illegible] were occupied in visiting the meetings of Friends in America, where twenty years later there were many who spoke of the permanent good they had received from his ministry, whilst on this side of the Atlantic there are it is believed, not a few whose lives have been powerfully influenced through his instrumentality. Nor will the loving earnestness with which he set forth the blessedness of whole-hearted dedication to the Lord be soon forgotten. His knowledge of various works on theology and ecclesiastical history in different languages may have the better enabled him to understand the intellectual religious difficulties of others, to whom

under the guidance of the Lord, he brought effectual aid.

In 1831 Benjamin Seebohm married Esther Wheeler, of Hitchin, whose great great-grandfather suffered imprisonment in Bedford gaol for the sake of freedom of conscience, at the same time as the great dreamer, John Bunyan. This "union of heart and service" did not take place before the cost had been counted of the long separations which would be likely to ensue.

The impression made on him by the Falls of Niagara, regarding which his first feeling had been disappointment, he thus describes, after looking at midnight from a window on the moon-lit rapids :—

"The whole scene brought upon my mind such a sense of the power of sin and its awful consequences . . . that I soon found myself upon my knees imploring a yet larger participation of preventing grace, a yet deeper interest in the unsearchable riches of Christ, a thorough rescue through Him from everything that offends the Holy One, who is above all the power of the enemy, and reigns triumphant in His own glory. I never wish to lose the impressions, both of evil and good, both of judgment and of mercy, both of the power and influence of the tempter, and of the 'Seed of the woman,' that can bruise the serpent's head, and work deliverance for those who flee for refuge to lay hold on the hope of the Gospel, which were made upon my mind by the moon-lit view of the falls of Niagara."

On the last evening spent by Benjamin Seebohm in America, he gave a religious address of peculiar interest. To a disposition such as his it must have been difficult to make much allusion in public to his own experience; but now that the parting hour was at hand, surrounded by many fellow-believers, not a few of whom he felt to be "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh," his lips seemed to be unsealed, as he spoke of how nearly thirty years earlier, when sitting alone in his chamber, an "unwonted peacefulness and holy calm had spread over his mind, accompanied by the clear conviction that it was the will of God that he should at a distant time undertake such a mission to America as the one now completed. He urged his hearers to a faithful performance of the Lord's bidding, and steadfast perseverance in His service, and confessed that now, at the

[*From a photo by W. R. Sedgfield of a drawing by J. Willis.*]

JOSEPH STURGE.

JOSEPH STURGE.

Among the Christian philanthropists of the last half-century few have held more honourable position than Joseph Sturge, whether as an ardent anti-slavery advocate, a self-sacrificing worker in the blessed cause of peace and goodwill amongst men, or a pleader for the elevation of the working classes, and for the removal of causes of poverty and wretchedness amongst the masses of the people.

The family of the Sturges had been settled for many generations in the neighbourhood of the picturesque rural villages of Tockington, Olveston and Elberton, in Gloucestershire. They had been mostly farmers, or yeomen, cultivating their own land. One of them, Joseph Sturge, who died in 1669, had joined the Society of Friends at the time of its first gathering, and the present family trace their descent from him. The village of Olvestone (written Oldstone in G. Fox's Journal) is interesting as having been the place where George and Margaret Fox parted company, each for an independent line of service, after their week's honeymoon at Bristol.

Joseph Sturge, the second son of Joseph and Mary Sturge, was born at Elberton on the Second of Eighth Month, 1793, and was "a very healthy and lively infant whom it was a pleasure to nurse." He was one of a numerous family, having, besides his brother, two sisters older than himself and others near his own age—a real blessing to a boy. When about seven years old he went on a long visit to his maternal grandfather, a plain farmer-like man, with little education, but possessed of

a good understanding, and a most amiable and affectionate disposition; of the strictest integrity, and held in great esteem by his neighbours; and whose household was conducted in very homely fashion. Among his grandchildren Joseph became a special favourite, and greatly enjoyed the life of almost unrestrained freedom amongst the scenes of rural beauty surrounding this second home, accompanying his grandfather when he went out shooting or fishing, and in early summer spending his days in birds'-nesting, to which he was ardently addicted. Neither thorns nor briars, nor torn flesh and clothes could restrain him in this pursuit. During these summer seasons his clothes often hung in tatters upon him, to the great distress of the worthy housekeeper, who, on one occasion, brought the boy to his grandfather, pointing despairingly to a new garment torn from top to bottom.

"Ah! Joseph, Joseph," exclaimed the old man with mock gravity, "we must make thee a pair of tin breeches, and then all the children in the village will exclaim: Here comes the boy with the tin breeches."

When ten years old he returned to the paternal home and was soon sent to school, at Sidcot, where he remained till he was fourteen, when he returned and assisted his father, who was a farmer and grazier. But he had not much inclination for farming, so that when, in 1814, on a visit to his friends the Cotterells, of Bewdley, a proposal was made that he should join H. F. Cotterell in partnership as a corn-factor, he accepted the offer and shortly went to reside there. Three years afterwards, when he was twenty-four, his father died, and Joseph cheerfully undertook the place of caretaker of the family, treating his mother with exceeding tenderness during the short period of her widowhood, she surviving her husband only two years. After her death he took a larger house near Bewdley, and there extended a generous welcome to his brothers and sisters, over whom he exercised the responsibilities of a father with the utmost kindness as long as this was

needed. He used every endeavour to promote and maintain mutual confidence and love amongst them, and he himself gained, and continued through life to receive their deepest affection.

His partnership with H. F. Cotterell continued for only three years, and he then commenced a business for himself. The corn trade was of a singularly hazardous and speculative nature. Frequent sudden and great fluctuations in prices called for the greatest care and prudence, and sometimes involved the trader in heavy losses if not in absolute failure; whilst at others large fortunes might be quickly made. For a number of years Joseph Sturge had to struggle with periods of extreme anxiety, and to endure much disappointment and frequent loss, and, being a man of sensitive conscientiousness, to bear constant alarm lest he should be the means of involving others in disaster that might befall himself. At times he was so much discouraged as to be on the point of relinquishing the trade. Happily he was a man of very strong physical constitution, which enabled him to carry out his resolve that it should not be for lack of energy, diligence, and care on his part that success should not attend his efforts. His industry was exceeded by few. Bewdley Meeting was united with Worcester as a Preparative Meeting, and he was known, at a time of feverish excitement in the corn trade, to go over to Worcester on a First-day morning to Preparative Meeting; take the mail coach at night for the eleven or twelve hours' journey to London; attend Mark Lane market next morning, and return by that night's coach to Bristol; attend market there on Third-day, and travel thence to Gloucester, arriving there late at night; get a few hours' rest before proceeding sixteen miles to Ross next morning to attend the Quarterly Meeting; and on the close of that, again mount the coach and make the long journey to Liverpool. It was after many years of these hard struggles and anxieties that he began to feel some firmness of footing, and to find that he had laid the foundation of a "fine commercial fabric which after-

wards grew so much in extent and estimation, as to enable him largely to lend his pecuniary aid to benevolent enterprises in which he was engaged."

A remarkable tenderness of conscience, combined with firm moral courage, directed the sterling integrity with which his affairs were conducted. On the occasion of a difference between his firm and a customer in Ireland, as to who should bear a serious loss on a cargo of grain, which they had referred to arbitration, an award had been given and the affair was settled. A few months afterwards the Irish firm were surprised at receiving from J. Sturge's a draft for £300, with a letter, stating that on deliberate consideration they had come to the conclusion that the award had been too much in their favour, and that it would be a satisfaction to them to pay over the enclosed amount.

Joseph Sturge had early identified himself with the Temperance movement; and no sooner had he done so than he began to see that he could no longer conscientiously receive the handsome profits which accrued from his large dealings in malt, and in barley for malting and distilling purposes. He and his brother Charles, who was in partnership with him, therefore gave up that part of their business, notwithstanding the expressions of astonishment and remonstrance of some of their customers, to whom they addressed a circular detailing their motives for the step.

In the busiest periods of his life Joseph Sturge never allowed himself to neglect religious duties. From the age of fourteen he had been under deep spiritual impressions, and had desired to live consistently with the will of God; and with advancing years he had become by sincere conviction a Friend. The little meeting at Bewdley was almost always held in silence; but there, and in other towns whither business took him, he was a most regular attender of meetings both on First-days and week days, no plea of press of business, or critical state of trade sufficing to deter him from this uniform habit. And to this it was at least in some

measure due that neither in times of extreme commercial anxiety, nor when the tide of prosperity had set in, did he become a mere man of business absorbed with the desire and purpose of acquiring wealth; but there was always room in his heart for feeling and effort on behalf of the suffering and the oppressed.

In 1834, at the age of forty, Joseph Sturge married Eliza, daughter of James Cropper, of Liverpool, with whom he had then long been associated in anti-slavery efforts. But within twelve months the bright prospect thus opened to him was darkened by her death, and for a while he was stunned by the severity of the blow. His sister Sophia had conducted his household for many years before his marriage, and now returned to comfort him in his deep grief, and to resume her former post, which she continued to fill till her death in 1845. This again brought him into sore affliction, as a bond of the closest affection had united the brother and sister, and she was a woman singularly fitted to occupy the place allotted to her as his wise Christian counsellor and helper. Eighteen months after her death he was married to Hannah, daughter of Barnard Dickenson, of Coalbrookdale, who still survives him.

The esteemed biographer of Joseph Sturge, the late Henry Richard, M.P., had a wide range of stirring incident from which to gather up his admirable narrative; for the life and energies of his friend were so given up to philanthropic efforts and struggles, and he was so constantly in the forefront of the conflict, that the detailed story of his life of necessity includes that of scenes and circumstances of the deepest and most lasting interest. Only the briefest tracery of such a life is possible within the limits at our disposal.

In no department of philanthropy was he more earnestly devoted and self-sacrificing than in the arduous work of the anti-slavery agitation. As is well known, the slave trade was abolished in the British dominions in 1807; but it was not until 1823 that the question as to the lawfulness of negro slavery was raised

in the Imperial Parliament, and then only in a cautious way by Sir T. F. Buxton. Public feeling on the question was, however, soon roused, and the lead in the agitation was taken by the Society of Friends. In some notes which Joseph Sturge took of the Yearly Meeting of 1823 occurs the following :—

"The petition to the House of Commons was read, and some very interesting remarks made on the state of slavery by William Allen, John Wilkinson, James Cropper, and a number of other Friends."

The subject was again discussed in 1824, when, amongst many others, James Cropper described to a crowded meeting, in a powerful address, the horrors and iniquities of the system. From that time forward Joseph Sturge became an ardent champion of the cause of the slave, and in 1826 he was appointed Secretary to the Birmingham Anti-slavery Society. But few years passed before he grew impatient with the cautious and temporising methods proposed by the London association, and in 1830 he was amongst the first to declare that he would be satisfied with nothing short of the immediate and total emancipation of the slaves, and in the Yearly Meeting that year he delivered an earnest address, begging Friends to take a more decided stand upon the question than they had hitherto done. Henceforward he became a foremost spirit amongst that section of abolitionists which strove for the prompt and absolute downfall of slavery, and under his leadership Birmingham, next to London, became the most influential centre of anti-slavery work. In 1833 the Emancipation Act was passed ; but, much to the grief and disappointment of Joseph Sturge and his associates, it was marred by the provisions of the apprenticeship system, which they believed would in large measure defeat the object of the Act itself. And such proved to be the case, for reports soon began to reach England of the cruelty and oppression with which the "apprentices" were treated. It became needful therefore to undertake a further crusade against the apprenticeship. But the social

tyranny that prevailed in the colonies was such that, whilst these reports were continually coming, the names of the witnesses were carefully withheld. Resolved that the cause of the oppressed should not be defeated for lack of evidence, Joseph Sturge determined to go to the West Indies and investigate the matter in person—a courageous undertaking, and well worthy of the man who resolved upon it.

Associated with his friend Thomas Harvey, of Leeds, and one or two others, they sailed for Barbadoes in the Eleventh Month, 1836, and occupied some months in visiting many of the islands, witnessing for themselves, and learning by careful enquiry, the iniquities of the existing system. On his return home he formed the fixed resolve never to rest till the apprenticeship was overthrown, and again placed himself in the forefront of the conflict. The battle was not easily won, for, arrayed against the abolitionists were the Government of the day, all the leaders of the great parties in Parliament, and almost every member of the high official class; and it was only by appealing to the representatives of the people that it seemed possible to secure the triumph of right and of humanity. Eventually the triumph came, when on the 23rd of Fifth Month, 1838, a resolution was moved in the House of Commons by Sir Eardley Wilmot, "That negro apprenticeship in the British colonies should immediately cease and determine," and was carried by a majority of three votes. The galleries, as usual on such occasions, were crowded with Friends and others, among them being Sir T. F. Buxton, who, in writing of the event, said:—

"The intelligence was received with such a shout by the Quakers (myself among the number) that we strangers were all turned out for rioting. I am right pleased."

And so it was brought about, largely as a result of the visit to the West Indies, that on the 1st of Eighth Month, 1838, the shackles fell from every slave in the British dominions; and among the millions of rejoicing hearts that day none felt a purer joy than did Joseph

Sturge. Slavery, however, still existed in the United States and other parts of the world, and he could not rest without striving for the liberation of the bondman the world over. He therefore girded himself afresh for the conflict, in which his part ended only with his life.

It was a cause of much grief to Joseph Sturge to witness the poverty and hardships to which large numbers of his fellow countrymen were subjected, and the ill-feeling that prevailed between the middle and operative classes, which found expression in the days of the Chartist disturbances ; and he was amongst the first to see that in the adoption of free trade, and in the wide extension of the franchise, the condition of the masses would find effectual improvement. He therefore threw himself into the struggle of the Anti-Corn Law League, and side by side with Cobden, Bright, and many other patriots, fought the battle of cheap bread for the people, having previously taken a prominent place in the agitation which won the Reform Bill.

The cause of Peace received his most earnest advocacy, not only because he believed all war to be utterly opposed to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, but because of the desolation and suffering inevitably attending it. When the war fever seized on the British people before the outbreak of the Crimean war, he spared no effort of tongue or pen to endeavour to stem the mad torrent. In the hope of averting the impending calamity, in company with Henry Pease and Robert Charleton, he undertook the well-known, and at the time much-derided mission to St. Petersburg, their object being to plead with the Emperor Nicholas for the maintenance of peace. The deputation were received with kindness and courtesy, the Emperor giving them a private interview, and entering freely into conversation with them, during which they had full opportunity of laying their views and desires before him. In writing of the interview, Robert Charleton says :—

"I may here notice the deep impression evidently made by Joseph Sturge personally, both on Count Nesselrode and afterwards on the Emperor. His frank and open manner, his obvious sincerity and transparency of character, and the great simplicity and depth of feeling with which he advocated the cause of peace, must have contrasted strongly with that guarded reserve and that studied obsequiousness of manner which usually mark such intercourse with despotic power."

But whatever pacific influence might have been exerted by the deputation was thrust aside by the arrival of the English mail, bringing the press of this country, teeming with bitter hostility towards Russia; and all hope of the maintenance of peace had to be abandoned. At the close of the war, when the Congress of Paris met to settle the terms of peace, it was Joseph Sturge who, when all others failed, associated himself with Henry Richard, of the Peace Society, in the endeavour to obtain the introduction into the treaty of a protocol, urging the resort to arbitration, instead of war, for the settlement of international differences. And in this, through the cordial co-operation of Lord Clarendon, they were eminently successful.

Yet another errand of mercy arose out of the Russian War. Wanton and cruel injury had been inflicted by the British fleet on some of the coast towns of Finland, whose inhabitants, entirely innocent of any share in military action, were reduced to an extremity of distress. Joseph Sturge could not be satisfied without making an effort for their relief, and found once more a sympathising and efficient coadjutor in his friend Thomas Harvey. They spent some weeks in the autumn of 1856 in a visit to the sufferers, and by their Christian sympathy, and the substantial help which, through the liberality of Friends at home, they were able to render, they brought comfort and relief to many homes, and left behind them amongst the injured people, the assurance that there are Christians in England who are animated by a spirit far different from that which can sanction war.

In 1858 Joseph Sturge, with some hesitation,

because he felt that the strength of his days was declining, accepted the position of President of the Peace Society. As he saw that one after another the veterans in the cause were passing away, he had been earnestly desirous of pressing its claims on the young and strong; and in 1859, in company with Edward Smith, of Sheffield, and Henry Richard, he held a series of meetings in the north of England, in which he pleaded with his young hearers with an earnestness and pathos the more intense because of the conviction to which he almost always gave expression, that his own course was nearly run, that they would devote themselves to this hallowed cause; telling them that there was nothing in his past career upon which he dwelt with more satisfaction than upon any humble service which he had been permitted to render to it.

In many conspicuous ways, to which no reference can be made here, Joseph Sturge had been active as a citizen of Birmingham, in seeking through evil, as well as good report, to promote the highest interests of its large commercial and industrial community. In the year 1845, in conversation with a few young Friends, he was deploring the scenes of idleness and mischief to be witnessed on the Sabbath amongst boys and men in all large centres of population, and especially regretting that the Sunday schools turned their scholars adrift at just the age for folly and vice; and queried, could not something be done to meet the evil. His young Friends took hold of the suggestion, and thus began the Adult Sabbath School of Birmingham; and with it there originated the growth of similar schools in all parts of the country where Friends are to be found. The admirable results of this work are too well known to need dwelling upon here. As William White writes:—

"Joseph Sturge was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the School at Birmingham. It was at his house that the first teachers' meetings were held, and the plans of usefulness laid, which have since been so eminently successful and so greatly favoured with the Divine blessing; and no institution ever interested him more completely than this, of which he was preeminently

the nursing father. And how could it be otherwise, as he lived to see many who were once drunken, ignorant, and depraved, changed by the influences thus brought to bear upon them into sober and consistent Christian men and women."

As has been indicated above, Joseph Sturge was, early in 1858, under a presentiment that his life would not be much prolonged. Symptoms of heart disease had already manifested themselves. He had purposed attending the Annual Meeting of the Peace Society, on the 17th of Fifth Month that year, and his name had been announced as Chairman ; but, having risen at his usual early hour of six o'clock on the 14th, he was seized with a distressing cough, and shortly complained of feeling very ill. Kneeling at an open window, he uttered a few broken sentences of prayer ; but he soon became unable to speak, and severe pain was exchanged for the faintness of death ; and when his brothers, who had been hastily summoned, came in, they saw that "he was not, for God had taken him."

The signs of universal sorrow that prevailed as the intelligence of his death spread, and the widespread desire that was manifested to do honour in death to one who had been so greatly esteemed and beloved in life, made it evident that the prevailing sentiment would have found expression in the language, "Know ye not that a prince and a great man is fallen this day."

WILLIAM TANNER.

"As there is under the Gospel Covenant but one Priest, so there is but one authoritative Teacher, and to Him alone we must stand or fall."

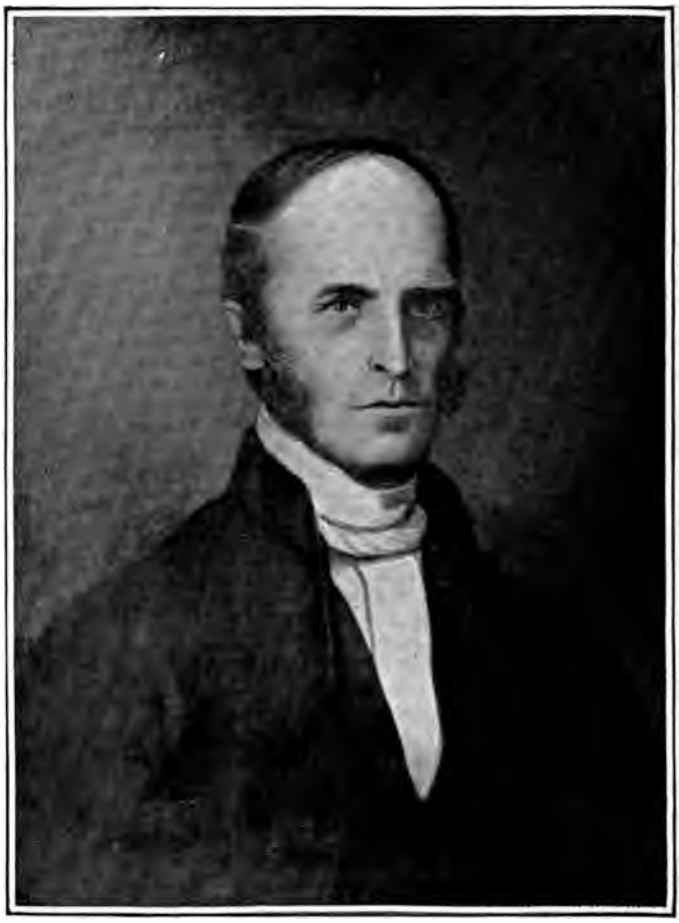
WILLIAM TANNER.

AT the age of forty William Tanner wrote :—

"I am by no means disposed to place my recollections of childhood in such strong and favourable contrast with those that relate to succeeding years, as many poets and other writers do. . . . Childhood, like the early morning and the spring time of the year, has its peculiar charms ; but to my own mind there has always been something more attractive in the reposeful associations connected with the evening of the day, the autumn of the year, and the decline of life."

As a little child, however, he preciously realised the love of his Father in heaven ; and was thus led to make known his childlike requests to Him ; some of his earliest memories being of such times as these. Almost in infancy his tenderness of conscience was evident, and he is described as being intelligent, impressionable, and very affectionate. His health was delicate, and over-sensitiveness caused him much suffering at times. He was so haunted by the fear of losing his mother, that he begged her not to repeat to him Cowper's poem on his mother's picture. Even in much later years he would speak of her as being one of the two people whom he felt he could hardly live without.

He was born at Sidcot, Somerset, in 1815, and this village was the home of his early youth. In a summer-house in the garden, his brothers and he were wont to "play meeting," these meetings being sometimes more



WILLIAM TANNER.

[redacted]

than play to him. The journal of George Fox was a favourite book, and its second perusal was nearly accomplished during the years of childhood.

When about the age of sixteen he went to Bristol to acquire a knowledge of business, and resided at the house of an uncle. A religious visit from Joseph John Gurney about this time was an occurrence of deep importance to him, especially the charge given him never to omit the exercise of prayer at least twice in the day. He also became a more diligent reader of the Holy Scriptures. He now attended the Yearly Meeting for the first time, and found this legislative gathering more attractive than London sight-seeing, and the conduct of the discipline of the Society continued to be a subject of great interest to him. Many years later he wrote :—

"I have still a strong recollection of some of the things that were said and done, and of some of the men and women who were the most prominent on that occasion, and truly there were giants among us in those days. Samuel Tuke, I think, impressed me the most upon the whole as a Quaker statesman, as William Forster did as a Quaker preacher."

Whilst still in early youth he passed through much mental suffering during a serious illness. In reference to this he writes :—

"Oh! how was the self-righteous feeling which I found had been built up within me, broken to pieces, and seen to be as filthy rags; not one single ground of hope appeared on which I might rest in any degree, save only the remembrance of that great atonement which had been made upon the cross for sin. . . . . One day as I sat in meeting with my mind oppressed, I was suddenly encouraged to hope that my prayers and exercises, worthless and feeble as they were in themselves, would nevertheless be heard and accepted by my Heavenly Father. And as an evidence that such would be the case, a text of Scripture occurred to my mind, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, etc.,' accompanied by an impression that my dear mother would repeat it among us before the close of the meeting. This proved to be the case, to my unspeakable joy and relief. Never since have I dared to doubt that the prayer of the humble will be received by Him who, blessed be His name, remains to be a God hearing and answering prayer."

The succeeding winter was spent in Malta and in cruising the Mediterranean, as the state of his health

caused much anxiety. Not long after his return he took up his abode at the village of Cheddar, among the Mendip Hills, where for fourteen years he undertook business as a paper manufacturer. Here he carried on some of the labours of Hannah More, on whom his mother had taken him to call when a little boy. He aimed at the spread of the Scriptures, and was an earnest friend to the education of the poor, a steady and effective supporter of the then unpopular temperance cause, and took a warm interest in measures for the abolition of slavery. In his diary he alludes to a special "Meeting for Sufferings" in London, for the consideration of slavery and the slave trade, when it was decided that addresses should be prepared to the different European governments; and adds:—

"The politician might smile at our proceedings, but to me it seemed that the united exercise of soul before the Lord, into which many were introduced under the consideration of these crying sins, was cause for reverent thankfulness."

William Tanner had an early impression that he should one day be called to show his love to his Saviour by publicly declaring to others the message of reconciliation in which he had been made to rejoice. He first spoke as a minister when in his twenty-second year, referring impressively to the faith of the Shunammite woman, who, though her child was dead, could say, "It is *well*." About three years later he was recorded as a minister. He was diligent in the use of his gift, and often held religious meetings among the poor in his own neighbourhood. His Gospel service included a journey to Norway, and several extensive visits to Friends in the north of England, in London and the neighbourhood, and in Ireland. Many meetings with the public were also held, and in his thirty-fifth year he visited the families of Friends in his own Quarterly Meeting.

In 1849 he married Sarah, daughter of Daniel and Jane Wheeler, a union full of happiness to both. Sarah Tanner possessed a cultured mind and cheerful disposition, and deeply sympathizing with her husband's

ministerial labours, became a great strength to him. They settled at Ashley Down, near Bristol, and William Tanner thus became a member of a large meeting, in which he soon held a very responsible position. It has been remarked by one who knew him well, that it would be difficult

"To convey an idea of the freshness, depth and unction which characterized his ministry. . . His prayers both in public and on more private occasions were deep and heart-searching, and marked by a union of filial confidence with the deepest solemnity and reverence. . . . . He was a man of fine mind naturally, the perceptive and reflective faculties being alike good, and the judgment and taste clear and discriminating. . . . The qualities which fitted him to be the helper of a widely differing circle of acquaintance were such as no mental training can bestow. He possessed a sensitiveness which would have been morbid had he been chiefly occupied with himself, and which did indeed often occasion him great suffering. But as a rule, and in relation to others, it seemed only to enable him to understand their feelings with an acuteness and delicacy which was one secret of his power. . . He was not one to force confidence, and it would have been as foreign to his inclination as to his principles to ask people sudden questions respecting their spiritual condition."

A younger friend of his, who afterwards felt that she owed very much to his sympathy and counsel, observed, in reference to intercourse with him during a journey in which she formed one of the party, that

"He was about the last person to pry into my secrets; he seemed not to be wishing to know what might be my hidden history. I could almost fancy he did not care about my spiritual well-being. And yet the constant respectful kindness, the ready understanding and appreciation, the congeniality of intellectual tone, the simplicity, purity, and humility of my honoured companion, worked its effect, and seemed at once to raise and humble, to brace and soften. . . His sympathy was quite different from the ordinary kindness which makes many ready enough to pity or to help. It arose partly from his power of comprehending the minds and hearts of others, and partly from the fact that he felt *with* people, not only for them. . . One who had gone to him in sore spiritual discouragement, wrote thus not long afterwards: 'He did not seem puzzled or surprised. He appeared to understand it all, as no one had ever done before, and in *that* even there was relief. "And if it be any comfort to thee to have my sympathy, thou hast it most fully; indeed, thou hast a *claim*

sympathy."' He never pretended to be able to offer an
e remedy for distress of any kind, indeed he pronounced
ensions to be 'Spiritual Quackery'; yet it is not surprising
effect of his skilful tenderness was sometimes very
*

some knowledge of natural science, especially
y, he found a source of "unspeakable gratification
nterest." His love of ferns was almost a passion,
his hours amongst them brought the needed un-
ing from the pressure of more weighty matters on
mind, and the great bodily exhaustion thus produced.
once playfully said that he had been dreaming that
was classifying specimens of ferns to take to a
thly Meeting. The writer of this sketch has the
llection of once in childhood meeting him under her
r's roof. She happened to be amusing herself with
engravings in a book of travels, and the page lay
at one which represented luxuriant ferns. With
ly tact he spoke almost as if he supposed the child
intended to call his attention to them, and advised
her, when taken for a walk, to gather different kinds of
ferns for pressing in a book. An old dictionary was
soon made more useful to her than it had ever been before, whilst the name of William Tanner was thenceforth associated with kindliness and ferns. His reading was of a varied character, and he had a keen love for true poetry. With characteristic energy he entered into the leading topics of the day, and a warm appreciation of the beautiful, especially in nature, brought him much enjoyment.

In the autumn of 1865 he spent six weeks in religious service in the north of England, where it is believed that many could tell of blessing received through his labours of love. With the boon of a hopeful mind he hailed with comfort any manifestation of spiritual life in others, even when blended with what was crude in judgment and doubtful in practice. He came back

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* *William Tanner: A Study from Life; by Matilda Sturge. Friends' Quarterly Examiner, Tenth Month, 1885.*

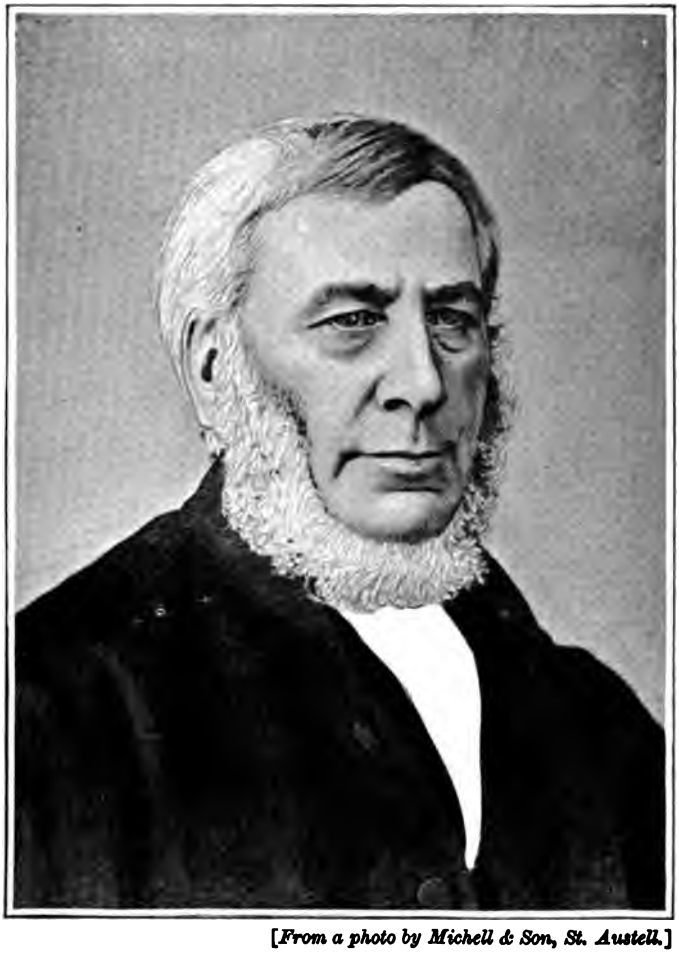
from the North with a peaceful mind, but much run down in strength, yet soon rallied sufficiently to resume cheerfully his round of active duties on behalf of others, although amidst much weariness, and also to fulfil the ministry which he had received. In his last vocal prayer in his family he asked that they might be sheltered that night and evermore, even as the chickens are sheltered under the wing. In less than five days afterwards the last hour of his life on earth arrived. "Time and strength fail me," he said, "but I would commend you to God, and to the glorious display of His love as revealed in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He died on the 8th of Eleventh Month, 1866.

JAMES VEALE.

James Veale was born in 1801 and was one of the younger members of a family of ten children, mostly boys, several of whom grew up to be well-known and highly respected in their native town of St. Austell, in Cornwall, for the soundness of their intelligence and good sense, their sterling integrity, and the steadfast conscientiousness of their Christian characters. He was a lively-spirited boy, and, along with his brothers, greatly enjoyed their country life, and was much interested in various branches of Natural History, for the study and observation of which the surrounding district afforded fine opportunities. His parents were excellent Friends, and his father took great pains in the training of his children, his efforts bearing rich fruit in the mature lives of some of them, in none perhaps more so than in the case of James.

He was very early sent to boarding school; but there, though he possessed much intelligence, his progress was not rapid; for with the restless energy of his temperament, he loved birds-nesting and tree-climbing better than lessons, and failed in steady application to his duties. Later in life he became very sensible of the loss he had thus sustained, and strove hard, and with much success, to make amends for it.

After leaving school he was apprenticed to a firm of outfitters in London, who so much appreciated his conduct and capacity for business, that at the close of his term they offered him a partnership. He, however, preferred returning to Cornwall; and before very long, wishing for change and free scope for his energies, he went to Australia, and remained in that part of the world for eleven years. Though but little is known of this period of his life, there is no doubt but that his conduct



[*From a photo by Michell & Son, St. Austell.*]

JAMES VEALE.

continued to be correct, and that he maintained the good habits in which he had been brought up. Thus far, however, he had not experienced that change of heart without which none can have a place in the kingdom of Heaven; and for five years after leaving England, as he says, "he was not conscious of any immediate visitation of divine love, and he lived to himself instead of to Him who had died for him."

But a blessed change was at hand. He had gone into business in partnership with another young man. One First-day morning his partner proposed that they should spend the day with some of his friends in the country. It had been a stormy night, and, rising from the breakfast table, J. Veale went to the window to see how the weather promised. As he stood gazing at the fleecy clouds driving across the sky, suddenly his soul was filled with a sense of his Saviour's love, the sweetness of which was inexpressible. It was so new an experience to him, and so wonderfully met the depth of his exceeding need, of which he was then made sensible, that he yielded at once to the precious influence, and used every means to keep hold of it, seeking out solitary places where he could commune with God and make covenant with Him; and he found rich blessing in his retirement, and these places became to him sacred spots, remembered to the close of his life.

With a heart thus converted to God he returned some years later to England, and began business as a grocer at Barnstaple in North Devon, where he continued to reside for twenty years, and where he rose very high in the estimation of his fellow townspeople through his sterling integrity as a man of business, and his unselfish Christian kindness and sympathy towards all around him.

A curious incident brought him prominently before the people on the day when he first opened his shop. It was market day, and many country people had come in. As James Veale stood behind his counter, in something of the nervous anxiety for customers of a new beginner, a dog came into the shop, and probably at

some sudden fright, with a great bound dashed out through one of the window panes. The dog's owner in much alarm soon appeared, apologizing and offering to pay damages. He was received in the kindest manner, and assured that there was nothing for him to pay, for he would not be held responsible for that for which he was not to blame; and that J. Veale would rather bear the loss himself. At first sight it looked a little hard for him; but it proved far otherwise, for the report soon spread through the town that a dog had jumped through the window of the Quaker's new shop, and he had refused any compensation; and the incident became the best possible advertisement for him. From that day his business prospered wonderfully, and he might have become a wealthy man, but that he so much delighted in liberal generosity. His own words afterwards, in reference to this period, were :—

"Everything I touched seemed to turn to gold; I was wonderfully prospered in basket and in store, and full of spiritual blessing."

A friend who knew him intimately at Barnstaple writes :—

"What characterized dear James Veale, as I remember him during the years of his sojourn among us in this place, was a rare transparency of character, joined with a remarkable simplicity and integrity, which made every one, as soon as he got to know him, feel that he was a man he might be sure of, and who was to be trusted at every point. . . . He had, too, a tender, cautious, and yet probing way of sounding those he came in contact with, which seemed to spring from a depth of reality in himself that longed to find a responsive element in others. . . . Wherever you met him, in the shop, in the house, or abroad, he seemed always to speak from a deep calm repose of soul, which never seemed to feel the need of launching out into much talk."

James Veale was remarkable for the tender kindliness of his disposition. Widows, fatherless children, needy sick people, and any who were destitute, were sure of his generous regard. A touching case was that of a young German, a teacher of languages at Barnstaple. In the winter time his health gave way, and his position was very desolate—a stranger in a foreign land,

penniless and sick. J. Veale provided for all his wants for fourteen months; but this would have remained unknown, had not the sufferer written on the fly-leaf of a hymn book which he left behind, an inscription, which, translated, is as follows:—

"December 3rd, 1850. Brother James Veale made me the unselfish proposal, in my present failing health, namely, in a brotherly manner to share with me what he has."

His kindness and love extended also to dumb animals, and this increased as his years multiplied. One day during his later life, attracted by a disturbance outside, he went out and found a man beating and shouting at a donkey, in the vain endeavour to get it to draw a heavy load of coals up a narrow steep hill. Undertaking to manage it, he sent the man for a piece of bread, which, after patting and talking kindly to it, he gave to the animal, bidding it gently at the same time to "pull up"; which, to the astonishment of the crowd, it immediately did, and with apparent ease drew the load to the top of the hill.

James Veale was by birth a member of the Society of Friends; and his own religious experience from the time of his conversion, confirmed by a striking dream during his residence at Barnstaple, at a time when he was inquiring into various phases of Christian profession, satisfied him that the right place for him was that of a Friend. After leaving Barnstaple he returned to his native town, where he continued to reside till his death. He took a lively interest in political affairs, earnestly desiring that they should be conducted on Christian principles. He was warmly and actively interested in the cause of Education, and took a prominent part in the local work of the Bible Society. He became a highly valued member of the Friends' Meeting, both as a reverent and devout worshipper, and as a deeply baptised minister of the Gospel, whose addresses, though often brief, were attended with much spiritual power. Among his most intimate friends was George Cornish, of Redruth. As true yoke-fellows in the service of the Lord, they

travelled much in their native county, holding meetings in the chapels, large and small, of the various denominations of Dissenters, which were freely offered for their use. They also together visited some of the meetings in Lancashire and other parts of the North of England.

During the last few years of his life James Veale suffered from gradually increasing feebleness. He lived in a comfortable ivy-clad cottage in beautiful grounds, belonging to a younger brother, and would often with reverent gratitude express his appreciation of the favours and blessings allotted to him. His friends, on calling to see him, often found him in quiet devout worship, and in this he loved to have them unite with him, as well as to speak of the goodness and love and wisdom of God, and of the things of His eternal kingdom. Hymns of thanksgiving often filled him with deep emotion, and he loved to quote the stanzas :—

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

* * * * * *

Through all Eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O ! Eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

About a month before his death a slight attack of paralysis greatly enfeebled him. But his grateful love to His Father in Heaven was often on his lips.

"I could not have supposed," he said, "that a sick bed could be so comfortable. I have no pain, and all my wants are well supplied : Why, it is like living in the Land of Beulah, or on the Delectable Mountains."

And in this happy state he continued, till the end came rather suddenly, on the 17th of Twelfth Month, 1882, in his eighty-second year.

WILLIAM COLSON WESTLAKE.

WILLIAM COLSON WESTLAKE.

WILLIAM COLSON WESTLAKE, second son of William Colson Westlake, of Southampton, was born in that town in 1822. His ancestors on both sides were firm adherents of the Society of Friends, some of them having suffered hardship and imprisonment for their religious belief. The subject of this memoir was throughout his life a consistent Friend. He inherited the qualities of both parents, the energy and courage of his father, combined with the gentleness and calm dignity of his mother, who was an especially lovely character. She was the daughter of Thomas Thompson, of Compton, in Dorsetshire.*

From his early years W. C. Westlake showed traces of those distinctive qualities which marked his manhood, and which, mellowed and strengthened by Divine grace, produced a character of rare excellence.

Both parents having died before he was fifteen, he was early called upon to assume a leading position in a

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* In the "Friends' Quarterly Examiner" for January and April, 1878, will be found an interesting sketch of "The Thompsons of Compton," from the pen of W.C.W. For seventy or eighty years the Friends' School at Compton was successfully carried on by Thomas Thompson and his father. Of these, with other members of the family, graphic portraits are here given. They formed a group of that sterling type of Quakerism which flourished in the early part of the present century, especially in country villages, living a secluded life, and devoting themselves to the welfare of the people around them. It was of this stock that the mother of W. C. Westlake sprang, and she transmitted to her own family many of its excellent qualities. The scholars at Compton School included members of many leading families in the Society, *e.g.*, Ball, Fry, Gregory, Tuckett, Fox, Tregelles, Stephens, Clark, Fowler, Allen, Bell, Lister, &c., &c.

family of eight, who were left orphans, and also to take, with his elder brother, an active share in his father's extensive business of a corn merchant, which he followed to the close of his life. Both at school and during early manhood he showed great fondness for harmless recreations. In these he sustained his interest in after life, encouraging all innocent and manly pursuits, believing in the motto, " Mens sana in corpore sano."

As he rose to manhood W. C. Westlake entered more directly into the interests of his fellow men, associating himself with various philanthropic institutions. Into these he entered with avidity, and under a sense of duty. " Always aiming at the goal duty," was the character ascribed to him by one who knew him well, and this was borne out by his earnest and powerful advocacy of the institutions of his native town. He entered with ardour into the concerns of outward life, acting on the injunction that we are to "use the world as not abusing it." In philanthropic work he maintained the attitude of a Christian reformer, contending earnestly with those who differed from him, yet with a kindness that won respect. He was never daunted by failure, but appeared to gather fresh courage in the face of difficulties; yet he ever took a humble view of himself, conscious of his frailties, and sensible, after all he had done, that he was but " the unprofitable servant who had done that which it was his duty to do."

Amongst the many causes that received his warm support in his native town were the Infirmary, Dispensary, School Board, Penny Bank, Young Men's Christian Association, Bible Society, Working Men's Clubs and Refreshment Rooms, Hospital Sunday Fund, &c., &c.

In 1875 W. C. Westlake openly espoused the cause of Temperance, taking the total abstinence pledge under Canon Wilberforce. From that time he worked side by side with the great temperance reformer, who regarded him as one of his most valuable adherents, and felt his decease as a personal and private grief. As a magistrate,

and a member of the Licensing Committee, he did all in his power to check the drinking habits of the people, and entered heartily into the "Blue Ribbon" crusade.

In the year 1856 W. C. Westlake married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Millis Coventry, and together they instituted those garden parties for policemen, cabmen, Sunday school and other teachers, &c., with their wives and families, which became an annual enjoyment to those who partook of them.

In his own family circle the tenderness of his nature was conspicuously shown, and his nearest relatives were specially cherished and helped by his judgment and advice. Few who knew him only in public life gave him credit for the gentle, sensitive nature that lay hidden under his firm exterior.

In 1867, with a few coadjutors he started the "Friends' Quarterly Examiner," of which he was Honorary Editor from its commencement to the close of his life, a period of twenty-one years. To this labour of love he devoted his best energies, and successfully conducted it on purely voluntary principles as regarded its contributions. It was to be "a religious, social and miscellaneous review, devoted to the best interests of the Society of Friends," and this position it maintained throughout. It was the chief literary work of his life, and embodied his best and highest thoughts. Besides Editorials on a great variety of subjects, he wrote a series of forty-two anonymous papers under the title of "A voice from Southampton," in which he recorded in a vivid and sprightly manner the leading public and other events in which he took a part. He also largely influenced public opinion through the local Press to which he had ready access, having, in the words of a local paper, "a facile, strong, and vigorous pen which always commanded attention." His book on the principles of the Society of Friends, entitled "The Sure Foundation," is well known.

W. C. Westlake took an active share in political life, following in the footsteps of his father, who, in the

stormy period of 1831-2 took a prominent part in the cause of Parliamentary reform.

His influence over young men was marked, and he often helped them through a critical period of life by his sympathy and sound judgment. His advice was also frequently sought privately, and numerous were the difficulties, pecuniary, social and religious, that were adjusted by his timely and judicious counsel. One holding a prominent official position said, "In a dark crisis of my life Mr. Westlake acted like a brother towards me"; whilst a local paper thus concluded a notice of him :—

"While many have been specially benefited, the whole community must be the better for the life and labours of William Colson Westlake."

We will now turn to his deeper and more hidden life. Being of a reserved nature his religious feelings were not often divulged, but the spring of his outward life was communion with Christ. This communion deepened manifestly towards the close. He was a recorded Minister of the Society of Friends for eighteen years, and although his ministry was confined mainly to his own district, yet he occasionally visited other meetings, and was a diligent attender of the Yearly Meeting, where his sound judgment was much valued.

Trained in the principles and individuality of the Society of Friends, W. C. Westlake exhibited in a marked degree that character "for independence, for truthfulness, for vigour, for courage, for purity," which Dr. Westcott says has so specially characterized the followers of George Fox. He was no recluse, but filled the part of a true Christian citizen, concerned for the moral, religious and physical well-being of those around him. Perhaps the truest exposition of his religious faith was given in a personal testimony in the "Friends' Examiner." It was written as revealing his experience in the prospect of an operation which he was apprehensive might prove fatal.

"With this contingency before me, (i. e. the possibility of a fatal issue) the tremendous reality of the life beyond impelled me

to 'try the foundations,' and test the real supporting power of that whereon my eternal hope rested. . . . . A person, not a creed, was that towards which my anxious heart longed to reach forth when in deep waters, and to hear the compassionate voice :— 'Fear not ; I am the first and the last and the Living One ; I was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades.' (Rev. i. 18., R V.) . . . . An earnest gaze at the Cross on Calvary, at Him, the Eternal Son of God, Who hung there for our sakes,—'Who, His own self, bore our sins in His own body,' was the only and all-sufficient resource upon which my yearning, anxious soul could rest amidst all." . . . . .

Having thus "tried the foundations," his confidence did not forsake him. Being able, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, to say, "I feel the bottom and it is good," "his peace henceforth flowed as a river," and through all the decline of health that ensued, with its attendant suffering borne with great fortitude, he submitted with the quiet trust of a child in his father's arms. For some months the operation appeared successful; but the disease re-appeared, and the malady proved too deeply seated for human skill. From this time the decline was rapid.

The last discourse delivered at his own meeting bore testimony to the reality of his Christian faith, and to its power to carry him through the greatest trials. After an earnest appeal to the young not to allow the temptations to agnosticism, to scepticism, or to grosser forms of sin to draw them away or to cause them to doubt the reality of the Saviour's presence, he concluded with these words :—

"For this reason I stand here to bear witness, that even when things are beyond all human power, and seem walled up against us, with the waves around us roaring, there is through all peace and joy ; though there is outward suffering there is inward peace. No child of God has ever had to endure more than that which he has been enabled to bear."

Very earnestly did prayer ascend that if it were the Lord's will he might be restored to health; but "the time of his departure was at hand," and having entered upon the eternal life in Christ, he passed through the transition called death into the life beyond, and we cannot doubt that "an entrance was ministered unto him

abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." His latest experience was uttered in such words as these:—"I am in my Heavenly Father's hand. . . . 'It is all unbounded love and unfailing mercy, and so it always has been.'" He was permitted to endure much suffering at times, but after one night of pain he said the lessons he had been taught during the suffering were so deep and instructive that he could not ask for its removal. Thus he calmly passed to his eternal rest at the age of sixty-five, in the maturity of his powers.

The funeral, which took place in the picturesque Friends' burial ground, at Southampton, was a large and solemn one. The Mayor, with several members of the Corporation, Magistrates, and other leading inhabitants, as well as a large contingent of the poor by whom he was especially beloved, joined in a common desire to pay a last tribute of respect to his memory.

Canon Wilberforce, with whom he was on intimate terms, thus spoke of him on the following Sunday to his congregation:—

"A life lived in the continual presence of God; this was the secret of the life of him whose earthly tabernacle we laid to rest on Friday, our honoured townsman, William Colson Westlake. . . . There was not a single movement in our town for the good of his fellow-creatures that I have heard of, in which he did not take a part. . . . As I stood by his grave on Friday, in one of those solemn pauses which mark the religious services of the Society to which he belonged, I heard a voice repeating what truly expressed the answer to our prayers: 'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever.' And if his voice could reach us from the beatific realms where he now dwells, I believe it would echo these words: 'Stand fast, quit you like men, be strong . . . be patient, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.'"

JOHN M. WHITALL.

THE Whitalls of Philadelphia trace their descent from a family of Friends of the same name who, in the seventeenth century, left their native home near Litchfield, in Staffordshire, and settled in America, where, in the little town of Woodbury, New Jersey, on the 4th of Eleventh Month, 1800, was born John Mickle Whitall.

He was a manly, generous-hearted boy, of exuberant spirits, and greatly given to pranks and reckless adventures. When fifteen years of age a change in his father's circumstances led to his recall from school, that he might help in the work of the farm. With great goodwill he took up this occupation; but he longed for more scope for his energies, and soon persuaded his parents to let him go to sea, and began his sea-faring life in 1816, on board the *William Savery*, then bound for Calcutta. He entered heart and soul into his new duties, and was always ready for anything that was to be done, and foremost among the boys in offering for calls of special difficulty or danger, thus winning a character that paved the way for his early promotion.

In his first voyages he did not altogether escape contamination from the very evil example of some of his companions; but in his "Reminiscences" he says:—

"Through the adorable watchful care of God our Saviour I was preserved from greater vices; and to His praise be it ascribed that I never was fond of intoxicating liquors of any kind, nor of tobacco."

His second voyage was memorable to him as the time when he experienced true conversion to God. He writes:—

"On one of my voyages from Charleston to Liverpool, there was a passenger named Hay. He took a fancy to me and to a

young man a little older than myself, a ıl one day gave us a Bible between us. As we each had one already, we agreed to toss up for it. It fell to my lot, and was placed in my chest, where it quietly remained until on our return voyage, when the thought struck me that it would be a nice thing to tell at home that I had read the Bible through. Thus it was through the apparent accident of a toss-up, and remembering the Bible, and wishing to say it had been read, that I began the New Testament, having no other desire than to *appear* good ; for during all these years I had lived a heedless, careless life, and without God in the world. Yet now it pleased Him who is rich in mercy, to reveal Himself to my poor lost heart as an awful reprover for sin, giving me to see my undone condition. Almost the horrors of death and hell seized upon me, and I feared being for ever lost. Oh ! the desperate sorrow and grief that possessed me ! None can know it but those who have tasted thereof. However, after this deep baptism of the Spirit had reduced me and brought me low, it pleased my Heavenly Father to lift up the light of His countenance upon me, and give me a sense of forgiveness. And then the joy and peace that were my portion no tongue can describe. Only those who have enjoyed the same blessed privilege can know it. I found my inclinations totally changed ; no longer delighting in foolish talking, jesting, and such like ; no more joining my shipmates in their folly, telling long yarns and so forth ; but kept much to myself and in seeking after God. I was a wonder to many. Such a change in one who aforetime was full of fun and lightness created surprise. But my fellow seamen treated me with great respect, appreciating in some degree the cause of the change. How can a poor worm of the dust enough commemorate the praise of Him Who thus granted to me the new birth, now in my eighteenth year? Gracious Lord, accept my poor thanks ! "

Great was the rejoicing of the home circle when on his return they heard of the happy change. His mother saw of the travail of her soul and was satisfied, because her many prayers for her boy were answered ; and a sister, who had experienced a like visitation of heavenly grace, entered into sympathy with him in his religious life. In talking with his friends of what had occurred, he could never tell how it was, but that he cried unto the Lord, and He heard him, and gave him a sense of His forgiveness and His love.

His painstaking application to duty soon led to his promotion, and before he was twenty-one he held the post of second mate; and, having thus a place in the cabin, and more leisure, he began to keep a diary, which

reveals the earnestness of his striving after what is holy, and pure, and good. He was much tried with an impetuous temper, and often records his sorrow at having given way to it, and his heartfelt longings to be delivered from this besetment. He learned by experience that it is by watchfulness unto prayer continually, and much waiting upon the Lord, that a sinful man can gain the victory over such tendencies to evil. And as he advanced in years his disposition became so softened by the grace of God, that in later life he seemed to have no trace of his early impetuosity left.

From the time of his conversion he greatly valued the practice of private retirement for waiting upon the Lord; and on one occasion during a homeward voyage, he says that as he sat down alone to wait upon the Lord, he felt such a baptizing sense of His holy presence, and so strong a belief that this silent waiting was owned of the Lord, and was the way to find and know Him, that it continued to be his practice ever afterwards, oftener than the returning day, to observe a season of thus waiting upon Him. This seemed to introduce his soul into a conscious communion with the Lord, which never failed him afterwards.

From this time it became his unvarying practice to refer to the Lord for direction in every step of importance in his life, and to act in accordance with what he believed to be shown him by the Holy Spirit to be the will of God.

It was thus that after making two voyages as first mate of the ship *America*, he felt impressed with the belief that it was right for him to relinquish that appointment. He had cause to be very thankful that he had yielded to this impression, for the next voyage of that vessel was very tedious and disastrous, whilst his remaining at home led to his being appointed, when only twenty-four years of age, to the command of an East Indiaman, the largest vessel sailing from Philadelphia at that time.

He retained his post as captain of this vessel, the *New Jersey*, for more than four years. He was singularly successful as a navigator, sometimes making very rapid passages as things went in those days, his prosperity in this matter being often manifestly the result of his trustful confidence in the guidance of his Father in Heaven. He maintained a strict discipline among those under his command, not allowing the officers to use rough language to the crew, and requiring all on board entirely to abstain from profanity. The authority he had among his men, many of whom were greatly his seniors, was surprising to himself, and he had very little difficulty in the government of the ship. He established a meeting for his officers and crew on First days, in which he read the Scriptures to them, and joined with them in silent waiting upon the Lord.

In one of his voyages to China, he left Philadelphia so late in the year, that according to long established theory and practice, it would be needful for him, on nearing China, to take an eastern and much longer passage, and approach Canton from the Pacific Ocean, instead of sailing through the Straits of Sunda and the China Seas in the teeth of the north-east monsoon which would then prevail. Reaching the Straits after a rapid voyage, he felt disposed to try the shorter route, and laying the matter before the Lord, he received from Him what he accepted as an evidence that he might safely make the attempt. He went forward, therefore, and though he met with baffling winds and difficult navigation, yet, in the end, he reached Canton three weeks before another vessel which had started from home three weeks earlier, and had disposed of his cargo before she arrived. Thus he also established the fact that this shorter voyage was practicable; and his example has since then been commonly followed. His last voyage, which was again to China, was very successful, and on his return, his ship was the last to leave Canton, but the first to reach home, and therefore, as there were no electric telegraphs in those days, he was the first to report his own arrival out.

Quitting the sea in 1829, he entered into the dry goods business, and shortly afterwards asked for and obtained the hand of Mary Tatum, who lived near his native town of Woodbury, and whose father in earlier years had been so much concerned at J. M. Whitall's boyish freaks and hairbreadth escapes, that he had felt it his duty to call and warn his parents of the risks he was continually running. They were happily married in the Fifth Month, 1830, and settled at Philadelphia. Mary Whitall was a woman of singular attractiveness both in person and character, and won and deservedly retained the most devoted affection of her husband throughout their long union of forty-seven years. She entered fully into all his interests, and warmly sympathised with him in that allegiance to and dependence upon the Lord which so marked his life.

The business, however, into which J. M. Whitall had entered did not prosper, and after several years of much anxiety, at the time of a commercial crisis, he was obliged to relinguish it, paying his creditors seventy-five cents in the dollar. But sterling integrity was for him an essential part of Christianity, and he felt that he could now call nothing his own, excepting in so far as to provide for the absolute necessities of his family, until not a cent remained unpaid. One of his favourite sayings was that the best investment a man could make of his money was to pay his debts. A few years after this he was invited to enter into an established glass manufactory, and after considering the matter and asking divine direction he accepted the offer, and soon found his right place in the concern, which went on and prospered. Writing respecting this undertaking he says:—

"Who ever trusted in the Lord and was confounded? I can truly say I never was. Often when starting from home on business tours, discouragements seemed almost to overwhelm me, competition was so powerful. Yet through it all, as I kept near my Heavenly Father, I often felt His encouraging presence, which was truly a great support. In all the trials of my life He has been my help and my stay; and when, in seasons of great distress, He

has been pleased to lift up the light of His blessed countenance upon me, who can describe the joy and peace that followed ? If the Lord be for us, who can be against us ? "

The glass works increased in prosperity, and became a lucrative concern ; and his partners in it withdrew one after another, till in 1845 J. M. Whitall was left sole proprietor, and now saw the way to comfortable competence. But this tide of prosperity did not lead him into forgetfulness of his indebtedness to former creditors ; so that both he and his wife continued to practice rigid economy, denying themselves and withholding from their children many gratifications which their circumstances would have seemed fully to allow them. At length, in 1850, the much wished for time came, and he was able to pay every one of his early creditors in full, principal and interest. He says of this event :—

" In the year 1850 was settled the twenty-five per cent. of my old debts, with the interest, amounting altogether to over 50,000 dollars, to the great satisfaction of my late creditors, who sent me a costly pitcher and salver suitably inscribed. I value this only as an evidence that my creditors appreciated my motives. It is cause of deep gratitude and praise to our Heavenly Father, that He gave me the means, and also the mind and will, to pay so large an amount. Truly I felt an inexpressible pleasure in sending the cash, principal and interest, to those who had lost by me."

Soon after he had thus cleared himself from debt he removed with his family to a commodious house in Filbert Street, Philadelphia, where he continued to reside for the rest of his life. His family consisted of three daughters and one son, another little boy having died when very young. His children were devotedly attached to him, and regarded him with unbounded admiration. He retained in middle and even advanced life a large measure of the love of fun and frolic which marked his boyish years, and thus was always ready to enter into their enjoyments and pastimes, and made himself entirely a companion to them. His youngest daughter, the late Mary W. Thomas, of Baltimore, thus describes some of her recollections of him in their early years :—

" Our father's return home from his counting-room in the evening was a daily recurring joy to us, and was looked forward

to as the brightest time of all. Our little heads were generally to be seen peeping out of the front door every few minutes about the usual time for his return, watching for the first sign of the well-beloved face in the distance. Then, when he finally arrived, came the shout of childish joy, and plenty of hugs and kisses, and after the first eager question, 'where's mother?' had been answered, the next thing was a game of romps, with all of us hanging around him and climbing over him, our cup of happiness full to the brim with his companionship. Then, when the supper bell rang, I can almost see him now, tottering down-stairs to the dining-room, with our brother in one arm and me in the other, and Hannah and Sally hanging on to his coat-tails. After supper came romps again, and then we were carried and coaxed off to bed, and undressed and tucked up by our lovely father-nurse, who thus relieved our dear mother for a little rest, after the tender and watchful care she had taken of us all day in his absence. And he would leave us at last to a happy sleep, made all the happier by the consciousness we had of his nightly unuttered but never omitted prayer beside our beds."

And these happy children had Christian parents too, who were earnestly anxious to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It will be readily believed that J. M. Whitall's Christianity was no solemn, gloomy thing, but that rather it added brightness and attractiveness to his character. He often said that if any one had a right to be happy and cheerful, the Christian surely had. His religion entered into and was inseparably a part of his daily life. In all its difficulties and uncertainties his Heavenly Father was his refuge and counsellor and guide. A special feature of his religion was the reality of his inward communion with the Lord. Soon after his soul had first found peace in the conscious forgiveness of his sins, he began to pray earnestly for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which he saw promised in the Bible, and which he had been brought up to believe in as a blessed reality. And one day, when sitting on the deck of his ship, silently waiting upon the Lord, he received this "promise of the Father" definitely and consciously, filling his whole being with floods of joy and peace. From that time his life was one of very near and intimate communion with the indwelling Comforter, who had thus come and taken

up His abode in his heart. His favourite text was, "Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you." So often did he quote this, that his children called it "Father's text," and one of them writes :—

"From my earliest childhood I can remember coming upon him many times a day, sitting quietly alone in his arm-chair, waiting upon the Lord. We children used to say that 'Father was having one of his little meetings,' but we hardly understood then with whom those meetings were held, even with the Lord Himself, who did indeed draw nigh to his faithful, seeking heart. When I grew older, and could understand what it meant, my father told me that he never felt as if he could begin or end the day safely or comfortably until he had felt the sensible presence of his Lord and Saviour; and he always waited in these times of retirement until this was granted. No matter where he was or who were present, regularly, morning and evening, he would go away from the rest of the party, and would wait in silence before the Lord, until His manifested presence was vouchsafed to him; and many times have I seen him afterwards dry his tear-soaked handkerchief before the fire."

In the year 1865, John M. Whitall felt that he had accumulated as much property as was right, and therefore retired from business, and thus records his doing so :—

"First month, 1865, found me a free man from all mercantile pursuits; and now, two-and-a-half years having since passed, I can acknowledge that no schoolboy ever more enjoyed his vacation than I have my release from what for twenty-seven years in the glass manufacture had closely occupied my mind. And now, Seventh Month 14th, 1867, I would humbly and reverently return to the Lord my God the thanks and praises that are His due. Who can recount His many tender mercies to those who love and trust Him?"

This release from business left him at liberty to enter more actively into many public works. His services in many directions were felt to be very valuable by his townsmen, and this, combined with his sturdy Christian character and his genuine Quakerism, made him a man of mark among his fellow citizens, while his hearty genial manners made everyone his friend. It was often said of him that he was one of the most valued and best loved men in Philadelphia. Among his public works none occupied more of his time and attention than

his duties as a Guardian of the poor for Philadelphia, especially from the time when, in 1867, he was elected President of the Board of Guardians. In this capacity he watched over all the details of the management of the very extensive Almshouse in that city, which gave accommodation to upwards of three thousand inmates, including officers. The spiritual welfare of these people as well as their temporal concerns claimed his warm interest, and he might often be found sitting by the bedside of the sick and the dying, cheering them by his own brightness of spirit, telling them the simple story of the cross, and pointing them to Jesus, the sinner's hope and the sinner's friend.

Amongst the numerous coloured people of the city too he was a deeply interested and diligent worker. He established an Adult Mission School among them, to the care of which he devoted himself with much earnestness as long as health and strength permitted. Much blessed result attended this good work, of which, instances were frequently recorded in the reports annually presented to the Friends' First Day School Association of Philadelphia. In one of these it is stated:—

"One old scholar of eighty, who is very regular in her attendance at the school, was found when visited in her home, to be poor indeed as regards this world's goods, but rich in faith, and an heir of an eternal inheritance. Upon being asked how she was prospering, she replied, 'Oh, honey; I find the Lord all sufficient. He fills my heart with His love. He keeps me day by day, and never leaves me to suffer. Often when I get up in the morning everything looks dark; but I ask the Lord to send relief, and, honey, He sends it. Don't Mr. Whitall tell us to ask the Lord for what we want, and if we are faithful He will hear our cry? and I know it is so. He always hears my prayers, bless His name! I will trust Him.'"

J. M. Whitall entered fully into the spirit of our Lord's teaching when He exhorted His followers to make the poor and needy the objects of their kindly ministrations. It was a real pleasure to him to find out cases of special need, and quietly, but liberally, to extend to them the hand of sympathy and help. One Friend writes:—

"Never shall I forget the gift of a very complete standing writing-desk sent to me anonymously, when long-continued sickness in the family had depressed all my powers, both mental and physical; and to this day I can almost feel again the cheer it brought. As I received it I said at once, 'No one but John M. Whitall could have done this.' And when I taxed him with it he could not deny it. But most truly did he desire his alms to be in secret."

A member of the Society of Friends by birthright, as life advanced J. M. Whitall became more and more deeply convinced of the truth of his religious profession, and very loyal to both its principles and practices. He was very diligent in attending meetings, where his voice was often heard in loving and earnest exhortation; and he made it a rule that every member of the Society in his employment should be at liberty to attend weekday meetings, no matter how great the stress of business; often saying that he felt sure no business would suffer because of taking this weekly hour-and-a-half out of the midst of the busy days, to draw nigh unto the Lord and to wait upon Him for His help. And there is good reason for believing that he was no loser through his faithfulness in this matter. Both he and Mary Whitall were lovers of hospitality, and were "not forgetful to entertain strangers," especially such as came in the Lord's service, many of whom found their hospitable home in Filbert Street a haven of rest amid much that brought them into spiritual trial and conflict.

In 1868 J. M. Whitall lost the sight of one eye, and was seriously threatened with total blindness. In this sore trial his patient submission to the permissions of his Heavenly Father was instructive to witness. Happily, however, the second eye regained its power, and few who witnessed the energy and activity of his life during several following years would have supposed that he was deprived of half his power of vision. Four families of grandchildren were now growing up around him, and with them he was as kindly loving and as great a favourite as he had been with their parents.

In 1874 a slight attack of paralysis, followed by one more serious the next year, left him much enfeebled.

As his strength failed he seemed to grow in gentleness and sweetness of spirit, and it was a touching lesson to see the strong man, who had been accustomed to lead and command, now meekly taking the place of a child, and consenting, without a murmur, to be led and guided and cared for. His life-long trust in God his Saviour did not fail him now, and so he could say, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

During the spring of 1877 he became very feeble, and as one who had nothing more to do on earth but to die. He spoke but little, and yet every now and then his old playfulness would gleam out for a moment. Unable to read himself, he loved to have the Bible read to him, and his clear remembrance of its contents sometimes surprised those about him. But there was now no rallying power, and on the 12th of Sixth Month, as gently as a little child falling asleep in loving arms, did his spirit pass away to enter upon its eternal inheritance.

[*From a photo by Broadbent & Phillips, Philadelphia.*]

THOMAS WHITWELL.

"I first saw my fearful position as a sinner through reading a little book, 'Peace with God,' which showed me plainly my exceeding sinfulness and the way to come to Christ, believing that He is the propitiation for our sins."

The ministry of Brownlow North was much blessed to him when living at Newcastle as an apprentice at Stephenson's engineering works. Here, as one amongst 1,800, he writes in his journal :—

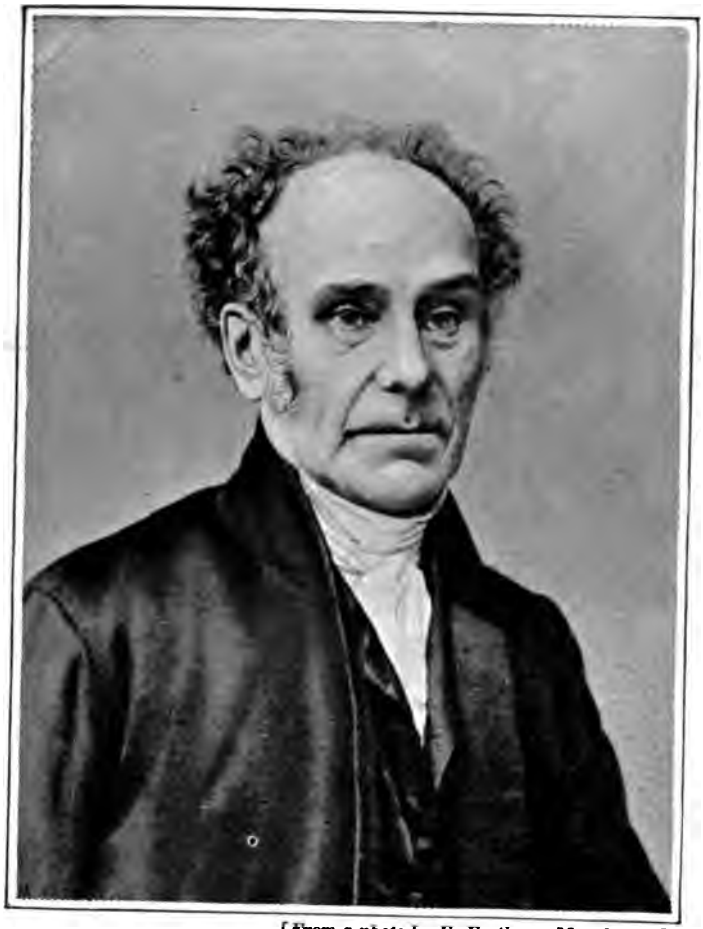
"Oh, Father, keep me from bad language in my daily walk; and in Thy love let me fearlessly reprove bad language in others." Again he says: "Let me have no false shame that would lead me to excuse myself from the daily cross that Thou hast called me to bear. Give me, I pray Thee, a horror of sin of all kinds: let me fly from temptation and not parley with it, but leave it, and seek Thy help, O Thou my great Helper and Redeemer." *

Whilst engaged in business at Stockton-on-Tees he began his zealous labours for the Young Men's Christian Association. His genial frankness was very attractive to young men; and by personal interviews and correspondence, as well as by constant attendance at the Bible class and devotional meetings, he sought their highest good. In all his public engagements there seemed to be no bidding for popularity, but an honest desire to serve God and man. "I have laid this before God, and only desire to know his will," he wrote, when asked to help in the distribution of the Friends' War Victims Fund in 1870, during the Franco-German War. Riding out of Metz one winter evening, some German officers asked where he was going. "To Arlon," was the reply. "But you are not going that road to-night? The Franc-Tireurs are out, and you may be murdered; *we* would not go." He answered, "If it be the will of God that I should be robbed or murdered, it will no doubt be done; but I know that I am safe in His hands." "At any rate," said they, "you have good pistols?" "No, I do not believe in them."

* "'I write unto you young men because ye have overcome the wicked one.' When John says, 'Ye have overcome,' we may gather how great a part, under Christ, the individual has to play in this contest with the powers of evil that are in the soul and in the world."—*J. Tindall Harris.*

"The Great Bear shone out brightly," he writes, "right above the road to Thionville; and God showed to me with the utmost clearness that if a Franc-Tireur were taking aim at me from behind a tree, though I could not stop him, yet that He could influence that man's mind to think well of me, and that he would not fire at me. I was instantly filled with consciousness that the presence of God was between me and harm, and only the actual withdrawal of His protecting care could allow evil to touch me."

As years advanced Thomas Whitwell became an earnest worker within the pale of the Society of Friends, filling the office of overseer, and regularly attending week-day meetings, as well as those for discipline. He sometimes spoke in meetings for worship in a very impressive manner, and evidently under a deep sense of religious duty. From his youth he had at times consciously gained spiritual good from meetings for worship, as well from the silence as from vocal ministry. In one of the latest entries in his journal, a few months before his death, which took place on the 6th of Eighth Month, 1878, he says: "I have greatly enjoyed Christ's joy and presence, feeling that I am entirely His, and nothing left behind." It is said that after the accident he asked, "Where am I?" and himself answered, "I stand in the presence of the Lord."



[*From a photo by E. Eastham, Manchester.*]

JOHN YEARDLEY.

JOHN YEARDLEY.

JOHN YEARDLEY was the son of Joel and Frances Yeardley, who occupied a small farm in the valley of the Rother, four miles south of Rotherham, where he was born on the 3rd of First Month, 1786. His mother was a pious, industrious woman, and was famous for her cream cheeses, which she took herself to Sheffield Market. In 1802 they removed to Blacker, near Barnsley, and having been before this attracted to the worship of Friends, they attended the meeting then held at Burton, near Monk Bretton. John and his older brother Thomas worked on the farm, and a part of his daily duty was to ride a pony with two panniers of milk into Barnsley, and serve his mother's customers.

Attendance at Burton Meeting brought the family under the influence of Joseph Wood, a remarkably gifted minister residing at Highflatts, not very far from Huddersfield. He had been in business as a clothier, but relinquished it in the prime of life, and devoted himself to diligent evangelistic and pastoral work, in which he was made an instrument of rich, spiritual blessing to many, and to the Yeardley family amongst others. His frequent practice was, when going to his own Monthly Meeting—that of Pontefract—which was and still is held on Second Days, to set off on foot with a companion on the previous Seventh Day for some neighbouring meeting, spend the evening in social and religious calls on Friends, finding some message to deliver at most if not all the houses ; attend the meeting the next morning, and in the afternoon go forward to the place where the Monthly Meeting was to be held ; occupy the evening as before, and attend the meeting

next day. At other times he would hold meetings in neighbouring towns and villages, being specially attracted to places such as Dewsbury and Barnsley where, usually as the result of his own labours, there were persons "under convincement," and many were joining the Society of Friends. On his return home from these services he would spend the day alone in an upper room, without a fire even in the severest weather, writing a minute account of all that had occurred. From these memoranda it is evident that he soon became much interested in Thomas and John Yeardley, and repeatedly made special visits to the family. From one of these John dated his own conversion of heart, saying on one occasion:—"I was convinced at a meeting which Joseph Wood had with our family." J. Wood followed up this good work by deeply interesting correspondence with these young men, and in 1806, at twenty years of age, John Yeardley was received into membership with Friends, having in his heart at the time a secret conviction that he would one day be called to become a minister of the Gospel.

In 1809 J. Yeardley married, and settled in Barnsley, his wife, who was, as he says, "plain in person, but full of simplicity and goodness," having been one of the first in that town to join the Society of Friends, and this largely through the influence of Joseph Wood. His business undertaking, however, did not prosper, and in 1817 they removed to Bentham. Two years before this J. Yeardley had, after much shrinking and hesitation, begun to speak as a minister of the Gospel, and it was well for him and for his service that in the change of residence and occupation, he found relief from the harassing cares and trade anxieties which had pressed heavily upon him. His thoughts and desires became more and more engaged in the high calling with which his Lord had called him, and we find him writing in his journal:—

"If I am ambitious in anything on earth, it is to be eminently useful in His cause. I can say with the wise man, I ask neither

riches nor honour, except the honour which cometh from doing the will of God; but I do ask for an understanding heart. I trust I can say in the deepest sincerity, that I could renounce, if they were in my power, the riches and honour of ten thousand earthly worlds, in purchase of that holy unction which rested on Elisha's spirit. These are bold sayings, but my Saviour tells me that as there is no limitation to His goodness to grant, so there is no limitation in asking of Him for the gift of His Holy Spirit. But then, what manner of man ought this to be, on whom shall be conferred such honour? Surely it must be left to Himself to prepare the vessel before He pours in the oil."

In the Tenth Month, 1821, Elizabeth Yeardley died, and left her husband sorely stricken and very solitary. Her long-continued feeble health had prevented him from moving in what he had for some time felt to be his Heavenly Master's call, to go and take up his residence in Germany, amongst the small companies of Friends in and around Pyrmont and Minden. But now he felt quite free to pursue this path of duty, and in the summer of 1822 he reached Pyrmont, and soon entered upon active gospel service; and during the two years that followed, he had so won the esteem and love of the Friends there, that there was great lamentation among them when the time came for him to return to England for a few months. He had been very diligent in attending meetings for worship, and had found much service in them as a minister; but he had also established meetings for religious reading, held on First-day evenings; and had manifested the loving interest in the young people which was always conspicuous in him, by arranging weekly meetings for them, "in which they might improve themselves in reading, and acquire a knowledge of the principles of the Society, with other branches of useful information. The young women were to bring their work; and it was his delight to interrupt the reading with religious instruction, and such remarks as a father makes for the improvement and gratification of his children."

After a few months John Yeardley returned to his home in the picturesque village of Friedensthal, near Pyrmont, and another part of the service for which he

had left England began to open out before him. This was a sojourn among the Friends in the south of France. Whilst waiting for what should feel to be the right time to start on this journey, he learned that Martha Savory, with a companion, was about to visit the same part of Europe, and found upon enquiry that she felt called to a service nearly identical with his own. He had been introduced to her in London by Thomas Shillitoe, who said to Martha Savory, "Let me introduce thy brother to thee." "*Brother!*" she exclaimed, with surprise. "Yes," answered the good old man, "all who have been on the Continent are brothers and sisters." It was finally arranged that they should be associated in the work, which occupied them for several months, and soon after their return to England John Yeardley and Martha Savory were united in marriage.

Though differing greatly from her husband in intellectual character, in disposition and in experience, Martha Yeardley was singularly fitted to be his yokefellow in gospel service, and especially in continental travel. Her bright, energetic, and fearless temperament happily counterbalanced the tendency to depression and discouragement from which her husband suffered; and her possession of a comfortable income entirely relieved him from any necessity to continue in commercial occupation.

Their residence at first was at the village of Burton, near Barnsley; but they did not long continue in the quiet ease of their cottage home, and soon entered upon that course of united evangelistic work which occupied so large a portion of their after lives, beginning with a visit to some parts of Yorkshire. The deep interest which had been awakened in their minds during their travels on the European Continent often drew their thoughts thitherward, and between the years 1827 and 1850 they made five extensive journeys there, embracing parts of Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Bohemia and Greece. Half-a-century ago travelling was not so easy and rapid as to-day, and their strength and endurance

were often sorely tried by the difficulties and roughness of their way. Much of their service consisted in discovering in one place after another, those who were seeking for the right way of the Lord, and who sometimes had to bear trial and persecution in their endeavours to walk in that way. Like some other travellers in the same lands, they found many who, unsatisfied and weary with the empty formalism of ceremonial religion, accepted with ready and glad assent their setting forth of the spiritual nature of vital Christianity. With not a few of these they formed close personal friendships.

During the intervals between these foreign journeys they visited, on gospel errands, many parts of Britain. In the course of one of these visits they were at Scarborough, and took away with them the conviction that it would be right for them to remove thither as their place of abode. This they did in 1830. And again in 1845 they entered upon their final earthly home at Stamford Hill.

John and Martha Yeardley felt deeply that there was need in the Society of Friends of increased acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures; and this led them, soon after they had settled at Scarborough, to propose the establishment of a bible class for Friends. This was at the time an almost untried novelty, but it was warmly taken up. The plan adopted was for questions on the Scriptures to be handed in anonymously at one meeting, and answers, also anonymous, to be presented at the next. These meetings were kept up with much interest and profit for some years.

Martha Yeardley returned from their last united Continental journey in 1850, worn out with travel, and enfeebled with disease. It soon became evident that her earthly course was nearly run; and in 1851 she passed away full of peace and hope in Christ Jesus, leaving her husband again solitary and sorely bereaved. During the nearly twenty-five years of their union, neither of them had once undertaken a gospel journey

unaccompanied by the other. But now John Yeardley must gird himself for service without that helpful companionship, when, a few months after his bereavement, he felt once more called to service in foreign lands; and in the summer of 1852, in company with his dear friend Peter Bedford, he spent three months in a visit to Friends and others in Norway, and at Pyrmont and Minden.

Again, in 1853, he feels a revival of a call, which had long lain dormant within him, to visit the German colonies in South Russia, and is able to accomplish this arduous undertaking, though at the cost of shattered health, and return home by way of the Mediterranean to France, just before the breaking out of the Crimean War. Twice more he crossed over to the continent, and returned in peace, before he undertook his last mission in his Divine Master's service, which was to carry the message of the gospel to some Eastern lands. But he was now an old man, with much enfeebled powers; yet he was willing to make this journey "as a last offering of thanksgiving before his day closed," willing too to accept the probability that he might have to lay aside the weapons of his warfare before the work was finished. Amply provided by kind friends with such things as might ease the hardships of eastern travel, he left home in the Sixth Month, 1858, and at Nismes was joined by Jules Paradon. Travelling by Malta to Constantinople, they had some service there, and in a few places in Asia Minor; but the heat of the weather, combined with the requisite physical exertion, proved too much for John Yeardley's enfeebled powers, and an attack of paralysis left him but just able to bear the journey home, where he arrived on the 9th of Eighth Month, but only to breathe his last, two days afterwards, with the peace of God sealed upon his venerable countenance.